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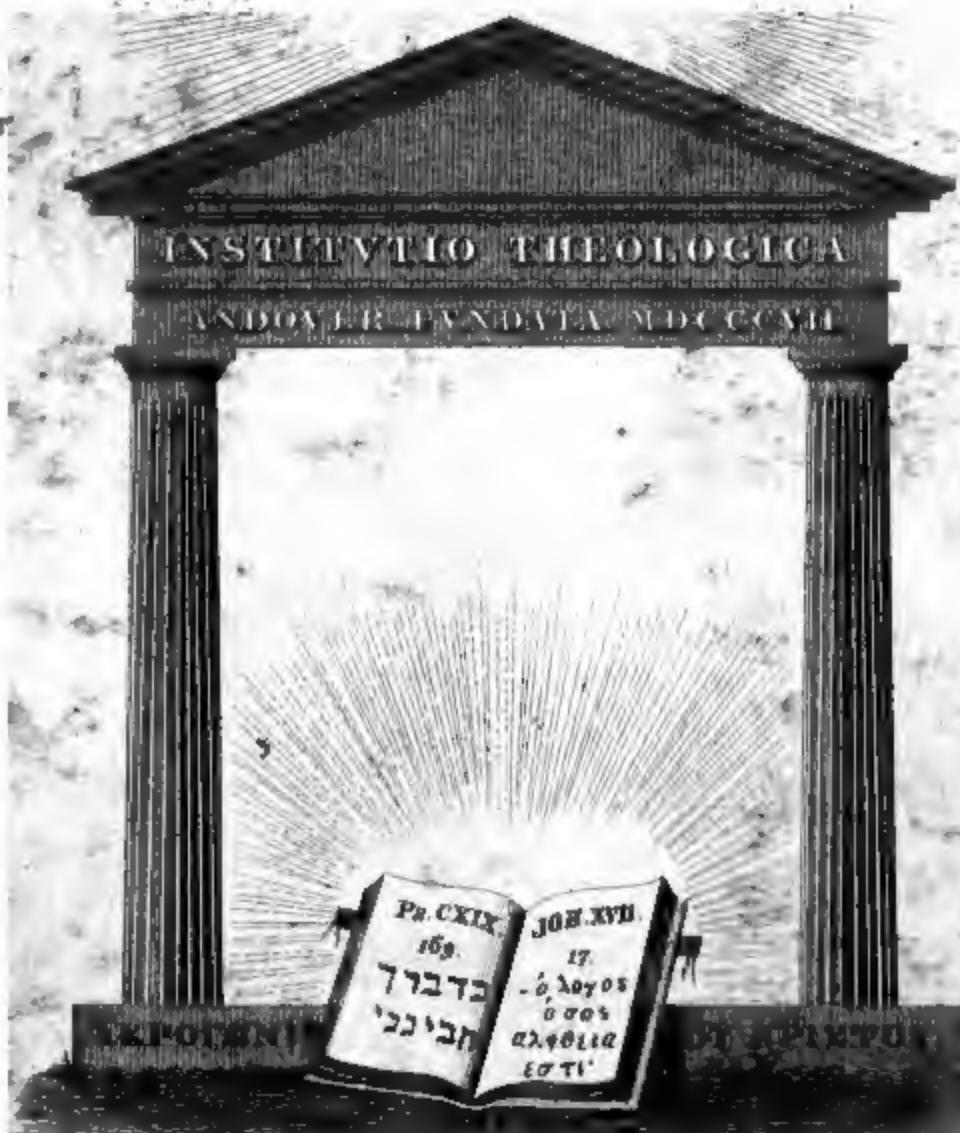






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THE LIFE
OF
CONSTANS L. GOODELL, D.D.

BY
A. H. CURRIER, D.D.,
PROFESSOR OF PASTORAL THEOLOGY IN OBERLIN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY
WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D.,
MINISTER OF THE BROADWAY TABERNACLE, NEW YORK CITY.

NEW YORK:
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38 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET.

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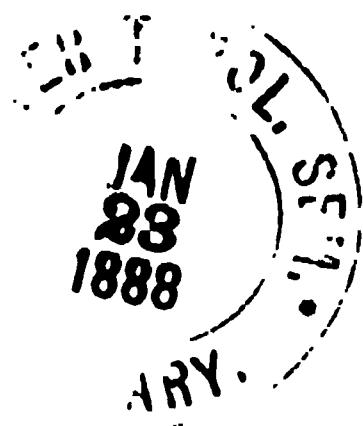
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EDWARD O. JENKINS' SONS,
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TO THE TWO CHURCHES
WHICH HE SERVED AND SO GREATLY BLESSED BY HIS
MINISTRY,
THE SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
New Britain, Conn.,
AND
THE PILGRIM CHURCH,
St. Louis, Mo.,
THIS LIFE OF THEIR FORMER BELOVED PASTOR
IS DEDICATED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

*“The bright memories of the holy dead,
The blessed ones departed, shine on us
Like the pure splendors of some clear, large star,
Which, pilgrims, travelling onward, at their backs
Leave, and at every moment see not now;
Yet whensoe’er they list may pause and turn,
And with its glories gild their faces still.”*

—TRENCH.

P R E F A C E.

THE portrait of character and Christian manhood presented in this volume is a mosaic. It is composed of materials contributed for the work by many different people. In some cases the lines of juncture are clearly to be seen from the formal acknowledgment made of the contributions used. But in most cases no mention is made of the persons furnishing the information of facts and incidents spoken of. This is true sometimes even when the very words, as well as the substance of the matter, may have been wrought into the work. It could hardly be otherwise, in view of the multitudinous sources whence the materials have come. To have made formal acknowledgment of the debt in every instance by giving the name of the contributor, would have encumbered too much the flow of the narrative, and marred the page with too numerous quotation-marks.

Let it be deemed sufficient, therefore, that the author here confesses his great obligation to the many persons who have given him important aid in the preparation of this biography. Never did biographer meet with kinder response to his appeal for aid to the friends of the subject of his work. He has not been able to use all the materials contributed. He has been obliged occasionally to omit what, if inserted in the mosaic,

might have enriched it as with gems and precious stones.

Special acknowledgments must be made to a few persons for great assistance rendered, viz. : to Deacon John Wiard and Professor D. N. Camp, of New Britain ; to Mr. E. P. Bronson, Mr. L. B. Ripley, Mr. A. W. Benedict, and Mrs. S. B. Kellogg, of St. Louis ; and to Mrs. Goodell more than to any. Without her help the author could not have done his work.

In doing this work the author has found great personal benefit. In his study of the thoughts and character and life of this good man, and in the silent converse and daily companionship he has been permitted to hold with him the past year, he has felt that God and all good things were brought nearer. If the readers of the book are half as much benefited, the author's work will not have been in vain.

A large portion of its readers will be found in the two congregations who enjoyed the blessing of Dr. Goodell's ministry. It is the author's hope that the book will so revive their recollections of that ministry and keep them alive, that they will receive a new and more enduring blessing from it ; that, to use a figure of Goethe, the work may be to them a kind of golden net wherewith they may draw up in a miraculous draft the shadows of a past life from the flood of Lethe.

OBERLIN, OHIO, *July 20, 1887.*

INTRODUCTION.

THE biography of Dr. Goodell needs no introduction from any one. The reader will not have gone many pages into it until he comes under the spell of an interest which will attract him, with increasing fascination until the close.

It is the life of a genial, winning, lovable and altogether lovely pastor, worthy to be called the Great-Heart of our Western pulpit. As such it will be heartily welcomed not only by the two congregations—one in the East, and one in the West—which were privileged for so many years to enjoy his ministrations ; but also by Christians generally, as illustrating anew the old truth, that the Holy Spirit works along the lines of individual temperament and disposition, in each believer, so that each can say with Paul, “I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me”; and again, “I labored, yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.” Thus in the Christian Church there is variety in unity, and the Spirit of God sanctifies and uses the qualities which are distinctive in each one of His servants.

But, while thus the following pages will be fraught with interest to all who delight to trace the methods of the divine operation in individual souls, they will be especially stimulating and helpful to those who are laboring in the ministry of the Gospel. These will not find it difficult to analyze the character of the man who is here portrayed : and they will discover in that analysis the “open secret” of his success as a pastor.

At the root of all was Dr. Goodell’s thorough conse-

cration of himself to Christ. When he was converted, he was converted through and through. The change in him was so marked because it was so radical. His first question to his newly discovered Lord was that of Paul, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" Nay, that was his constant inquiry from his conversion onwards, and the record of his life is the record of his obedience to the directions which, in response to that inquiry, he was constantly receiving.

For the active in him was not only balanced but fed by the devotional. It is refreshing to read of his earnestness in the closet; and perhaps the portions of this volume which will produce the deepest impression, are the quotations which it contains from private memoranda for prayer. We can well understand all that is said of Dr. Goodell's prayers in the sanctuary, when we read those precious sentences—prayer-telegrams we might almost call them—which, though never intended to be seen by other eyes than his own, have been preserved and printed here. If there were more such closet communings with God among pastors, there would be fewer complaints concerning the devotions of the sanctuary, and fewer cravings after a liturgy, among the people.

Rooted in this devotional fervor and strengthened by it was Dr. Goodell's earnest personal dealing with men one by one. As his biographer suggestively remarks, the fruit of his ministry was all "hand-picked." In fishing for men, he used the hook rather than the net. He had a tact, which seemed almost the result of divine suggestion, and which led him to say to a man the right thing at the right time. Nor was he content with *viva voce* communication. He frequently wrote letters to those whom he could not otherwise so fully reach—therein resembling the late venerable and beloved Dr. Adams, of New York, who not seldom had recourse to the same

expedient. Many in this way might do more harm than good ; but his closet communings with God kept Dr. Goodell always in touch with the divine wisdom, and that made him wise in winning human souls.

Along with this aptitude in dealing with individual cases, there was a marvellous organizing faculty. He seemed to know what each could do best, and he did not rest until he had found that for him to do. So his two churches were admirably managed, realizing more nearly than most, work for all and a department for each. He found for "every man his work."

Then by his thorough humanness, his genial humor, his bright cheerfulness, he kept all happy around him. There was in him nothing of the morose. His piety was not afraid of laughter, and did not choke back a joke. Wherever he was, he was a sunbeam, so that as he left the circle wherein for the time he shone, those who remained behind could not help saying, "O man greatly beloved."

Such was Dr. Goodell as his friends knew him, and such they will find him faithfully depicted in these pages. Now, when such a man gives himself thoroughly up to be used by the Holy Spirit, as His instrument in the conversion and edification of men, we have the adequate explanation of his pastoral success ; and the example herein set forth is signally fitted to quicken those who are actively engaged in "the ministry of the Word." That it may be thus blessed to all the ministers and churches of the land, is our most earnest prayer.

WILLIAM M. TAYLOR.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1, 1887.

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I.

EARLY LIFE.

1830—1851.

“The clew of our destiny, wander where we will, lies at the cradle foot.”—RICHTER.

“In the man whose childhood has known caresses, there is always a fibre of memory that can be touched to gentle issues.”
—GEORGE ELIOT.

“Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !”
—GRAY'S ELEGY.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE AND EARLY LIFE.

WE desire the biographies of good men that, being dead, they may still speak to us. The volumes which record the memorable things relating to them prolong their influence in the world and deepen its impression,

... "as beneath a northern sky is seen
The sunken sunset glowing in the West,
A tender radiance there surviving long."

Such biographies are not confined in their interest to those alone who knew the persons whose lives and characters are described in them. They extend their good influence far beyond the circle of their acquaintance, as the sunset attracts the attention of many who never stopped during the day to consider the sun.

Probably there is no class of books more interesting or more profitable to men generally than this. Men never tire of reading what the best of their race have said and done. Their ideas, and the types of piety presented by them, create new eras of Christian faith and life, by which God's kingdom is perceptibly advanced.

Such considerations as these have led to the preparation of this volume. The subject of it was a Christian pastor, to whom was granted a rare success in the Gospel ministry. It is believed that the life of this pastor embodied lessons, and an example, of great

value. The younger men in the ministry, and those preparing for the ministry, would be benefited by having these lessons and this example set before them.

Constans Liberty Goodell was the son of Aaron Goodell and Elvira Bancroft. He was born in Calais, Vermont, March 16, 1830. He was of pure New England stock—descended on his father's side from Robert Goodell, one of the earliest Puritan settlers of Salem, Massachusetts. This Puritan progenitor must have fully shared in the religious earnestness of his fellow-immigrants, since it was transmitted as a family trait to many of his descendants. Eleven of them entered the Christian ministry; among whom was Dr. William Goodell, for so long time a missionary of the American Board to Turkey. That venerable missionary was a great-uncle to the subject of this biography. On his mother's side Constans was equally happy in his descent. Her birthplace and early home was Calais, Vermont. Her family, in its various branches, has held a distinguished place in different parts of New England, for earnest piety, great moral worth, and high social standing. A branch of the family lived in Lynn, Massachusetts, and furnished stanch supporters to the First Congregational Church of that city. Among them was Deacon Thomas F. Bancroft, of still fragrant memory, who perished a few years ago in the celebrated "Revere Disaster," which occurred on the Eastern Railroad between Lynn and Boston.

From his mother, Constans derived some of his most marked characteristics. She was a woman of unusual fineness of nature—thoughtful, imaginative, and devout. Her prayers for her son, overheard by him in childhood and youth, made a deep and lasting impression upon him. He was her only child, and she

lavished upon him all the wealth of her maternal love. A friend of Mrs. Prentiss, the gifted daughter of Dr. Edward Payson, says that she caught her seraphic spirit and mental gifts from her father's loving eyes as he bent over her cradle. Something like this was true of Dr. Goodell's mental and spiritual qualities as derived from his mother. He caught them—not from her eyes, but from the soul that looked through her eyes in love upon him from infancy.

His father, Aaron Goodell, born in Charlton, Massachusetts, was a farmer of the common New England type. He lived a life of toil, as farmers in New England must to obtain a living from its rocky soil. The farm in Calais was located about a mile from the small village, where the post-office, and the church attended by his parents, and the usual country stores were found. Being the only child, and having such a home, in which he was brought up to constant toil, it may be thought that his early life was one of dull and lonesome monotony. But his nature was cheerful, and the farm-house was situated on the top of a hill, and commanded a fine landscape—to the beauty of which he was alive. He always was enthusiastic over the scenery of his native town. It fed the poetic nature which he inherited from his mother. Besides this enjoyment, he had those of hunting and fishing, for which there were some opportunities in the vicinity. He did not lack companions. There were neighbors not far off, whose sons and daughters were his school-mates, and the helpers and sharers of his amusement.

The town of Calais, in which he grew up, "was noted," we are told, "for infidelity and Universalism," and these errors of religious opinion were associated with Sabbath-breaking and a fondness for vain amuse-

6 THE LIFE OF CONSTANS L. GOODELL.

ments. But there was among its inhabitants a Christian leaven of good people of stanch evangelical character, whose influence saved the town from utter godlessness while they lived, and through their children has given it an honorable name. They possessed the virtues of a noble race. They were industrious, frugal, honest, and truthful. With unfaltering fidelity, they brought up their children well. They trained them to good habits, and inspired them with noble ambi-



BIRTHPLACE OF C. L. GOODELL.

tions. Such people have made the towns of New England remarkably prolific of eminent men and women. The leading business men of our great American cities, their most distinguished lawyers, preachers, editors, and our ablest statesmen, came from those towns. Often the history of a little town among the hills of New Hampshire or Vermont contains a roll of children of which any great city might be proud. In the same generation of her children with Dr. Goodell, Calais numbers Dr. N. G. Clark, Secretary of the

American Board, and Dr. I. E. Dwinell of the Pacific Theological Seminary. These three eminent servants of Christ and his Church have shed such light,—one in Boston, one by the Mississippi, and one by the Pacific,—that it has reached across the continent. So far the hearth fires of that little town have thrown their blaze!

The father of Constans Goodell desired that his son should be a farmer like himself, in the hope that he would remain at home with his parents, and take the farm into his hands,—when old age should compel them to relinquish it,—and permit them thus to spend their lives happily together with their only child. This picture of home happiness, however pleasing to his imagination, and consonant with filial love, was not suited to the boy's tastes. He was fond of books and study. In this he was unlike his father or mother, whose house contained, as its entire library, only three books,—a Bible, a hymn-book, an English Reader,—and an almanac. The strength of his taste for books, and how he contrived to gratify it, is shown by this incident of his boyhood. His father, thinking to attach him more strongly to a farmer's life, gave him a sheep, the yield of which was to be entirely his own. Its fleece, the first year, was sold for fifty cents. He might have bought a lamb with it, and so in time become owner of a flock. But, instead of doing that, he expended his money for a share in a small circulating library then existing in the town, whose literary treasures thus opened to him were eagerly sought. He almost devoured the little collection. He read every volume in it; and some volumes he read twice. As the collection was well chosen, and composed mainly of standard works, he received much benefit from it. His father

perceiving the strong bent of his son, and despairing, on account of it, of his becoming a farmer, consented at length that he should pursue a course of study with a view to a liberal education. Being possessed of limited means he was unable to bear the whole expense required, but he cheerfully promised to give him all the aid he could.

Up to this time, the boy had attended only the public schools of the town, and chiefly in the winter only, as his help was wanted in the summer on the farm. At these schools, he studied only the common English branches of knowledge. They allowed nothing higher; the teachers of them were not qualified, probably, to give him instruction in anything higher. Having determined to obtain a liberal education, it was necessary for him to leave home, and seek some school where the ancient languages and the higher mathematics were taught, in order to prepare himself for college. He decided to go to Morrisville, Vt., where there was a good school called the People's Academy, in which classical studies were taught.

When he left home to enter this school in the autumn of 1848, he was eighteen years old. He never forgot how his father took him in his wagon and drove him to meet the stage that was to carry him to Morrisville. As they rode together, the father, solicitous to smooth the way which his son, with inexperienced steps, was about to tread, gave him such counsel as his own experience of the world, quickened by love for his boy, prompted; and at parting he drew from his pocket what money he could spare and gave this, with his blessing, to him. As Constans took the money from his father's toil-worn hand, the thought of his father's kindness and sacrifices in his behalf nearly overcame

him. He knew how much his father had desired him to remain at home, and choose a farmer's life, and what a disappointment to his ardent hopes it was to have him choose another course; and to see him now acquiesce in it so patiently and lovingly, and willing to help him forward in it with his hard-earned savings, deeply affected him. He was not led by it to alter his purpose; a higher will than his had ordained it, and would not have it changed. But this exhibition of parental love sank into his memory as an inspiration for good and a safeguard from temptation. Such love and such sacrifices should not be in vain. He would requite them, according to his father's earnest desire, by seeking to do well in the course he had chosen. He continued at school in Morrisville two years, until the autumn of 1850, when he went to Bakersfield Academy, which then enjoyed considerable celebrity under the management of Dr. J. S. Spaulding, its able principal.

Of his arrival and personal appearance, and the impression he made at Bakersfield Academy, we have the following interesting account from one who was a member of that school at the same time, and also a cotemporary of Dr. Goodell's at the Vermont University,—the Rev. R. H. Howard, of the N. E. Conference of the M. E. Church:

One afternoon in the autumn of 1850, as I was standing on the stoop of the old hotel at Bakersfield, Vt., the stage from Morrisville drove up. I had myself just arrived in the place from Burlington, for the purpose of attending Dr. Spaulding's then very popular academy. The very first to disembark from the stage was a young man, apparently about nineteen or twenty years of age, spare, beardless, a little stooping, yet of a very kindly expression of countenance. Dust-begrimed as he was, and evidently jaded by his long ride, I yet took the liberty

of stepping up and introducing myself to him. This young man was Constans Liberty Goodell.

At Bakersfield young Goodell presented himself a perfect stranger; yet, among a company of 325 intelligent, capable young gentlemen and ladies, many of whom had been in attendance upon the school for years, he speedily distinguished himself, winning a specially commanding and influential position. On the occasion of the first public declamation day, by his masterly rendering of Poe's "Raven," then quite new, he leaped at a single bound to a foremost place in the admiration of that great company of students. The debating club, however, known as the Lyceum, was the scene of young Goodell's greatest triumphs. He became very popular as a debater. People flocked in from the surrounding neighborhood to hear him. Whenever he arose to speak, there was first applause, and then a hush.

While at the academy, and later throughout his college course, he was forced to support himself, in part, by such employment as poor students are able to find in their efforts for self-help. In the winter vacations he taught school; in term time he swept the rooms of the academy building, rang the bell, and performed the other duties of a janitor. These labors did not wound his pride, nor diminish the respect in which he was held. As they lightened the burdens of home, and helped him to attain the education he desired, they were cheerfully undertaken and performed with manly spirit.

We have an interesting proof of the estimation in which his oratorical abilities were held, even in his school days at the academy, in a Sunday-school address delivered by him when a youth of nineteen, on the 4th of July, 1849, in his native town of Calais, at the invitation of its committee, before the Sabbath-school Association. In this address, the young orator

so well justified the good opinion that had prompted the invitation, that its publication was called for, and it was issued in a neat pamphlet, a copy of which we have seen. The address thus preserved is remarkable for several reasons. It is remarkable that this production of a young man, not then a Christian, should be characterized not only by such literary ability, but by such just views and sentiments concerning the work and influence of Sunday-schools. It is remarkable also for the skill evinced in adapting it to the time and occasion when it was spoken. It has the patriotic ring of a Fourth of July address, and the sober thoughtfulness appropriate to a discourse made at a Sunday-school Convention, so that we can easily imagine that his audience was stirred by turns to patriotic cheers and visible enthusiasm over the heroic deeds of their ancestors and the greatness of their country, and to a serious resolve to take hold of the work of the Sunday-school and labor more earnestly to extend its benefits. We detect in it unmistakably some notes of the strain of eloquence which kindled the enthusiasm and religious zeal of those who heard his memorable address on Forefathers' Day in Chicago, a few weeks before he died.

II.
IN COLLEGE.
1851—1855.

“What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul.”—ADDISON.

“Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose
Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose,
• • • • •
What passing generations fill these halls,
What passing voices echo from these walls?
• • • • •
How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!”

—LONGFELLOW.

CHAPTER II.

COLLEGE LIFE—CONVERSION—GRADUATION.

HAVING completed at Bakersfield his preparation for college, Constans Goodell entered the University of Vermont at Burlington, in September, 1851. This college is one of the smaller colleges of our land, but it has always held a high rank because of the thoroughness of its discipline, the excellence of its course of study, and the ability of the men composing its faculty. An alumnus of the college, Rev. C. W. Thompson, who, as an undergraduate, was a cotemporary of Goodell, though not of the same class, says of its faculty at that time: "It was the time of strong men in the university. Take them altogether (whatever may have been true of individual men at other times), it was probably the strongest faculty ever at Burlington. There was among them, Prof. Torry (the elder), the translator of Neander, and the successor of Dr. Marsh in the chair of Metaphysics, and a truly great, and learned man; and Prof. Calvin Pease, afterward President of the college, and still later pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Rochester, N. Y., in the chair of Greek; and Prof. W. G. T. Shedd in the chair of English Literature, and his successor, Dr. N. G. Clark. Judge J. A. Jameson, of Chicago, was tutor, and Dr. Worthington Smith was President, who was a man alongside of Torry and Pease." The instruction and personal influence of such an able corps of teachers

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were very stimulating, and Goodell was responsive to them.

He was as fortunate in his cotemporaries among the undergraduates as he was in his teachers. The classes of the college were large in those days, and the men composing them were of a high order for mental ability and moral character, as is proved by the distinction which many of them have won since leaving college. Among them were Prof. Henry B. Buckham, of the State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y. Prof. John Ellsworth Goodrich, of the University of Vermont; Dr. Philo Judson Farnsworth, Iowa City; Rev. Simeon Gilbert, D.D., Chicago; Rev. Chas. W. Thompson, North Woodstock, Conn.; Judge Horace Henry Powers, Morrisville, Vt. ; Dr. Edward Bradley, New York City; I. N. Camp, Esq., Chicago; Rev. Lewis Francis, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. G. F. Herrick, D.D.; Judge C. A. Kent, Detroit, Mich. ; Rev. George B. Spalding, D.D., Syracuse, N. Y., and quite a number of others equally worthy of mention.

In the constant intercourse with such associates in the class-room, and in the societies and daily life of the college, and through the intimacies formed with some of them, continued through life, he found inspiration and motive to do good work. In that company of splendid young men he displayed mental abilities which fully matched those of the best. He gave as well as received of those good influences which quicken the students in the atmosphere of a college. He was popular as "a good fellow," and won admiration for excellence in those lines in which he was fitted especially to excel.

Dr. N. G. Clark, speaking from his present recollection of those days, says:

Dr. Goodell was older when he entered college than the average of his class, and from the first had a manly bearing that inspired respect and confidence. It was quite impossible to have suspected him of anything low or dishonorable, and he soon became a general favorite. His preparation for college was none of the best, and his rank as a scholar, especially in the mathematics and physical sciences, was not what it might otherwise have been. The minutiae of Differential Calculus had not the attraction for him possessed by the English Classics.

He studied good authors, as he afterward studied men, and the result was seen in his peculiarly racy, pithy style, and in the condensation of arguments often into single phrases. When he appeared on the platform for a public address, there was always an expectation of something of value, something worthy of attention. There was in his manner, look, and tones of voice, at that early date, something anticipative of his future career as a popular speaker. It was not so much the thought as the way of putting it that attracted his audience. There was even then that study of the situation, that rare adaptation of language to his thought, and to the common thought of others, and that playful, genial humor, which became so marked in his after life.

This view of him, given by one of his teachers, is similar to what is reported by some of his fellow students.

Judge Charles A. Kent, of Detroit, writes:

I can see him now through the vista of thirty-two or three years. His most striking characteristic was a constant overflow of good spirits. He enjoyed life thoroughly, and he made others enjoy it. He was very companionable, and very popular with both sexes, and all classes. He was not a great scholar nor specially diligent in the studies of the college curriculum. He cared more for literature than for any of the sciences. His chief ambition seemed to be to cultivate the art of public speaking, and in this he was very successful. I remember the great effect his recitations produced. Though not a great student, his abilities were such as to command universal respect and

esteem, and no doubt he was deemed one of the first men in his class.

Rev. George B. Spaulding, D.D., who was a classmate of Judge Kent, in the class behind Dr. Goodell's, writes :

His native State was my own ; his place of birth was near my own ; we passed three years together within the walls of the same college. I recall his personal appearance, his social qualities, and his literary fame ; but there existed three barriers which, to my lasting regret, shut me away from the great enjoyment and inspiration which intimate companionship with such a large, generous nature would not have failed to yield me. Constans Goodell was "an upper classman." That was almost enough to keep us apart. But the more serious obstacle to even friendly intercourse was in the "society" bounds which separated us with wider chasm of prejudice than that between Jew and Samaritan of old ; and, besides this, Goodell was a Christian, and I was not. How the slow years long ago wore away the poor judgments and sad inappreciation of those early days, and I came at last by a oneness of faith to know him, and to admire the noble qualities of his character, and the grand success of his career !

I recall him, then, only as seen by me at a distance, a student tall and handsome in person, having already taken on some of the sturdiness of early manhood ; genial in face, voice, and bearing, with a large repute as the wit, the poet, and the rhetorician of his class. I remember very clearly his "chapel performances"; how he commanded the intense interest of his audience from the beginning to the close of his oration by the perfect naturalness, as well as grace, of his manner in tone, and gesture, and by the fine poetic strain that ran like a silver thread through his earnest thoughts. He did not orate in vehement utterance, or rise into impassioned speech or feeling. In an easy conversational way he let his bright, witty sentences flow out upon us. None failed to be charmed by his glad exuberant spirit, the sparkle of his thought, and the perfect rhythm of his expression. I have heard him since, before great religious con-

vocations, when the earnestness of a mighty conviction and the sweep of largest thought filled his utterance; but even then, the sweetness and poetry which fascinated me in his college orations, still asserted their power over me.

The testimonies above given bear emphatic witness to the marked literary tastes and studies, and the poetic vein which distinguished him as a college student. His teachers recognized and encouraged his superior powers in this line. "The literary taste of the faculty," says a college cotemporary, "was, as we thought, very severe. We used to say, if you have one sentence in your piece which you esteem very fine, or any passage you consider especially beautiful, the professor will say, 'Cut it out.' And as for poetry, no man would be thought fit, for a moment, to write a poem for a public performance. It was a surprise to the college world, and a great feather in Goodell's cap that he was *allowed* to have a poem at Junior exhibition. But they knew their man, and he did not disappoint them. It is the only poem in the history of the college exhibitions that I know anything about; of course I mean, by an undergraduate."

The poem just referred to was much admired at the time, and gained such celebrity that it was published in Miss Hemenway's "Poets and Poetry of Vermont." Its theme was "Ethan Allen." In this poem there was a song-like outburst of praise to the hero of Ticonderoga, which was the gem of the piece. It *came to him* unsought, we are told, as late one evening he was walking up the beautiful street from the town to College Hill. It was an illustration of a characteristic of his mind, *i. e.*, that truth came to him through the imagination and sympathy, or through intuition rather than by labored endeavor of the logical faculty.

The extracts above given from the letters of his contemporaries in college are sufficient to afford us a fairly good and clear conception of his character and standing there during the greater part of his entire course. They sustain the account of it given by Mr. Howard, his fellow-student at Bakersfield and at the Vermont University, and published in the *Congregationalist* soon after Dr. Goodell's death.

He was not apparently ambitious to shine as a scholar, in the technical sense of the term, though always a broad reader, and a diligent and critical student of the best English literature. . . . Meantime, though by no means striving for the mastery as regards class position, there was no more popular, admired, or influential man in his class. He was, as may be readily imagined, . . . a sort of universal favorite, a result to which his rare wit, kindly, chastened humor, excellent sense, maturity of judgment, manliness, and wonderful insight into human nature, not less than his brilliant and popular talent, naturally contributed.

As he appeared to his fellow-students and teachers in the college, so did he appear everywhere. The people of Burlington were attracted by his genial manners and pleasant wit; and he soon became a favorite with all classes in the town, and a welcome visitor at their homes. Of a certain reading circle which existed in town, he was the leader. Wherever he spent his winters in teaching school, he won troops of friends, and was very popular, by reason of his bright social qualities and his literary attainments. Two of these winters of his college days were spent in St. Johnsbury, Vermont. During one of these winters—that of 1854—a literary circle, known as “The Excelsior,” used to meet in the parlors of that town, and he was its brightest ornament. He brought in bi-weekly contributions to

this literary club—sometimes written, more often in easy, flowing speech,—which were the delight of all. In those pleasant gatherings he first met her who afterward became his wife. He did not then attract her with special interest. He had not yet experienced the change which gave to him a few years later the attraction which won her regard. That change—his conversion—occurred during the Senior year of his college course. The following interesting account of it, from the pen of his early friend and fellow-student, Rev. R. H. Howard, was published in the *Congregationalist* soon after Dr. Goodell's death:

Toward the close of Goodell's last college year—1855—a remarkable work of grace, beginning in the Methodist church in the village below, under the labors of Dr. Redfield, a popular, eloquent, and successful revivalist, gradually spread up to the college. Goodell, meantime, with several other college students, had become greatly interested in Dr. Redfield and his meetings, not so much on any religious grounds as on the score of his eloquence and the marvelous sweetness of his singing. The writer will never forget seeing Goodell and an intimate and gifted classmate, by the name of Robinson, night after night elbowing their way to the front, and sitting flat on the carpet in front of the pulpit—the house being too full to obtain seats—for the sake of listening to the wonderful oratorical flights of that now long since departed, but gifted, evangelist—little dreaming, meanwhile, that he was himself so soon successfully to engage in the same glorious work of calling sinners to repentance. Once the revival had started in college, Robinson, just referred to, a young man of superbly handsome person, and a natural born orator, yet hitherto reckless and sadly dissipated, was one of the first to be converted. Goodell, his chum and inseparable companion, heretofore easy-going, careless, and inclined to skepticism touching the matter of religion, soon followed.

The circumstances of Goodell's conversion were, to say the least, unique. The immediate instrumentality in the case was

a pious, devoted classmate, long since deceased, named Roberts. He was a quiet, sedate fellow, afterward a lawyer, and became, during this season of religious interest, a sort of college evangelist. One afternoon, on the "Day of Prayer for Colleges," it is said, he entered Goodell's room, and asked if he had any objection to hearing him read a chapter in the Bible. Consent being granted, the chapter was read, after which Roberts asked his friend, if he was willing to kneel while he prayed with him. He consented. After a brief and earnest petition, Roberts turned to Goodell and asked *him* to pray. Not to be outdone, the latter offered prayer. He used afterward to say that that prayer never went higher than the top of his head. Roberts now quietly withdrew. Left thus alone to his reflections, Goodell began to feel annoyed, not to say angered, to think he had thus humbled and committed himself. He was in anything but an amiable mood. However, the hand of the Lord was upon him. The careless, godless, worldly-minded student now strangely felt inclined to take up his long-neglected Bible and read it for himself. As he read, he became more and more convicted of sin. So deep, at length, became his compunction that he finally fell on his knees, and then and there, all alone in his room, prayed for forgiveness. God at once spoke peace to his soul. He was converted. A few evenings after, at the college prayer-meeting, the writer, himself a recent convert, had the pleasure of listening to his first testimony. The late Professor Calvin Pease was in the chair; George F. Herrick, D.D., missionary, was present, and took part in that memorable meeting. Goodell rose at length and very quietly said: "I see the light on the distant mountains, and am expecting soon the full glory of the Sun of Righteousness." And that full glory came on apace.

The influence of his conversion upon his character and conduct was immediate and very remarkable. The change wrought in him profoundly impressed all who knew him. It is still remembered and spoken of by them as extraordinary. The testimonies of different witnesses all agree. "I think," says Rev. C. W. Thomp-

son, "it is the general opinion of the men who knew Dr. Goodell in college, *that it was his conversion that made him*. He was generally correct in habits before, had good tastes and an exuberance of sentiment and fancy, but it was a great change when he was converted. He was never in real earnest before, never worked hard before."

"It gave him," says his friend Judge Kent, "a fixed ambition, and roused his faculties to do their utmost work. If it had not been for this, his career in life would have been very different, and his success, even from a worldly point of view, would have been much less. The essential condition of all great endeavor, moral and intellectual, is a motive strong enough to kindle into full activity all one's powers. The love of Christ was to him this great motive."

The impression thus received by his fellow-students was also the impression made upon his teachers. "He was a changed man," says Dr. N. G. Clark. "The easy life of one interested in good letters and genial companionship gave way to a moral earnestness that was to bring every power and faculty of his being into subjection to his Lord."

His conversion had the immediate effect of improving his scholarship. In the few months that remained of his college course, he shone as never before in the class-room, and at graduation was given a place of distinction. The date of his conversion, as recorded by himself in the few biographical memoranda left to his family, was April 11, 1855. He was then twenty-five years of age.

The most noticeable effect of his conversion, perhaps, was the zeal it inspired in him for the religious welfare of others. His room-mate, I. N. Camp, Esq., of Chi-

cago, for whose conversion he successfully labored, says: "His earnestness and anxiety to converse upon the subject with all of his acquaintances at that time was very marked and striking, and his influence during that time was far greater than any other man's in that direction." "I remember meeting him in one of the college rooms," says Rev. Lewis Francis, "and he came up to me and put his arm on my shoulders and said, 'Francis, I have settled it. How is it with you?' I could tell him I thought I had, too, and we clasped hands in Christian fellowship and rejoiced together."

He made a public profession of his faith by uniting with the First Congregational Church in Burlington, Vermont, the first Sunday of July following. With him there were fifty-four others then received into the fellowship of the Church, among whom were Mrs. George F. Edmonds, wife of the distinguished U. S. Senator, Rev. Lewis Francis, Rev. E. E. Herrick, Rev. John P. Torrey, Rev. W. W. Livingston, and Prof. H. A. P. Torrey.

The circumstances under which he was converted, led Dr. Goodell to feel a deep interest all his life in the religious condition of our American colleges. He made much of "the Day of Prayer for Colleges," magnified its importance, earnestly recommended its observance, and gave to its services his best thoughts and warmest prayers.

He also greatly loved his *Alma Mater* for her influence upon his religious development, as well as for the mental discipline and the liberal culture he obtained from her. His fond affection extended to everything relating to her; her history, her honorable sons, her faculty, her classic halls, the unrivalled beauty of her situation, crowning the hill and overlooking the match-

less panorama of town, lake, and the distant Adirondack Mountains. He revisited the town and college whenever he could, to revive the grateful memories of his college life, and to reimpress upon his mind that glorious picture visible from College Hill. That picture had become a part of himself, either as a beautiful memory, or as a type of his religious hopes. The lake suggested the sea of glass; the mountains glowing in the West, the heavenly hills.

In the College Library at Burlington, Vermont, there is a manuscript book pertaining to the Class of 1855, and containing, among other things, little autobiographies of different members of the class, written at the time of their graduation. We are indebted to his class-mate, the Rev. Charles W. Clark, for a copy of that of Dr. Goodell. It is so brief, and so characteristic, that we insert it entire.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

“ What’s his name,
Or where’s his name,
I dinna choose to tell.”

My father emigrated from Massachusetts and made “an opening in the world” on the highest unoccupied hill in Calais, a wild, mountainous town in Washington County, Vermont, where he lives to-day. There, in this weather-stained farm-house, I came into the breathing world, on the 16th day of March, 1830. It was a simple, commonplace event, and yet a most important era in my life. For years I was very weak and small, but since I have come up to six feet two I am tolerably strong in all save, perhaps, the last foot. My parents were plain, industrious farmers, and here I penned my father’s flocks on Calais hills till my eighteenth year, “ tilling with the

hoe the paternal acres," excepting an occasional visit to Massachusetts.

Schools were few and distant ; whist parties and balls were near and frequent. Hence my heels and not my head received most perfect development. Calais fish would bite on the Sabbath, and I sorely tempted them ; and without learning of old Isaac Walton, I became a dextrous angler, though in after years I found it of no service in studying Euclid's angles. Like Nimrod, I was also a mighty hunter before the Lord on His very day. In fact, my native hills heard oftener the crack of the rifle on the Lord's day than the sound of prayer and praise.

In my fourteenth year, my father took his first newspaper, the *Vermont Patriot*, and there is nothing in the past so vividly stamped on my mind as every article of that first paper. It was my life for two years. The family library consisted of three books : a small Bible in poor print, the "Village Harmony," from which my mother received her accomplishments in music, and the "Understanding Reader." In my sixteenth year I purchased a share in the Calais circulating library. In two years I had read through all the travels and novels. I began big on philosophy. I soon unfitted myself for farming, and called down paternal sympathy on my head rather than ire, as I expected. My father (how I thanked him then, and bless him now !) said, if I had no taste to till his farm, I might go and be with books forever. This cost him his most cherished hope, while it gratified my strongest and almost only desire. I laugh now as I think back upon those two years, and see how many times I was caught with the book when I was thought to have been at work, and then how awkward I felt as I dragged a-field.

I fitted at Morrisville and Bakersfield under a half score of teachers, and with no competent guide, no

definite end in view; and when I came to college my knowledge covered over as much ground as Alexander's Empire, and was just about as useful to me. I had dabbled in poetry, and "spoken in public on the stage," and published some, but, kind oblivion, keep it forever under thy dark wing!

At the academy I had been solemnly installed upon the throne of Gasdom, but soon I abdicated power in favor of worthier members of the Dunciad. Since I came to college, what I have done is better known to the class, and what I have not done is better known to the faculty, than I can write. If I had been better fitted—if I had begun earlier—if I had had a good mentor when I did begin, but no matter. In such a case even, it pays to enter college, and doubly so to be of the Class of '55.

C. L. GOODELL.

July 2, 1855.

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT, BURLINGTON, VT.



III.

AT THE SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS.

1855—1858.

“ Still I am learning.”

—MICHAEL ANGELO.

“ Life is strong, and still
Bears onward to new tasks,
And yet not so, but that there may survive
Something to us ; sweet odors reach us yet,
Brought sweetly from the fields long left behind.”

—TRENCH.

“ The teachers who in earlier days
Led our bewildered feet through learning’s maze ;

• • • • • • • • •
They are no longer here ; they all are gone.

• • • • • • • •
O, never from the memory of my heart,
Your dear, paternal image shall depart.

• • • • • • • •
How grateful am I for that patient care,
All my life long my language shall declare.”

—LONGFELLOW.

CHAPTER III.

HIS ENTRANCE TO THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

UP to the time of his conversion, Constans Goodell had thought of the law as a profession. By that event his thoughts and purposes were turned into another course. His mother's remembered prayers and wishes had much to do with the change. Many years after this, in 1876, in the remarkable address upon "The Duty of Churches to give their Choicest Sons to the Ministry," given before the Theological Seminary, Chicago, at its anniversary, he said:

I shall never forget those college vacations in the old homestead, in which I overheard the voice of a mother at twilight wrestling in prayer with God, that the son might be born again and become a herald of the cross. Because of her prayers I stand in this presence to-day, and urge upon mothers the value of early consecration of their sons to Christ. After much thought and prayer I felt it to be my duty to preach the Gospel of Christ.

With him duty had now become both law and privilege, and he hastened with alacrity to act upon its promptings. On graduating from college he went, therefore, directly to Andover Theological Seminary, in September, 1855.

He was as fortunate in his teachers and cotemporaries at the Theological Seminary, as he had been at college. Those were the palmiest days of Andover Seminary.

Professor Edwards A. Park, D.D., then in the meridian of his fame and strength, held the chair of Systematic Theology; Professor Austin Phelps, D.D., the chair of Sacred Rhetoric; Prof. W. G. T. Shedd, D.D., who had been one of his teachers during a part of his college course at Burlington, occupied the chair of Ecclesiastical History; Prof. E. P. Barrows, D.D., had the chair of Hebrew, and Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, D.D., the chair of the New Testament Greek and Literature.

These men were all eminent in their special departments. Prof. Park was never surpassed as a brilliant and stimulating lecturer upon the Christian doctrines. The young men who crowded his lecture-room had their interest excited to the highest degree in the doctrinal discussions into which he led them, and their minds were kept on the stretch to the very last. That lecture-room was a place for the dissolving of mental clouds, and for the acquisition of clear ideas. Under the Professor's clear reasoning and felicitous illustrations, many of the perplexing difficulties which invested the subjects of man's sin and redemption melted away, and there grew up in the mind a system of doctrines that was both consistent with reason and experience, and Biblical. It has been long expected that those lectures, which gave such delight and help to so many successive classes of theological students, would be published to the world; and we hope that the venerable Professor, now spending the evening of his days at Andover, may have the time and the strength to prepare them for the press.

Professor Phelps, from his chair of Sacred Rhetoric, gave substantially as lectures, what he afterward published, when he retired from his professorship, in the three volumes entitled, "English Style in Public Dis-

course," "Men and Books," and the "Theory of Preaching." These volumes afford very interesting and profitable reading. His lectures, which presented the substance of them to successive classes of Theological students, were even more interesting, because of the impression his fine personality made upon them. He seemed to them then, and seems to them still, in the light of memory, an ideal lecturer. He was himself an embodiment of Christian courtesy and refinement, and a good model of that art of preaching in which he instructed them. With a rare sweetness of spirit and perfection of manner, he combined great vigor and strength of thought. Underneath a calm exterior, and subdued tones of voice, there was an intensity of feeling and of expression which was most impressive. His soul, in preaching, was all on fire, but there was no vociferation. The churches of the land owe him a great debt, for the stamp of scholarly culture and Christian manhood which he gave to the students of his classes. He gave to them, also, a lofty conception of what a sermon should be, and of the high privilege enjoyed by the man who is permitted, year after year, in the ministry of the Gospel, to address a congregation of hearers upon themes so lofty, and with aims so high and holy, as engage the preacher's attention.

Professor Shedd, who held the chair of Ecclesiastical History, was as remarkable, perhaps, and as impressive in his teaching and influence, as either of the two men just described. His theology was decidedly and extremely old school. His lectures upon the History of Christian Doctrines plainly showed this. His explanations of the dogmas of Original Sin and Man's Depravity, were those of an advocate of views now grown somewhat antiquated. He did not carry the

assent of his hearers to the same extent as the Professor of Systematic Theology did. His prelections, therefore, excited antagonism in many. It was evident that some regarded as preposterous opinions that he firmly held. But his lectures were valued even by those who most strongly dissented from his opinions. His courtesy was unvarying; his patience, under adverse questioning, unfailing. He possessed remarkable powers of clear, incisive statement. He stimulated the minds of his hearers to earnest thought. His own mind was charged with energy. No one felt dull while he was speaking. He gave them some hard nuts to crack. In the effort to *smash* them, they often got warm, and were much benefited by the exercise.

Professor Barrows, who gave instruction in Hebrew, was a laborious and painstaking teacher. His mind was saturated with the rich devotional sentiment and language of the Old Testament Scriptures. His prayers were particularly inspiring and delightful. They refreshed those who heard them, as a breeze from "a field which the Lord hath blessed."

Professor Stow had as marked an individuality as any of his associates. His sharp wit, his bluff, hearty good nature, and his sturdy common sense made him much beloved. No warmer, kinder heart was ever found by us than we found in him. As an interpreter of the New Testament Scriptures, he possessed some prime qualifications. Among them was an honesty of mind that was not ashamed to say, "I do not know," when in doubt or ignorance concerning any passage.

We have lingered over these sketches of his teachers at the Seminary, because of their great influence over their pupils. Their influence was not so much in moulding their opinions as in stimulating them with the

desire to learn the truth of God for themselves. They inspired us with zeal for study, and they set before us worthy aims. The best teachers are of this sort. They give us inspirations, rather than ready-made opinions. It will be inferred from the reported effect of his conversion upon him, that Goodell entered the seminary with a far more serious purpose to do good work than he had when he entered college. If "never in real earnest before," he was in earnest now. He felt that God had called him to His service, and that this call required him to do his best. The man who has been called to the ministry of the Gospel should not shirk his work, but be faithful to it in all particulars. Constans Goodell acted upon this principle while in the seminary. From the first he won the respect of his teachers and his class-mates by his conscientious fidelity to his duty.

Professor Phelps says of him :

The same completeness in duty characterized him there which he afterward manifested as an organizer of churchly work. He neglected nothing. Probably he had a choice of departments of study, but one could not know what it was by his execution of duty. The thing required was the thing to be done. Great or small, that did not seem to concern him. We had at that time a weekly exercise in declamation. It was not conducted by an expert in the department, and was unpopular. Many shirked it. Few valued it. Those who needed it most were most negligent of it. It was a weekly bore to us all, or nearly all. If anybody could have reasonably neglected it, it was Goodell. He was a born orator. Yet one of my most distinct recollections of him is the manliness with which he discharged his duty when his turn came. I do not suppose that he prized it more than others who made a great fuss over it. But it was the *duty* of the hour, and, therefore, it was the thing to be done. He did it well. He did it as he did everything else, as if he loved the doing. I name this because it was character-

istic of the man in everything. Nothing was insignificant if it was the *thing to be done*. I suspect that his subsequent usefulness was largely due to this completeness of range in his ideas of duty. Whatever he felt that he *ought* to do he could not help doing enthusiastically. It was in the man, and came out ebulliently in everything he undertook. If I do not mistake, it was this enthusiasm of conscience, this reverence for the "ought," which gave him the power of command which he held so well in hand from the very first of his public life. Such men are always born leaders. They do not struggle for leadership; it comes to them because other men need them. So it was with Goodell. I recall no other man whose public life was a more natural outgrowth from his life in the seminary than his; and both were rooted in an intense conscience. Such men are always glad workers.

Just this is my thought of him as I look back to those golden years.

They were golden years, indeed, both for their memories and their fruitage. In them Goodell learned to find his highest joy in duty; to convert irksome requirements into privileges of highest value by doing them for Christ's sake. The wisdom and habit thus acquired contributed greatly to the success he achieved in life. He faltered not before difficult enterprises; if duty called, he was sure that there was joy and satisfaction in attempting them.

A strong symmetrical mind can be produced in no other way than through such conscientious performance of the various work required of it. A man needs for his best good two kinds of work—that which is agreeable to him, and that which is irksome. In the one his strength probably lies, in the other his deficiencies. The latter, though not agreeable, is useful as a mental and moral gymnastic. He cannot afford to neglect it. He does so at the risk of mental deformity or puerile

incompetency which moves men's pity, or forfeits their respect.

Goodell's faithful diligence gained for him a high position in the seminary. "My impressions of him as a *character*," says Professor Phelps, "are very positive, not so much for one trait more than for another, but for his soundness and symmetry. He was recognized by all, I think, as the leading mind of his class." His instructor in Hebrew, the now venerable Professor Barrows, when visited by Dr. Goodell the year before he died, returned to him a grateful acknowledgment for his remembered faithfulness to the work of his department when a theological student. It had given him such satisfaction at the time that the memory of it was a joy so many years afterward.

With fidelity to his allotted work he united a genuine, living piety. Too often the seminary is a place of retrogression in piety. Engrossed with various studies, with but little active Christian work in which to exercise itself, the heart is liable to grow cold. It was not so with Goodell. His life in the seminary was a progress in piety as well as mental attainments. This was due, in part, to his eager, constant study of the Bible. He studied it not only for mastery of its contents, but for his own personal improvement, and because he greatly relished it. It was daily food for his soul. So recently converted, he felt that he had special need of its nourishment, and the words of the apostle Peter to new converts, "As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby: if so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious," were accepted as a command from heaven. He rightly believed that the primary and most important reason for studying the Bible, in the case of a minister of the Gospel as well as

of other men, is that he may inform and strengthen his own faith. This is more important than to find proof texts, or texts for sermons, or prayer-meeting talks.

It were well if this practice of reading the English Bible for their personal edification were more diligently pursued by the young men of our theological seminaries. They study the Bible to acquire a knowledge of the Hebrew language and the peculiar idioms of the New Testament Greek; they also study certain portions of it exegetically, and critically, to obtain a correct interpretation of difficult passages,—to master the argument, or to fortify some generally accepted doctrine:—these studies are assigned to them by their teachers, and they are required to give good account of them in their class-rooms. But more important than these specific studies is that private devotional reading of the Bible which they give no account of, and which they are tempted to neglect, and will neglect, unless held to it by conscience, or a spiritual hunger that craves the religious nourishment it gives.

It is only by such devotional reading that the strongest faith and the deepest convictions are wrought in the soul. It gives the faith and the convictions of *experience*. By familiar converse with the mind of God through His word, the soul discerns the truth He has there revealed. The ear of man's soul recognizes the voice of his God.

“He beholds the light and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy.”

One who has had this spiritual experience of God's truth rests on solid ground. He feels *certain* about it. This is the faith that the preacher of Christianity wants;

the only faith, indeed, that can successfully endure the strain of life, and arm him with conquering might. Dr. Storrs most justly and felicitously says: "The kind of faith, if such it may be called, which is based simply upon extrinsic proofs, is never one to quicken joy, to inspire to service, or to win from others sympathetic response. It fails in the grand emergencies of life. It cannot have the settled security, the vital energy, it cannot inspire the overmastering enthusiasm, which belong to the faith that is born of experience. To take the just distinction of Maurice, a man may come to hold a religion in consequence of its external proofs; but that religion will not hold him in its constant, subtle, and stimulating grasp, except through his experience of it."*

The faith of Dr. Goodell was of this experimental sort. He obtained it by constant converse with God in His Word, a habit which was begun when he was a student in the seminary, and which continued through life.

His piety in the seminary was exercised and strengthened by another means—that of Christian work. As he had opportunity, he sought to do good, and to win souls to Christ. He was active in the Sunday-schools and prayer-meetings of Andover; in Christian labors among the students of Phillips Academy; in such efforts at preaching as theological students may perform. Two of his long vacations were spent in Bristol, Vt., in the service of the Home Missionary Society. "On his arrival in that town," we are told, "he could scarcely find any one to afford him entertainment. After the first Sabbath and sermon, however, there was no lack of invitations for entertainment; and it is doubtful if that

* "The Divine Origin of Christianity," etc.

old church has ever since been crammed as it was during Mr. Goodell's brief pastorate there." There are impressive evidences in his private letters of the remarkable success of his brief ministry in that place. The people were desirous that he should come and settle permanently among them as their pastor, and made very touching appeals to him to persuade him to do so. Those appeals greatly moved him, and he was strongly inclined to listen favorably to them, but the Providence of God directed otherwise. He, nevertheless, left his mark upon the community. A considerable religious interest was awakened by his labors, and quite a large number of persons were led to begin the Christian life. He threw himself into his work with great ardor, revealing even then the qualities which afterward so greatly distinguished him. In some of his letters written at that time, we obtain glimpses of the sort of work he did and the success attained. In one of these he wrote:

I have done much of personal labor in order to bring those who stand back and wait, out upon higher and more active ground, and with some degree of success. The town needs, above all things, a church and minister; and when we think of what has been done the past year, it does seem that more than half the ground is passed over toward an established church and a settled minister.

Again he says:

It is a place very dear to me. It is the scene of my first labor, and where children of the kingdom were first born to me through the blessing of God on my preaching.

He says of a Sunday service :

I was permitted to speak with great ease and freedom ; the audience was attentive and deeply solemn. I walked over live coals Saturday night, but the Lord made me glad according as He had afflicted me. Five were admitted to the Church, and some are to be, next Sabbath. The interest seems to continue. After all my weakness and many sins, God has seen fit to bless, in some degree, the labor. I see the work in a fuller light than ever before, and more rejoice that I can give to it my life. I have had much experience that will be of great value to me in future.

Thus he plumed his wings for the arduous flight before him, and gave such exercise to his religious affections as promoted his growth in piety.

As a consequence of his earnest Bible study and Christian activity, he grew steadily in the estimation of his fellow-students. His room-mate and class-fellow, the Rev. C. W. Clark, says of him :

In spirituality, consecration, and efficiency in Christian work, he far out-distanced some of the rest of us of much larger Christian experience. I think I can truly say that, at the close of his student-life, among his many qualifications for a successful Christian ministry, that of an active piety, with a deep-toned spirituality, stood chief.

He numbered among his class-mates some very excellent men. It was a goodly company for a man to be associated with in the scholarly pursuits and close intimacies of a course of study. Among them were the Rev. W. H. Fenn, D.D., Portland, Maine; the Rev. A. H. Plumb, D.D., Boston; the late Rev. J. Morgan Smith, Grand Rapids, Michigan; Rev. Charles

R. Bliss, Chicago; Prof. E. P. Thwing, Brooklyn; Rev. John A. Hamilton, D.D., Boston; Rev. George T. Washburn, D.D., President of Robert College, Constantinople; Rev. J. M. Chamberlain, Grinnell, Iowa; Rev. Evarts Scudder; Rev. J. F. Clark, Samokov, Bulgaria; Rev. Wm. A. McGinley; Rev. Francis B. Perkins; Rev. A. S. Twombly, D.D., Boston.

Dr. Plumb, in some interesting "Reminiscences" of his seminary life, remembers that Goodell, in one of the first prayer-meetings of the class, said :

"We come to the seminary with the seal of character stamped upon us more than when we entered college,—older, our habits and tastes more fixed. Not as readily here as there do we assimilate and form close intimacies with one another." "And, yet," he told us, "our common aim as prospective preachers should ally us in a fonder, firmer friendship than is possible among college students in training for different pursuits." Goodell was right, though we were slow to find it out. For so commanding were the high themes to which our studies introduced us, and so engrossing, that at first we thought little of the fellowships we were forming in those sacred pursuits. But we grew to know each other well, and I think no man grew on us more steadily than this one. If there were men in the class of riper scholarship, or wider culture, or keener intellect—yet, when we looked among us, after the three years were over, for the one whom we should all delight to honor, it was Constans Goodell whom we chose with one accord to preside over us at that memorable supper in the old stone academy, since burned down, where the class parted.

The ready wit and brilliant sallies which qualify one to preside with success on such an occasion, were always eminently characteristic of him. His mind flashed at the least touch; it required no effort, no hard stroke of the flint, to make it emit a shower of scintillations which surprised and delighted all who witnessed them.

It was an effective weapon of attack, as well as a means of giving enjoyment. "He and I," says Dr. Plumb, "once led in a labored debate on Gothic architecture. I did not believe then, any more than I do now, in its adaptation to an intelligent worship, and I made a sound argument against it which ought to have prevailed. But Goodell swept everything before him, he made so many telling hits. One of them I recall. 'Suppose,' thundered he, 'the Almighty had built the universe on the box plan, like this chapel!' I felt that Bartlett chapel was an unfortunate place in which to plead for simplicity in church architecture."

We cull from the "Reminiscences" of Dr. Plumb, but one more extract. His pen, surely, was charged with loving memories golden as the light of setting suns, when he wrote it, and so happily wrought into it for our instant recognition and perpetual gratitude the portrait it contains:

For three years at Andover, I sat daily in lectures and recitations, where I could lay my hand on the shoulder of this beloved friend, whose genial face was wont to turn back often to the men in our row, and with what pleasant interchange of sympathetic glances and intelligent communications I can well remember. He was in front of us then, and there he has always kept; yet never so far in front but that every Christian brother could lay his hand on him still with confidence and affection, and in spite of his eagle glances into the future of the Church, and his rapid strides toward it, his face has been half-turned continually toward his Christian comrades, with such appreciation and encouragement that they have redoubled their diligence to keep company with his advance. In front of us all now, by what a sudden and glorious advance,—at a step—at a bound—he has gone on where no hand of ours, indeed, can reach him; but how natural still for us to look up as if to meet his backward glance of cheer to all those unforgotten ones he has left behind him.

IV.
LIFE DEEPENS.
1858.

“There cannot be a more glorious object in creation than a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator by doing most good to His creatures.”—FIELDING.

“We take care of our health, we lay up money, we make our roof tight and our clothing sufficient, but who provides wisely that he shall not be wanting in the best property of all—friends?”—EMERSON.

“What's the best thing in the world?
Love, when *so* you're loved again.”

—MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

CHAPTER IV.

COMPLETION OF SEMINARY COURSE, AND ENGAGEMENT TO BE MARRIED.

IN such earnest work, and in the enjoyment of such congenial companionships as the preceding chapter describes, Goodell's seminary life quickly and happily passed away. In the course of it he formed friendships which lasted to the end. He valued his friends, and was greatly valued by them. One of the dearest and most intimate of these was Austin Hazen, his college class-mate, and a member of the class behind him in the seminary. They "enjoyed very much in each other, and were a help to each other in many ways." "It is worth much," Mr. Hazen writes, "to have had such a friend."

Most of us know, from happy experience, what it is that friends of this sort do for us. They afford us inestimable benefit in the form of pure happiness found in their society, and of impulses for good received from them. It often happens that a student owes more to a friend among his class-mates or cotemporaries at school than to the whole faculty and endowment of the school united. He does more to arouse his moral nature and to stimulate his mental faculties. So of the friends and acquaintances we make when we go out into the world. The poet Wieland, after becoming acquainted with Goethe, said: "Since the morning I met him, my soul has been as full of Goethe as a dew-drop

is of the sunshine." The remark presents a beautiful image of the effect which a person of strong mind, or earnest moral nature, may produce upon another in the intimacy of friendship. Such was the influence of Sir James MacIntosh over Robert Hall in their student-days at Aberdeen. A similar influence was imparted to us all by the class-mates of our school-days, whose characters attracted us, or whose example stimulated us. The glow of affection with which we recall them, the warmth with which we speak of their kindness or their success, bears testimony to the abiding power they have over us. They have contributed to make us what we are. Had we not known and loved them, it would have been different with us. Be it sunshine or shadow that they imparted to us, our lives have been brighter, or more sombre, because of their influence. For this reason we need to take into account the influence of companions and friends in surveying a life like Dr. Goodell's.

It was during the Senior year of his course at Andover that he became intimately acquainted with the person who, of all others, had the most influence over his life. This person was Miss Emily Fairbanks, who subsequently became his wife. He first met her, as we have already mentioned, at her home in St. Johnsbury, Vt., where he taught school during the winters of his Junior and Senior years in college. At this time Miss Fairbanks had come to Andover to take the position of the teacher of music in Abbott Female Seminary, then in charge of Miss Emma L. Taylor; and the acquaintance formed four years before was renewed. It soon ripened into a mutual affection, and they became engaged to be married a few months previous to his graduation from the seminary. From this time onward

their lives became inseparably blended. Not a day passed in which they were not in each other's thoughts. To her he confided, in his correspondence, his inmost sentiments; his aspirations and hopes concerning the future; his thoughts and plans in regard to the ministry; his perplexity of mind in deciding, of the different places offered to him, which one to choose for his field of labor, and his desire to be governed by such considerations only as were best.

In the latter part of his Senior year he preached almost constantly, and with great and increasing acceptance, in various places here and there in New England. His qualifications as a preacher were of a high order, and he made a deep impression wherever he went. One of his early friends speaks of him then as "every inch an orator, having a fine person, a vivid imagination, deep emotion, and a voice of remarkable compass and melody that, like a perfect instrument, responded to every subtlest movement of emotion within." Besides these external qualifications there were the more important spiritual ones of an unquestioning faith in the truth of his message, and an evangelical ardor to win souls.

"Truth," says Phillips Brooks, "has little power until it is transmuted into conviction in the mind of some person who utters it as conviction." The truth of the Gospel had been thus transmuted by his experience of its power, and he proclaimed it with the accent of conviction. He seemed like one who had something good to say, and felt that his hearers would be better for hearing him say it. He brought to men a real Gospel. Professor Phelps speaks of "the bounding pulse which he carried into the pulpit. He wasted no mental force in counting hardships and weighing obstacles to success. Success to him was a foregone conclusion."

We obtain the truest impression of the man from his own letters. The following extracts are taken from letters written near the close of his Senior year. Most of them were addressed to Miss Fairbanks. They set forth very clearly his views concerning the work of the ministry, the warmth of his piety, and the genuine nature of his Christian faith.

He writes to Miss Fairbanks:

March 11, 1858.

If the labor of life can be so chosen as to combine culture, taste, and refinement, bring constantly fresh acquirements, and the consciousness of doing good to others, together with the feeling that one's work is for eternity, and that the chief pleasure and reward are there, what can be higher or better? And such, it seems to me, is pre-eminently the work of the Christian minister in this age. I would not exchange it for medicine or the bar, if there were no future reward. What is pleasanter than laboring with books, with friends, and with Christ forever?

A friend once said he could not work any more directly on mind than in being a teacher of Christ's death. I love to study for truth. I love to speak of Christ's goodness, and to declare His Gospel; to associate with Christians; to come in contact with the great and good; to retain the habits of the student, and the genial sympathy of friends; and, above all, to point out the way of life, and dwell forever on the highest truths—to do this is the pleasantest life-work which is vouchsafed to man.

The spring vacation of this year was spent in Bristol, Vt., in laboring with the small missionary church of twenty-one members, which he endeavored at this time, as previously, to revive and strengthen. The town was much divided by religious sects, whose contentions

and jealousies were a great hindrance to religion. To his friend, Austin Hazen, he humorously describes the state of things found, the difficulties encountered, and the success obtained.

He writes :

BRISTOL, VT., *April 3, 1858.*

MY DEAR HAZEN:—I came here and found all in uproar, like forty bedlambs. The —s and the —s are joined, and hurrah day and night; and the —s and the —s are joined, and *yell night* and day, and all is pulling and hauling. I fear I am wicked and impatient, and that God cannot bless us; yet great is the interest of our people. Some are to join the church next Sunday, and more soon. I pray I may be humble and prayerful, and that God will bring good out of evil. There is room for a great and permanent work, and I trust great good will be done.

To the same:

BRISTOL, *April 15, 1858.*

I have been *down* all the morning, and trying in vain to write a sermon. But I just went to the post-office and found some letters, and one from *you*, which let in the sunshine. My gaze was *earthward* and *manward*, and not *Christward*. I wish I could always keep above the earth, and look to God alone. The confusion here begins to be confounded—the ministers begin to flee, and the crying and shouting begins to calm down. But is God still here, and now will souls still find the Saviour? Many have already found a hope, and many are under deep conviction; and my house is more than full with the better portion of the people. But who is sufficient for these things? The work is God's, and I can only look up to Him and pray He may glorify His name in His own way. To be a man of God, what a thing it is! And in trial, to rise above it all and leave it all with

Him ! But soon this warfare will be over, and there will be rest.

Such labors were good for him. They implanted in his soul at the very beginning of his ministry, and before he had fairly entered upon it, that zeal for winning men to Christ, and skill in evangelistic and pastoral work, which so distinguished him as a minister.

After preaching six weeks in Bristol, Vt., he went to New York City for a few weeks, whence he writes to Miss Fairbanks :

NEW YORK, *May 7, 1858.*

My long anticipated labor is over, and soon I go back to the last term of my theological course—a bright, beautiful summer term. The sky is fair, not one cloud rests in the horizon. Perhaps it should not be so. I may need sore discipline at the hand of my Father. I know I do. Oh, what mercy and love is that which encircles and blesses me ! I can only look up in thanksgiving and praise every hour to my blessed Lord. How my soul was filled at Bristol, and my poor labor blessed, and how was I led by a wisdom higher than my own !

The work before me is hard and difficult, but I would not give it up for the world. It is the joy of all joys to me. He is not happiest who smiles most, who lives most in sunshine. In tears oftener than in smiles do we learn to pray that deepest and noblest of all prayers, "Thy will be done," and to feel that is the highest triumph which the soul can gain, the last joy and blessedness of the Christian life, the crown which hides every cross.

I am going to stay through the Anniversaries and see the movement of the ecclesiastical wheels of which I am soon to be a spoke. I need the view of things in the religious world which I can get best at these meetings.

Attending the May Anniversaries in New York, he writes to the same:

May 23, 1858.

I have been at leisure now about long enough. I long for work as much as I did for rest. I have looked on till I am tired. I want to *get hold* myself. I do believe the worst punishment would be continued rest. Now I have known and tasted the joy of labor for Christ—full, vigorous, and prayerful labor, leaning on the arm of Christ,—I could not be happy in any other mode of life. I pray God may permit me to labor for Him till I am called home to the Father's house.

I received this morning a letter inviting me to preach in S—. The deacon says, "They want a man of ability, and will pay a good salary." I hope they *will get a man of piety*.

ANDOVER, June 10, 1858.

MY DEAR E.:—When should I write you if not on such a morning as this, while the skies are weeping and smiling and blushing like an overjoyed maiden, and all in the same breath? Besides, this is a day of leisure and rejoicing. Prof. — has given our class over to the leading of our own fancy, and gone to be married, and I find my fancy a very active and interesting leader. I have been all over the country during the hours I have sat here looking over the Park, and taken a score of pleasure trips to St. J—. I have been with you out in the woods gathering flowers, and then we have sat on the moss-bank in the shade and had a happy talk, and I did not want to leave and come to the writing of this dull letter. Will it ever be that we shall wander where we please and sit and talk as long as we wish, and then go to a happy home that is *ours*, fitted up with garden and flowers, and study, and library, and parlor, and pictures, according to our taste, for us and our friends? So indeed I have been pleasantly and happily dreaming

for an hour. So indeed it may be. Oh, my Saviour, how hast Thou mingled the cup for us! Shall it be sweet and pleasant, and only so? Or is it through sorrow and affliction alone that we will suffer Thy image, pure and bright and holy, to be formed in our bosoms? Your path has always been in the sunshine; and mine has grown brighter and brighter from the first hard years of toil and self-denial, which I thank God for. Now that they have been brought side by side, and may some day be one, will God's blessing still rest upon them? Those are safe whose lives are hid with Christ in God. How do you read the future? The step which you have taken the world will not understand nor approve, and if this life be all, truly it is a hard and self-denying one. You will meet it everywhere among worldly friends. I did and still do. But there is one who has said: "He that loseth his life for my sake shall *find it*"; and so far as I have found strength to lose myself for Christ—to deny myself for Him, the promise has been verified with a depth and fulness that overwhelmed me. How strong may we be while we rest in His promises; and while Christ is for us, who can be against us? I have felt recently, more than ever before, that there is no *real* pleasure, no valuable nor desirable good here, outside of faith in Christ. I know that everything noblest, highest, and best, is found only in the Christian life, hard as it may seem to be. And it is all mockery and ingratitude to talk of *giving up* all for Christ. Who has done it, and felt that he had not gained? Is it a sacrifice to give up the fleeting and grosser pleasures of this life, and find Christ for a friend, and to become heirs of *heaven*? to have the activities of the mind take hold of the pure, the holy, and the good; and the faculties of the soul brought into sympathy with the higher enjoyments which belong to the spiritual and the heavenly, the *only* beautiful and the only *true*?

I have enjoyed very much the quiet of Andover since my return. Wednesday I took a long stroll into the woods and found lots of flowers—lady-slippers and begonias. The last is a beautiful flower, a bright red with a beard upon the chin, from which it takes its name. I put with them some lively evergreens and some red berries, and made what I called a beautiful bouquet ; and in the evening I carried it to Miss T—. She expressed a world of admiration. I was glad to give it to her, but I cannot say that she would have been sure of it, were all things at the “Sem.” as they once were. I do believe you would hardly know Pomps’ Pond now, or Sunset Rock. A change of garment makes quite as much difference with dame Nature as with any of her daughters. I see Vermont, in my mind’s eye, fair and fresh and rugged and beautiful. I shall rejoice to cross the river once more and breathe her cool air. I never was at your place in June. I suppose it must be fine now.

. . . . Mrs. Stowe is at home and very happy. She digs in her garden and goes off miles for flowers, and takes hold in earnest. She made a little aquarium, and has got a couple of stickle-backs in it. You know they are pugnacious. They see their faces in the glass and fight their courageous shadows for hours. That reminds me of a turtle, a box-turtle that a student brought in, and put a glass before him, and he ran up and bunted his head against the image and tried to bite it, and then put round on the other side of the glass to see if he could not find him. We have many orioles in our park ; did you ever see one in St. J— ? Prof. — is married to-day. His wedding tour is to be three weeks. He goes first to New York, and then to Niagara. This is a bad week for that disorder. W. H—, a class-mate of mine, is to be married to-day, and so is Rev. Mr. S—, of G—, Vermont ; and so are others of my acquaintance. It is hard for them to get through this beautiful

month single. After Prof. — had started, he went back; was that not ominous? Do you believe in signs? in the moon? Your surprise was *admirable* and *real*. This morning when the mail came, I thought, well, to-morrow morning will soon come, and then I shall be glad; but I was made glad *already*. It seemed very good to hear from you, and then to think that in three days I should *see* you. Then how much we may talk that the pen will not write. . . .

Ever yours,

G.

After a visit to St. Johnsbury, he writes:

ANDOVER, June 22, 1858.

MY DEAR E.:—I begin the promised letter to you, filled with a deep, quiet joy. Yesterday, and much of the time since I left St. J., the waves had well-nigh gone over me. Professors and place, and the frown of some, and pride within, and a desire to make *you* happy by outward position, all came upon me like a sea, and I felt as if I should be *crushed*, and that there could be no hope of my fitness for any sphere. The face of the Saviour was hid, and His love seemed withdrawn from my heart. But oh, how great His mercy and love! Now I can see His face smiling on me. Now I can rest on His promise, and *trust*. Now I can say, I will be passive in His hands, and let Him mould me as He will. He has made me feel that it is not self-denial, and toil, and unhappiness, that He requires, but only *supreme love to Him*, and *trust* in His word. If I will do that, then all things for my good will He give me, as a father does a dutiful child. Then will He bless me till I am overwhelmed by His goodness, and wonder at His mercy, as His children often do. He has made me see and feel, too, that you can be permanently happy in the highest and fullest sense—happy here—secure from sorrow, and safe above the changes and trials of life, only *in and through Him*.

And He has made me see that if I would secure for you that fulness of joy which I so much desire, that it must come from *Christ*, from your willingness to be *His entirely*. I might work for years for outward good and worldly considerations, and then lose them in an hour, and leave the heart cold, and dry, and desolate. Every effort which does not soften and subdue the heart and bring it nearer to *Christ*, can bring no lasting joy: sometime it must be given up, and pain and trial come. I have been made to see that however great my regard for you might be, and however much I might shield you from trouble, that it would be selfish and wrong if it kept you from the higher spiritual joys, and led you to set a value upon the things of this life beyond what God will permit us to do consistently with our supreme love to Him. But I feel, as I have not for months, that God has a place for us, and if we will be still, and trust Him, and be ready, He will make known His will.

What a calm joy I have to-day in trusting, and in the deep assurance that you will be happy too, and filled with songs of rejoicing. I am in no anxiety or perplexity of mind now; all has passed away, and I can wait His time. I cannot tell you the wonder of that mercy which God has shown in my darkness. But you did know in part, though not fully, how I felt before, for I could not tell it; besides, my greatest temptation came after I saw you. But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, I can now look up and be happy, knowing that I am safe to leave it all with *Christ*; and I can think of you, too, in this regard with more pleasure than I have ever been able to before, for my Saviour is *yours*, and you know His love. I wanted to write to you my joy in the Saviour, and to tell you my happy escape from the trials that beset me. Now I will try and keep the tempter down. I hope you, too, are happy, and above all, strong in *Christ*.

I have chosen the subject for my graduating piece, and have it all thought out. I hope you will be at liberty to come at Anniversary time. I should like to have you present on the day of my graduation—that day so important to me. I have no brothers or sisters to be here, but you, to me, shall stand for them all; and in you shall be my joy if I have an honorable place, and my *consolation if I do not.*

Ever yours,

C. L. G.

ANDOVER, *July 1, 1858.*

MY DEAR E.:—I was disappointed yesterday, and more so this morning since the note saying you cannot see me at present. But a moment's reflection has convinced me that it is not for myself that I should be sorry, but for you, who are thus detained by the illness of your father. You are kind and dutiful to him, and in that you are happiest. I am glad it is in your power to be so near him, and to cheer his sick-room by the sunshine of your presence. You will have his blessing, and you have my sympathy. I shall be anxious to know of his situation, and hope soon to hear of his recovery. Do not think of my disappointment; remember only your duty to him, the kindest of fathers, as you have often written, and be blessed, as truly you will be, in your kindly service. I wish it were in my power to relieve your anxiety for him, but you do not write me that he is dangerously ill.

Ever yours,

C.

ANDOVER, *July 14, 1858.*

MY DEAR E.:—Your letter, bringing the account of the increasing illness of your father, I have just read. It has filled me with sadness, and with the deepest sympathy for you. In such providences it is God who speaks, to call our thought up to Him, and we must

listen. He alone can make us feel the profound meaning of His purposes, and sanctify His bitter dealings to our good. I would not comfort you with vain hopes. I would not draw off your mind to lighter considerations, for you are the child of a Father who is wiser than man, and who does not willingly afflict. You have an Elder Brother kinder than man, who has tasted every sorrow, and borne them alone, that He might lighten yours. He knows all your heart—every tear you shed, and pain you feel, and sees it all with a tender and watchful eye, and will fly to your side before the waves go over you, and in the dark open up a shining way to Him.

He would teach a lesson, and asks you to look up to Him with serene soul, in the calm repose of faith, and learn of Him the full truth which He would speak, and hold it obediently in an understanding heart. *He* knows there are truths which you have not seen, emotions which you have not felt, and experiences which you have not passed through. It may be He will come to you now and lead you by the hand from the sunny pathway which you have trod into the darker ways, that you may know more of His mercy and love, of His power to bless and comfort and support, and thus see new beauty in the Saviour, and have stronger faith and firmer reliance on Him for the duties and trials that remain. I say I cannot call your thought away from the great lesson He would teach you, but I can point you to that Saviour—*our* Saviour, and I can pray, as I have prayed, that you may be comforted and kept in the hollow of that hand which has given you so great blessings. He who numbereth the hairs of your head and seeth the sparrow fall will not be unmindful. For the love I bear you, I would have no shadow on your heart. I would stand between you and the arrow. But it is a joy to feel you are Christ's, and that in His hands you are safe; and that if He brings to you a night of sorrow it

will be that He may awaken in your soul the brightness of a still more glorious morning than you have ever known.

Yours ever and always,

C. L. G.

ANDOVER, July 23, 1858.

MY DEAR E.:—My piece is done and in the hands of Prof. Phelps, and now I am free from the weight that has borne me down for two weeks, and my mind springs up like a thing of life, and I come first of all to *you*. You first, you last, you always. Let me take your hand and sit down by your side and enjoy a happy, unrestrained hour with you. There is nothing like labor to make life happy. He who does most feels most, and longs most for the love and confidence of friends. It quickens the dull and languid activities, and makes every form of joy sweet and intense. When the heavy work is done, then the sweeter delights and kindlier sympathies of our social nature have a right to be enjoyed, for they lend that very strength which prepares for future effort, and they give a genial and mellow light to the darkest path. It is a pleasure to come and tell you what I have felt and thought. My mind runs forward to a still brighter future. There is a pleasant vision before me of a time when we shall be hand in hand indeed, in the full enjoyment of that *one* life, of which we can now only dream.

My life has been active and heated for a few weeks, and each day brings much to do; there are but few golden ones of student life remaining, and then I go out of the shade into the noonday. Two weeks more, and the last sand falls. But Christ gives me some gleams of light that bless and reassure me; some tokens of His love that fill my heart and make me count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Him. How unworthy I am, yet how sweet His love!

how rich His mercy! To-day my full soul can find no words to speak His praise but these: "Do not I love Thee, O my Lord!" "Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none on earth that I desire beside Thee!" I have prayed that you might be filled with peace and holy, quiet joy.

I am so glad your father is better. I rejoice with you in your fulness of joy. Your letter was a very happy and cheerful one. I hope to hear from you again soon; till then I shall hold you in pleasant remembrance, and remain

Ever faithfully yours, G.

The three following letters relate to the exercises of the Anniversary week, from which Miss Fairbanks was kept away by the illness of her father. In the exercises of Anniversary Day, Wednesday, August 4th, Goodell's part was the last on the programme—a place of honor. His piece was received with much favor; and by its matter and manner of delivery, justified the place given him, and drew special attention to him as a man of unusual promise. Invitations to preach came to him at once from several important churches in different parts of New England. The venerable Dr. Joel Hawes, of Hartford, Connecticut, who was present at the Anniversary, and was then seeking to find a suitable person for a colleague, called upon him for an interview, and engaged him to supply his pulpit the following Sabbath. He was not, however, unduly elated by these tokens of esteem. He bore his honors meekly. The uppermost feeling of his heart, apparently, was one of seriousness, in view of the important point in life to which he had arrived. His student days were ended; before him was the hard, serious business of life, the work to which God called him. Before taking

hold of it, however, a short vacation for rest and a visit to his good mother was imperative.

ANDOVER, *August 2, 1858.*

MY DEAR E.:—Your letter did come to me Saturday morning, and it brought me glad tidings in two respects: the fact that your father was more comfortable and on the way, as you hope, to recovery, and that you are calm and trustful in the love and goodness of the Heavenly Father. And then your kind remembrance of me and interest in all my little affairs here is very pleasant to me. It is now Monday afternoon. I have just been in and rehearsed my piece to Prof. Phelps. The hosts are mustering. The white cravats are all around on every side. The tent is up in our park with its white folds. Examinations are going on; ladies are in the shade under the elms; Seniors are running to and fro, and here am I, rather sad in view of it all, considerably tired—very thoughtful—writing to you. . . . You wished to know just when I speak on Wednesday. It will be at 12 o'clock M. precisely. I shall know that your thought is with me, and your best wishes for me, and for it all I thank you truly. How I do wish you were to be here, and your father well; but I am happy that you can be with him. Soon I may see you and be at rest, for the work of the Seminary will be done, and then we can talk and read and drive as we please. I thought I would drop you this brief line to keep you up with the way things go here. I hope I may soon have leisure to give you all the time I would like to, but now I shall be confined to a note.

Ever yours, G.

ANDOVER, *August 3, 1858.*

MY DEAR EMILY:—To-day the town is full. The Rev. Drs. fill every corner, and clouds of black broadcloth

fill the upper air. I have just dined at Prof. Shedd's, and a whole row of them were there. I have rehearsed once to-day. The schedules are out, and I will send you one. Such lots of ladies as there are here you never saw. Each Senior of the class, with a few exceptions, has a fair one on his arm, walking about the grounds ; but you are not here.

August 5th.—The day is passed ; the piece is spoken ; the diploma is received ; the class photographs are distributed ; the class-song is sung. I fixed up that, as you see it on the schedule. We all stood on the stage before the audience, thirty-one of us, and sung it. One day more and all will be gone. Yesterday went off very well indeed, considering the fact that it *poured* all day. I never knew it to rain harder. Your letter came to me and I sat on the steps in the vestry and read it just before I went upon the stage, but I forgot everything while I was speaking. My friends persist in congratulating me. My piece was commended much more than it deserved, I am sure. I do not merit half the favor that has been given me. It humbles me to think any effort of mine can be ranked as mine has been. Those two ladies from New York were there with Mr. S., and the S.'s from Boston. They formed a pewfull of very attentive listeners. I sat with them part of the time, and I saw a good many looking and trying to make out which was you ! I was amused. What a good visit I will have with you soon. Adieu.

Ever yours,

C.

ANDOVER, *August 6, 1858.*

MY DEAR, DEAR E.:—My heart is far away from all this confusion and chaos with *you*, and my thought turns to you with a glad, swift wing ; I wish I could come as quickly. Friday has come, and the public exercises are through, the wheels are rolling the divines to the cars,

and soon the last sound will die away, and the calm, quiet air of summer settle down in Sabbath stillness. Now I am indeed through. The farewells have been spoken. Last evening we had our last class-supper, and it lasted till 2 o'clock. I had the honor of presiding, and I called upon each man in turn; so we had thirty-one speeches and confessions. At the close we joined hands around the table, sang "Old Lang Syne," and closed with a doxology and prayer. It was a sad time, and the last of all our pleasant meetings. Yesterday the clouds left us, the day was beautiful; we had dinner in the tent, and after it, some most interesting speeches from Drs. Blagden, Wayland, Adams, Stearns, etc., etc. At that meeting came the news of the laying of the ocean cable, and then what cheering! And a prayer was offered by Dr. Hawes. I am rejoicing in good health in all this labor and excitement. I have been permitted to go everywhere and do everything that has fallen to me. I leave town to-morrow on the early train with Mrs. Hawes, and shall reach Hartford about half-past twelve, and then preach on Sunday, and Friday or Saturday go home. Dr. Hawes has just spent two hours in my room. He is a very fine man and noble Christian. He talked like a father. A man from New Britain, Conn., called to see me to-day about going to a church there. It is a large and important church, but I could give him no promise.

Mr. M., deacon of the Winthrop Street Church, Charlestown, called also, and asked me to come there in two or three weeks as a candidate. Yesterday I had a letter from the Mystic Church in Medford, where Dr. Manning of the Old South was settled. But I shall not go to any of those places at present. I am going *home* and to *you*, and rest, and then there will be time enough. I ask your prayers for me on the Sabbath. Pray that God's will may be done. I must be brief, for there is less time than work. Ever and truly yours, G.

V.

THE MYSTERY OF GOD'S LEADING.

1858—1859.

“Where you are is of no moment, but only what you are doing there. It is not the place that ennobles you, but you the place; and this is only by doing that which is great and noble.”
—PETRARCH.

“Let God do with me what He will, anything He will; and whatever it be, it will be either heaven itself, or some beginning of it.”—MOUNTFORD.

“My letters! all dead paper,—mute and white!
And yet they seem alive and quivering
Against my tremulous hands which loose the string
And let them drop down on my knee to-night.”
—MRS. BROWNING.

CHAPTER V.

PREPARATORY TO SETTLEMENT—LETTERS.

THE course of events in the life of Dr. Goodell, between his graduation from the Theological Seminary and his marriage in the spring of the following year, is clearly indicated in his correspondence with Miss Fairbanks. We deem it best to open to our readers enough of that correspondence to enable them to gather from his own language what happened to him in that time; what his thoughts and feelings were in regard to the matters of personal concern disclosed, and especially what his aims and purposes were concerning the Christian ministry. These letters reveal to us more of the inner life than of the outside world. They show what manner of man he really was, better than any description can do. In them, as in a mirror, his whole soul was reflected, and the noblest and purest aspirations of his heart as breathed into the ear of the person whom he loved most. The letters from which these extracts are given, take up the narrative where the preceding chapter left it. At the close of that chapter he was under engagement to preach the next Sabbath for Dr. Hawes in Hartford.

He writes from

HARTFORD, *August 9, 1858.*
Study of Dr. Hawes.

MY DEAR E.:—Never a fairer or purer autumn morning dawned than this. The city sparkles like a jeweled

bride in the sun. The silver river winds through the valley, and the golden harvest waves in all the plains and on every hill. I can look up to God with a full heart and grateful, and praise Him for His loving-kindness. How bountifully His blessing falls upon me ; His goodness and mercy have followed me, and some unexpected good, when I was least deserving.

I bade good-bye to one after another of my class on Friday; saw lots of strangers and church committees ; called on the Faculty ; felt sad as I came through the park, and strolled around the grounds—*my home no more* ; packed my hand-bag and went to bed with the hope of getting to Prof. Barrows' at half-past five in the morning to take breakfast, and start with Mrs. Hawes. I awoke at *ten minutes after six*, and the train was to go in twenty minutes ! I dressed myself hastily and put for the station, and found Mrs. Hawes in the carriage. We went to Boston. I took breakfast there, then we came here. Yesterday I preached all day, with what acceptance I do not know, but God assisted me, so I did not quail before men, though in the audience there were two governors, two chief judges, Prof. Thatcher of Yale, and several ministers, besides an audience of nearly a thousand. It is a grand, majestic old church, the oldest organization in the State and the largest. The memories of olden times came over me, and had it not been for the Lord, I should have trembled and fallen. Dr. Hawes will be home to-day, so that I may see him, and then I shall leave to-morrow for Boston and stay a day or two, and then go to Andover and make my last arrangements and go home Saturday ; then I shall visit and rest, and come and see you.

I feel God has called me to a work, and He will lead me to it. I care much less where the work shall be. I hope to follow the providence of God and do the will of my Master, let it be what it may.

What news in your delightful “bury” of St. Johns? When are you to be married, according to their almanac? I am sorry you are such a *coquette*. I must have a reckoning with you. I never thought you so given to trifling with the tender hearts of young gentlemen. Your case may be suddenly brought before Dea. B. and the Church Committee! How is she who was once your fair sister S—, but is now a *saxa* (Stone); how is she? Very happy, I hope, in the noble and truly worthy man who may call her his. Though moons may wax and moons may wane, may there be *one* moon to her that will never *full* till her latest breath. . . . I do not know what I should do if there were no one to let out my heart to, and communicate my inner life to during these days, so intense and important in my little life; just as important to me as if it were larger. It is not my nature to be reserved to those to whom I may give my confidence, as to you.

All this writing apparatus belongs to Dr. Hawes, and is very sober and *ministerial*.

Forever yours,

C.

HARTFORD, *August 10, 1858.*

DEAREST E.:—I was amused at the direction of your letter received this morning. It was “Hardford.” You doubtless will make more use of “t” as you get older, if you are like most ladies. Now, I should have wondered less had you spelled it *Heartford*. That would not have cast any reflections on the moral character of the city. . . . I have decided to remain and preach next Sunday. Dr. Hawes came home yesterday and took me to a long drive in the afternoon, and said I must stay and preach one Sunday more. And I think on the whole perhaps I had better. To say the truth to *you*, I suppose this church is looking for some young

man to assist Dr. Hawes while he lives, and to take his place when he is gone, for he is getting old and infirm and will not preach much longer. But I do not think I shall be the man. It is too large and important a place and church for me. It staggers me to think of it. Now, my dearest friend, in this most critical time, pray that we may be led aright, and be made willing to be servants of God indeed, having no will but His, for it is your interest as much as mine, for your happiness and discipline as a Christian as much as for mine. There is no prospect at present that this is the providence of God calling me here. I hope not to stay unless it is. Dr. Hawes knows your father, and loves him very much. He has spoken of him often ; and to-day, greatly to my surprise, he wanted to know if my heart had become entangled in the net of one of his fair daughters ? I saw he knew it, and so owned right up to the mark, and it seemed to please him much, and Mrs. Hawes too. They said I was a sensible young man, and wished me much joy. I suppose he found it out at Andover, and I do not care if he does know it. It now will be over and done with. . . . I love to write to you, and best of all to hear from you, and a great deal the best of all to see you.

Affectionately yours,

C.

HARTFORD, CONN., *August 13, 1858.*

MY DEAR E.:—I suppose you may have seen Mr. A. before this, and got all the news from Andover. Mrs. Abbott writes me it is a blue time there. All the professors and students gone. It will be a thoughtful day for me to go back and gather my little estate together and face toward Vermont, and turn my back upon the old "Sem." forever as a student. But I shall be glad to get home and see my mother, and then there are other places in Vermont that have attractions for me. Do

you suppose St. J. is one? By the way, have you seen the new moon? It was made for *you*, certainly not for *me*. Last night I saw it over my left shoulder as I was going to the vestry to give the weekly lecture, and I had a sad time of it. The vestry was very full, it was very warm. Dr. Hawes was behind me, a critical audience before me, two hot and fierce gaslights on either side, and I never did so poorly in my life. I was ashamed of myself. I could not start the least interest, but was dry as dust. I came home feeling very sad. I attended a prayer-meeting Tuesday evening and felt very differently; but then it was not all on me. It has got all around that I am a son of the missionary Goodell, who is in very high repute here on account of a daughter living here. Poor man! I shall bring him into disgrace if I do not do better than I did last night. I was not anxious to make a good impression. I did not care for it, neither did the Lord forsake me; but I forsook *Him* and *myself*, and went through with as dry a set of remarks as you ever heard. I do not believe I could do it again if I should try. To-day I have been writing a sermon to preach on the Sabbath, and have been blessed in the work. I think I feel quite independent about remaining here. I hope I am trusting the matter entirely with God, who knows better than I. To write only one sermon a week would be a great advantage to me, giving time for study.

There are some most delightful drives about Hartford. It is, indeed, a charming city. The people are very candid and sober and cordial; and when they *do* do a thing, it *stays* done. Dr. Hawes has been settled here forty-one years; they want to get a man to come and stay forty-one years more.

Let me feel that your prayers are for me. I did last Sunday.

Your affectionate

C.

BOSTON, *August 17, 1858.*

MY DEAR E.:—Here I am in Boston again, and I must not let the opportunity pass of giving you a line. I will continue my journal. Monday morning I took another drive with Dr. Hawes. He was very kind and generous to me. He had all unbeknown to me found out all about me—where I had preached, and all my antecedents. He said he was altogether pleased with me, and most anxious that I should come to H., and live and die with his people. Mrs. H. gave me a kiss, and I promised to write, and I came away feeling I had left friends indeed, whom I had known for years. I did not think I had found any favor in that ancient, aristocratic church; and perhaps I have not, only in the eyes of its pastor.

I will finish this letter in Andover.

ANDOVER, *August 18.*

Here I am in my old room, writing from my old window. I came up yesterday at noon. Oh, how changed and sober! What a profound death has come to all the sounds and harmonies that were wont to fill the air. The feet that once trod these paths, in how many different lands they wander; and the voices, how many different homes they cheer. My room-mate is gone, and the room looks like desolation itself. Everything is wrong-side up that has got a wrong side, and everything that has not is out of place. But Chamberlin, my old friend and class-mate, is here, and how cheering it is. He, too, boards at Deacon Abbott's, and we grope around and behold the pitcher broken at the fountain of mirth, the golden bowl cracked, the silver cord loosed, and the wheel broken at the cistern. Our friends have fled like the roses of June, and our student days like the dew of early morning, and we are here alone. . . . Yesterday, after dinner, as I was sitting under an old oak with C.,

a man came up and inquired if Mr. Goodell was in town. Mr. C. told him he was. It proved to be a man from Manchester, N. H.—a committee from the Franklin Street Church, where Professor Bartlett was settled. He was after me to preach next Sunday. I told him I was going home. He said it would be on the way. I could not well get rid of it, so I shall finish up here, go there Saturday evening, and home Monday.

Yours, always and ever,

C.

ANDOVER, *August 19, 1858.*

MY BEST OF FRIENDS:—Much joy your letter that came round by Hartford gave me. With your letter came one from Dr. Hawes. My fears are at an end. The Society wish me to come and spend three or six months there, or a year, or any time I will name. My work will be half the work there is to do—preaching once each Sabbath. It will be a very fine chance to go and study, and work into pastoral duty under such a man and in such a place. I could tell you a thousand reasons which seem to make it best, but I cannot write them. I trust to hold out, if I begin in this way. The professors say it is a plain case—I must go,—and a most desirable way to begin the ministry. But if I go it will not be before the first of October, so I shall have five or six weeks for visiting and rest. A man came from Lowell to have me preach there next Sunday, and one also from the Old South here; but I shall go to Manchester, where I shall hope to hear from you.

Most affectionately yours,

C.

BURLINGTON, VT., *August 29, 1858.*

MY DEAR E.:—Here I am on old college grounds; but old college friends, where are they? I may ask the autumn leaf or the winter's snow. The old walls no longer

echo to their voices ; their footfalls are no longer heard on college walks. Like the drops of summer rain, they are now in the great ocean of life. But how many bright memories come up as I walk through these pleasant shades. How much of high thought and deep feeling and pleasant dreaming has been woven into the very woof of life, to last forever ! Three years ago I left here for a long course of professional study; that long course has passed, as the morning, and I am here again, and how much changed !

I have turned my back now on Andover. It was beautiful the day I left ; but, oh, how solemn ! The spell is broken. How thankful I am that I was led to Andover ! And now I stand at that great point in life which can come but once. The calm cloisters of study are all behind, and the world of active life and duty is all before. The armor is chosen and fitted, and after a pleasant vacation of rest and visiting I go out into life, never to lay it off till my Master shall call me home. How in it all my thought turns to you. . . .

CALAIS, VT., *September 3, 1858.*

MY DEAR E.:—This is the second day since I left you. I reached home Monday night ; found my parents well and glad to see me. I am spending a most happy week at home. I never enjoyed it more. I found my mother unusually happy in the Saviour. She inquires most tenderly for you. Several times this afternoon as we have been visiting, she noticed that my thought was away, and she said, “I see you have only brought your body home ; your heart is somewhere else.”

A day later he writes :

I can see you in the home circle to-night, sitting with happy friends around that bright, cheerful blaze. It has been a precious day with me in the old home.

Most of the time I have been busy with a sermon. My text is, "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." While thinking it out Christ has come very near to me. The Lord has been better to me than I dared to hope, and I am ready for His service. I have often thought of the family I left—your father and mother, aunt, and all; how kind they were to me, and how pleasant they made my stay. I find a young man who works for my father is going to St. Johnsbury to-morrow to attend the "Fair." I will return by him your father's shawl, which he so kindly loaned me. I found it very comfortable on the stage that night. But every letter, as well as every meeting, must have its last word, and this shall be that I am,

Ever yours,

C.

HARTFORD, *October 1, 1858.*

MY DEAR E.:—Here I am at last, in Hartford, on the first day of a beautiful, but fading month. Since dinner, I have been in my room, and have been passing through the dark waters. Student life, vacations, all are passed, and now I am on the ground for the work of my Master. Oh, would it were all for Him, and I could see His face smiling upon me. I have been much in prayer and meditation, but I feel so small, so unable to do anything in a field so large, and requiring men so much better than I. My strength and hope are only in Christ I am unworthy to be called His servant, but in His name I may speak. The future is all uncertain. What is in store for me I do not know, but I will try to be humble, and faithful, and earnest, and walk before the Lord, seeking only to do His will.

I met a very hearty welcome here. I presume Dr. Hawes thinks it will take a burden, in part, from his shoulders.

To the same:

October 12.

Eleven years ago to-day, I left my father's house for school. I left the farm, and opened the book for which I had so much thirsted, and with what joy I learned to decline "Musa"! How like a dream seem these years! They are gone, and I am no longer a student, but verily in the work. How little did I think it would begin here. Seventeen years among the rugged hills of my mountain home, and eleven in the cloister. I reckon quickly with my pen these two important periods of my life, and yet how much of joy, of struggle, of labor, there is in them. Now I begin the third great step. I am set down in Hartford. God only knows the work before me. I will do what comes before me to do, and trust it all to Him. I should have been much happier for the last twelve days, had I been in the quiet, peaceful, little village of Bristol. But I am here alone, and a stranger in a city is more alone than in a forest. I have had students around me so long, it seems strange to be alone. There is no ear here into which I can speak that inner life that longs so much for utterance, and there are hours when I would give much if I could see you. When I get a little more acquainted here, it will seem different. . . .

October 13.

I wrote the above at a very dolorous pitch yesterday, when I was almost sick. I have been below zero for a day or two, but now my mercury is rising.

Sincerely yours,

C.

To the same:

October 16.

I have not liked here as well as I expected. The congregation is composed of almost all old people,—educated, professional, and influential men. Their sons and daughters are away, and none of the laboring classes, like me-

chanics, etc., attend this church, but quite a large, wealthy class of elegant leisure. There are not many young men in the church, or young women; I mean, not so many as is common. I do not like to preach to such a people. I cannot get up any interest, for it seems as though a *young* man could not do them any good. Again, although Dr. Hawes is very kind and considerate, yet of course he leads everything, and I do not see what I can plan out and do, that will amount to anything. . . . As things look now, it seems as though I should sink my labor here. I wish to feel free and independent, to work easily and naturally. I am glad there is One who will direct the steps of those who commit their ways to Him,—and if it is best that I should go, He will open the door and prepare the way. I feel the Saviour is my Friend, and I will not fear what man can do unto me. The world can give but little; why should we fear it or long for its favor? How much better than all it can give, is one hour of communion with Christ worth! If I can but see His face, let the billows roll. In the holy day before us, let me feel that I have your faithful prayers, and that together we may be blessed at the mercy-seat of Christ.

Now and ever yours,

C.

To the same:

October 26.

My position, did I not believe the Lord knows best, would be a very trying one. I find now, that it was Dr. Hawes' notion, getting me here. The committee knew his desire for aid, and acted to please him, but only the officers of the church were aware of it, and when I came the mass did not know for what reason. They think Dr. Hawes does not need any colleague yet, and when he does, they want to know it. So you see my position is anything but pleasant, and I shall leave at once—next week. Judge P—— told Dr. Hawes that he thought

there was not one in forty that would make a better impression than I had, but the people would not gather around any one now. But I have felt greatly crippled since I have seen how it is, and have not done any sort of justice to myself. I could not, and shall not remain. It is an unpleasant thing ; but I am not going to settle down under it, and mourn over it. It is very plainly no place for me, and it had better occur now than after I had been here longer. I pray I may be wise and learn the lesson God would reveal. I do not blame Dr. Hawes at all. I love him. Yet, had he told me all, I should not have come. But he thought he took the wisest course, and that the people would fall in with his plan. Now what do you say? Are you sad? Does it trouble you? Write me all you think and feel, as I do you. To say I do not deeply regret what has happened, would not be true. It has given me some sleepless nights and some heavy hours, but it is past. It will do me no permanent injury, it may do me much lasting good. The pain it gives me is keen and sharp, but if I am truly the Lord's, and desirous of doing His will, in my weakness I shall be made strong. I think I have not had a fair trial here. Everything has worked against me, but I blame nobody. Dr. Hawes intended to do for the best, but he sadly misjudged his people and his influence with them. I do not think I ever learned so much in four weeks, that will be of service to me, as I have here ; but it has *cost* very high. But I am not going to be imprudent or hasty. Everything is before me, and *God* is *above*. This ungodly fever and heat and competition for big pulpits, I am done with. I can have no self-respect, to say nothing of love for the Saviour, to do as many fame-loving, dizzy triflers do. It is not true to Christ, and it brings sorrow in the end.

I shall go to Andover and spend a few weeks profitably in study, and see how the field opens before me. I

may well be thankful that nothing worse has come upon me. If my *moral character* had received a stain, then might I be in trouble.

HARTFORD, *November 4, 1858.*

MY DEAR E.:— It is needful that we make the most of every day that God gives us. The gift of a day is a precious one. In it one may gain a kingdom or lose a soul. But the fair October days are all gone forever, like the September ones. The latter brought me more joy, and the former more vexation of spirit, than any two months of my life. And such is our life here—mountain and valley, light and shade. But do not think I regard my shade as very dark. One ought to be cast down only when he is left to do some evil thing, and is deserted by the Lord. Upon a careful review of my coming here, I do not see how I could have done differently, so I cannot reproach myself. My refusing to remain will bring me respect and credit here—it has already, and yet it is very unpleasant to bear, if I allow myself to dwell upon it. In some respects the discipline has been good for me. It has shown me how much pride I have, and how I fear the world, and it must not be. My heart must be submissive in the hand of Christ. Only so can I do others good.

Always yours,

C.

HARTFORD, *November 5, 1858.*

DEAREST E.:—You are not expecting a letter from me to-day, are you? I could not get on without writing you a line for Saturday. It is a cold, rainy, November morning. Are your spirits heavy as the day, or light and cheerful? The beauty of the year has gone, and but few more fair days will shine out upon the dying year. But another spring will open in beauty, and there

is an eternal summer. Let the leaves fall. When they were tinged with loveliness we drove much among them, and were happy. Now they are drifting in the breeze. A committee from New Britain came again to see me, and I promised to preach there next Sabbath. I shall see an old college friend there—Prof. Buckham, of the State Normal School. . . .

Affectionately yours,

C.

NEW BRITAIN, *November 13, 1858.*

MY DEAR E.:—This is Saturday morning, and I have had a very pleasant week here. It has passed quicker than I thought last Monday when I came. The people are very kind and cordial. I have been having some very pleasant thoughts about the work and duties of the future. It gives me unspeakable joy to think of the promises Christ makes to His children, and to those that work in His vineyard. I have been thwarted, it is true, in my first effort; but in every other place where I have been, God has seen fit to encourage my humble efforts, and I am persuaded there are good reasons why He did not in this. I try to pray day by day with faith that God will show me my mission here in time, and prepare me for it. There is much to do before His kingdom is set up among men; and what is sublimer than the thought of walking under the sky, bearing a commission from the living God—sustained by Him in doing work that shall last through and be seen most in eternity? When you labor for the things of time, your labor will perish with the autumn leaves; but what you do for your Sabbath-school class shall be seen upon the redeemed and happy soul, written in golden letters, blazing before your eyes through all the æons of heaven. Let me be among those who lead many to righteousness.

Affectionately yours,

C.

NEW BRITAIN, CONN., November 20, 1858.

MY DEAR E.:—I have thought much of what you said of your fears as to the future, suggested by what Mrs. H. said of her trials. I have thought much of it from the first. To leave a home like yours, and brothers and sisters such as you are blessed with, and make a new home among strangers, trusting all to the constancy and devotion of one, is indeed a great step. It is not a matter to be idly talked of, or pleasantly dreamed of only; but to be thoughtfully weighed and candidly met. It is an earnest and serious thing to live, *anyway*. The free, happy school-days, with visiting and school friends, are gone. Life and duty are before us. The mind, to be contented, must be occupied and the hands active. God is looking on, reminding us of our privileges and advantages, and asking us what we are to do? We are responsible for the life and blessings He gives us, and we cannot escape our obligations. When once awakened by a sense of obligation to Him in the performance of Christian duty, we cannot shut our eyes upon it and be happy. But God, in His great goodness, has so arranged it that most that is highest and best here comes upon those who go forward in a faithful discharge of duty—for He always keeps such, and the very effort to be faithful gives the heart and hand the highest mission. It is truly a serious thing for a Christian to go forward, but it is more difficult to fail and give up and live for the world. Those who do it live a sad life. To live only for self is to lose the impulse of a *noble purpose*, and much that is purest and best in life. We cannot go back if we would to the irresponsible freedom of childhood. But as life deepens, and brings greater demands and severer duties, so has God wisely provided deeper and more constant joys and sympathies; so when life is well lived, it grows brighter to the end. God never puts the best first, and to feel that He cannot clothe the whole course

with blessing and gild the path to heaven with a golden light as He has in the past, is to distrust His goodness and love. Oh, how often we do it! And when we give our love to *one*, and look for sympathy and aid, to be cared for and cherished tenderly and affectionately forever, I am convinced it is the source of the sweetest and purest joy, the truest and most lasting happiness. It is a thing ordained of God. His blessing has ever come signally upon the *Christian home*. Happiness, cheerfulness, and content, if they live anywhere, we may be sure it is by the fireside, and I regard it the first and chiefest duty to protect them and nourish their growth. In no other way can our cares and burdens, which *will* come, be so well borne: I am convinced that in the course of years we desire nothing so much as some one to love and care for us. Go where we will, we may be treated kindly, and even with great attention; but the heart craves *more*: it must give the treasure of its love, and have one to whom it may make known its inner life. Though we have to meet duties that are real and stern, they bring their own light with them. We shed many tears, the cause of which we would not have removed. The most precious things cost most. "The bird we feed is the bird we love." For the love I bear you I feel that if I ever am permitted to do so, I shall assume these duties with cheerfulness and pleasure, and yet with thoughtfulness and candor. I trust you will find a meaning in the vows I have taken. . . . There is one thing I have often thought of—my profession is such that my business will be at *home*, my time spent at home. I shall be bound by no bell but the "sweet Sabbath bell." I shall be master of my own time, and have my own evenings. My study will be in my own house—clean, neat, beautiful with books and pictures. My business will never be where *you* may not be, nor will duty call me where you may not go. My leisure hours

you, and not the club nor the billiard-room, would ever have; and if my society is pleasant to you, this you would value. I must confess that I have visited few pleasanter homes than those of educated clergymen. For taste, refinement, and Christian cheer, they excel. This is a sunny side, but I think it is true.

I am ever, ever yours, C.

BOSTON, *November 23, 1858.*

MY E.:—I am once more in dear, sober, solid Boston; and the rain pours, and a gloomier day I never saw, even in this country of northeast winds. But I am with friends, and am well and happy and hopeful. My last letter to you was from New Britain, and now that pleasant town is far away. They came to see me in numbers when I left, and hoped to see me soon again. . . . In the few weeks or months to come, how much depends! I do desire to walk softly and humbly before God, praying His will may be done. How pleasant it would be, could I see you these days which are so important to us both. But we have the Saviour, and we are nearest each other when nearest Him. . . . And now I am going to Andover, and will write you at once what shall befall me there. One thing I am tired of, and that is this constant journeying and visiting and being in cars and hotels. I want a place to live and a work to do. That day I believe will soon come. I pray I may be ready, and fitted in some degree for it.

Truly yours, C.

ANDOVER, *November 28, 1858.*

MY DEAR E.:—I am once more in dear, old Andover, the home of so many hopes and joys, of toil and anxiety, and I come to you as in days gone by. I found most of the students in all the schools away for Thanksgiving; they have not yet returned. I came

here Friday, and found a most cordial and cheering welcome from old friends. I board at Deacon Abbott's, and occupy the room I did my middle year, and never felt more like work. My health is perfect, and my spirits have been like the sunshine. I feel wiser and better for my past experience, and cannot doubt the hand of God was in it. I look forward with cheerful hope. How many blessings are mine at this hour ! great and precious ! I have health, strength, education, profession, friends, prospects of usefulness, and *you*, here. And above is *God*, whom I can call Father, Saviour, Friend, and the higher eternal bliss is promised to me. Why should I not be grateful, cheerful, happy ?

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Ever yours,

C.

NEW BRITAIN, November 30, 1858.

EVER DEAR E.:—I am at work in earnest, and I am going to work. Christ's vineyard needs men ; by His grace and in His strength I will be *one*. I preach in South Boston two Sabbaths. I am going to re-write four sermons as thoroughly and carefully and prayerfully as I can, and preach them for my Master. I have learned much recently that will be of special value to me in preaching. I feel I know myself better and can be truer to myself—to whatever is natural to me—than ever before. It is a great thing to learn *how* to preach ; to know what style is natural to us, and which alone can be used with real power and efficiency. It is the great question with every young man to know how he can reproduce what is in him, and make himself felt on an audience. I have studied much to see what I had to preach, and how to do it. I feel that God has led me to new light slowly and by degrees. There has been a world within me of this kind, of which I have never told you—my anxieties and doubts and struggles—how I should like to do it

were we together long enough. Should I come to you now, I could not prepare anew my sermons for next Sabbath. This is one reason why I want a place like New B., quiet, pleasant; with books, study, and time, where I can work freer from care and anxiety. May you be led into high and true and ennobling views of all that is before you in life—of all that is bright and glorious and blessed in Heaven. I would rather have eternal life and His dear smile, than all this world can give. It is the infinite God who is our Saviour, Friend, and Guide; let us walk in light and strength and joy. Some day our feet shall walk above the stars; here let us not be under a cloud.

Sincerely yours,

C.

ANDOVER, *December 3, 1858.*

MY DEAR E.:—I was very glad to get your letter this morning and learn how you received my dispatch. It cost me more to say “No” to your kind invitation than I could write, and my heart has been with you all the time since; but I could plainly see it was better for me to deny myself the very great pleasure I should have had in spending Thanksgiving with you, for many things demanded my time here. I was by your side in spirit at that long family table yesterday; did you feel my presence? In a few weeks I will be there in person. I have much to do and to think of this week, and now I am going to tell it all to you; would I could *talk* it! I have finished my sermon. I feel like preaching it; and you cannot wish more than I that you were to be of the audience. I think I should see you. . . . Professor Phelps was very cordial and warm in the interest he expressed; so were Professors Shedd and Park and Barrows. I feel I have friends here, and that, you know, always is pleasant. My friends do all they can for me; it is time for me to do something for myself.

Whoever succeeds in this world must *work*; and I believe when we are most submissive and trust in God most, we *do* most ourselves. How thankful I am for health and all temporal blessings.

Now I begin my sermon to you. 1st. You see by the enclosed letters from New Britain that I have the prospect of a call under the most inviting circumstances. A pleasant place, good people, hearty and cordial; prospect of a beautiful church, and a salary not large, but sufficient.

2d. This church in South Boston is without a pastor. They are looking for one, and I find they have had an eye upon me. They will hear me as a candidate, and are prepared to like me. The church I know but little of. I learn it is united and harmonious, and anxious to settle a good, strong young man. Outwardly you know all I can tell you. It would be in Boston, near libraries, friends, lectures, and all the bustle and hurry, good, bad, happy, and indifferent, and amid the vexations of city life; much, indeed, to be desired, much to be shunned; prospect of doing great good, or of failing and being unhappy.

3d. I have been perplexed and have not known what to do, and feel more than ever the need of divine aid. And now do you ask which way I most strongly incline? I cannot tell. It is not needful to decide at once. In the meantime let us together seek wisdom of Him who alone sees our way clear, and can guide us and make all things work together for good. I am not so humble and submissive as I ought to be; at times I feel most unworthy of any place. The day shall come when these thoughts of place shall be decided, and give way to pleasant and more satisfactory service for our Master.

Yours,

C.

The foregoing letter speaks of "the prospect of a

call" to New Britain, where he had been preaching several Sabbaths after leaving Hartford. While that prospect is before him, a brief account of the South Church in New Britain, and of some incidents preceding the call to Mr. Goodell by the church, may be of interest to us.

The South Church was then the smaller, as it was also the more recently formed, of the two Congregational churches of New Britain. It was organized July 5, 1842, being an offshoot from the First Congregational Church. The First Church is one of the notable historic churches of Connecticut. Its history reaches back nearly a score of years prior to the war of the Revolution. It was organized April 19, 1758, while the site of the present city of New Britain formed a part of the old town of Berlin. For nearly seventy years this church was the only church within the limits of New Britain. It derived considerable lustre from having as its earliest pastor the Rev. John Smalley, D.D., who was settled over the church at its organization, and remained its pastor for fifty-five years. He was renowned as a preacher and theologian.

The South Church from the time of its organization had had only one pastor, the Rev. Samuel Rockwell, who, "having preached a few Sabbaths to this church in the autumn following its formation, received a unanimous call to become its pastor, which was accepted on the 5th of December of that year. On the 4th of January, 1843, he was installed," (Manual of the Church.) Mr. Rockwell's ministry to the church lasted more than fifteen years, or until June 20, 1858. It was a successful and popular ministry, during which the church was so prospered that it advanced from the feebleness of infancy to the strength of maturity. After his resigna-

tion he continued to reside in the town, holding honorable positions in Church and State.

During the interval between Mr. Rockwell's resignation and the settlement of Mr. Goodell, the church heard various men as candidates. Some of them were good men, ministers of ability and experience, but for some cause or other the church was not inclined to give a call to any one of them. The hour and the man had not arrived until Mr. Goodell came.

"Well do I remember," says an officer of the church, "the first sermon he preached. It was from the text Matt. xv. 9. The day was somewhat stormy and gloomy." But the young preacher's face had so much sunshine in it and his sermon was so bright, that his hearers found the service pleasant, and he was invited to come again.

From the very first, the congregation was favorably disposed toward him. Besides, his pleasant face, his melodious voice, and his affable, genial manners were a recommendation. There was also in his preaching a warmth and a suggestion or promise of pulpit power which impressed many. Therefore, though a large and influential portion of the congregation would have preferred abstractly an older man of more experience in the ministry, he was chosen above all other candidates. Even the oldest and wisest in the church preferred him. Of one of these aged members, "Uncle Alvin North," as he was familiarly called, one of the original members of the church and a member of its "Standing Committee" for many years, the following anecdotes are related as belonging to the history of those times. One of the candidates for settlement with the church, after having preached for them quite acceptably three or four Sabbaths, urged a speedy de-

cision of the case. But the congregation were not quite ready to act; they were not entirely satisfied that he was the man they wanted for a minister. After a pause in the meeting called to deliberate over the matter, "Uncle Alvin" slowly rose to his feet and said: "Brethren, I would like to quote, as applicable to this case, the words of the Apostle Paul, 'Lay hands suddenly on no man.'" This settled the question. The Rev. — was not called, though a man of ability and of considerable experience. Soon Mr. Goodell came, and was heard several Sundays with great acceptance. Objection was made to him on account of his youth; but at the meeting appointed to consider the expediency of giving him a call, "Uncle Alvin" once more turned the wavering scale of decision by another quotation of Scripture: "Brethren," he said, "on a similar occasion to this I quoted the words of the Apostle Paul, I will now quote from him again. He said to the youthful Timothy, 'Let no man despise thy youth.'" By this appeal to apostolic authority the objection to Mr. Goodell's youth was overcome, and he received the call by which he became their pastor.

He writes to Miss Fairbanks:

ANDOVER, *December 6, 1858.*

Friday evening I received a dispatch from a New Britain Committee, and Saturday morning two gentlemen came on to present a call from the church and society. They were very earnest and kind. They wish for my reply soon, and to be settled as soon as I think it best. I told them I would give them an answer in two or three weeks.

ANDOVER, *December 8, 1858.*

My DEAREST E.:—. . . . What you wrote me concerning places was very satisfactory and gratifying. I

think I do understand you, and so far from perplexing me, it strengthened me much. My mind had been verging toward New Britain as a good, fitting, and most desirable position, and it is very pleasant to me to know that you look upon it in that light. But I will see you before the decision is made, and in the meantime we will pray for God's guidance. My mind was on Hartford—that has passed. It is *well*. I will have no *other* Hartford. I care less now than ever before where I go or settle. I know that the Lord will provide for me and that I shall not want; that in His strength I shall stand and make me a pleasant and happy place wherever I go, if I make His glory my chief care. I have thought often of what you wrote me; there is love and mercy in the Saviour, and pardon and *sweet peace*. I pray this may all be yours. . . . I feel stable and firm, and more and more a man, and less a child. My Father loves me, and I can look up into His face and *trust*. He is my Shepherd. He leadeth me.

Affectionately yours,

G.

He writes:

ANDOVER, December 9, 1858.

The more I consider New Britain, the pleasanter it looks, and as though it was a place that a sensible man would choose as a desirable one for labor, with pleasant people and a happy home. It is a growing, enterprising place, with the double advantage, allowing me time in the study, while there is enough outward incentive to labor: a good field for taking hold of young men and building up a church. Moses Smith, a class-mate, is settled only four miles away. And Prof. Buckham, one of my most intimate college friends, a man of fine taste and culture, and most genial nature, would be in my church. Altogether, the picture is a pleasant one. There are many things very desirable in Boston. Once

I deliberately threw aside all considerations of a place in that quarter. I think I shall be wise to do so now.

ANDOVER, *December 15.*

MY DEAR E.:—Your telegram came in due time, and to-day your letter tells me you are to have visitors this week. It is all very well. I will stay here and write a sermon, and go up to W. and preach on the Sabbath, and possibly come to St. J. the week after. That New Britain call ought to be decided soon, and I wish to see you and talk it over with you before it is done. All things seem to point pleasantly that way.

I am very well, and am enjoying my stay here very much. I am always happy with friends and books and enough to do. If I can have a pleasant study and people, and firm health, I will be contented, and let the great world roll. It is a blessed and precious thing to preach the Gospel. Unworthy as I am, I delight to do it. . . .

Yours,

G.

In accordance with the plan proposed in the foregoing letter, he went to St. Johnsbury, and there, after deliberating further with Miss Fairbanks over the call from New Britain, decided to accept it.

The time fixed for his ordination was February 2d. The interval was mostly spent at Andover, whither he went from St. Johnsbury.

To Miss Fairbanks he writes:

ANDOVER, *December 31, 1858.*

I am now far away from you. I cannot even hope to see you when it is evening. I must tell you something of my journey. Your father kindly waited till the cars started, and took my hand in parting. When I moved off, how lonely I felt. I had much to think over, and

dwell long on this visit which seemed to bring you nearer to me than all others. I ate a poor dinner at P., and arrived in Andover at dark. There was a social gathering at Prof. Park's, but I was too thoughtful to go. That Christmas gift! . . . I shall have my slippers made at once—the pattern is beautiful, and I shall love to think you wrought them. This is the last day of the year. It has been a good year to me; how much of it I love to look back upon! But now it is gone; this letter is my last. I wish I could watch the new year in with you to-night. But as the old year dies on the midnight air, shall we not bid it an affectionate and grateful adieu for all the joy it has brought us? Soon I shall have a pleasant parish and happy people of my own. As much as it involves, I love to look forward to it. . . . And shall this year which is to come crown our joy forever? May we so walk that it shall bring us good and not evil, joy and not bitterness.

Ever yours,

C.

ANDOVER, *January 28, 1859.*

This is the last letter that I shall write you from Andover. It is a dear place to me. Here I came to learn of Christ, and to prepare to be His servant. I have had sweet and blessed communion with Him for three years. He has been near me for good, and round about me in love and mercy. He has shown me many most glorious views of truth and duty, and pointed me to the higher work, the purer life, and to the crown. He has given me here health and strength, and many true and noble friends, and long years of intercourse with the truest and best—intercourse which elevates, ennobles, and refines. He has crowned me here with far more honor, and given me far more favor, than I deserve. I go away with the blessing and kind wishes of many worthy souls. But this is not all, my dearest E., that has been given

me here—not all that endears the place. A bright light has come into my path and a gladness into my heart that I did not know before, and a fire kindled upon its altar that warms and cheers my whole being. . . . Do you wonder that there is a pang in my heart as I go forth?

Ever yours,

C.

He writes from

NEW BRITAIN, *February 1, 1859.*

While I am waiting for Dr. Dwinell, who comes on the evening train, I will write you a word, my first from here. Friday evening I called on all the Faculty, and had a very pleasant time. They gave me their blessing, and Saturday evening I went to Boston and out to Chelsea, and preached for Mr. Plumb all day. Monday I left all behind and came here. I found a hearty welcome awaiting me.



VI.

STEPPING OVER THE THRESHOLD.

1859.

“Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words hath said,
And His invisible hands to-day have been
Laid upon a young man’s head.

“And evermore beside him on his way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon His arm and say,
‘Dost Thou, dear Lord, approve?’”

—LONGFELLOW.

“A Spirit, yet a Woman, too !

•
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet.”

—WORDSWORTH.



SOUTH CHURCH, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

CHAPTER VI.

ORDINATION AND SETTLEMENT IN NEW BRITAIN, AND MARRIAGE.

MR. GOODELL was ordained to the ministry and installed the pastor of the South Church, New Britain, Ct., February 2, 1859. The ordination sermon was preached by his friend and native townsman, Rev. I. E. Dwinell, D.D., then the pastor of the South Church, Salem, Mass. The venerable Dr. Porter, of Farmington, Ct., the father of Prof. Noah Porter, subsequently President of Yale College, made the ordaining prayer. Returning to his boarding-place at the close of the ordination exercises, the young pastor sat down and wrote: "Now it is all over and I am to do the work of a minister, I would be faithful and earnest. I hope to lead a higher and purer life, and live only for my Saviour."

He wrote the next day the following account of the ordination exercises:

February 3, 1859.

All arrangements had been made, and the day for the ordination was beautiful. The church was nearly full at the examination at 10 o'clock. There were twenty-five ministers present. Dr. Dwinell told me afterwards that the Council were well pleased with the examination. The clergy and delegates all went to the Humphrey House to dine, and sat down at a long table together. Dr. Davis, of Westfield, was present. In the afternoon the exercises were very good. Dr. Dwinell's sermon was excellent. The prayer of the venerable Dr. Porter

was very touching. While his hands were on my head, I resolved anew to give myself to Christ, and live for Him and labor for Him as I have never done before. May it be so. The future looks bright and fair. The people are now all kindness and attention. May I so live and walk before them that it shall ever be so. It is a great privilege to be permitted to preach the Gospel of Christ. I love it more and more. Henceforth I am resolved to *be* more and do more for that One who died for me, and promised to me life Eternal.

NEW BRITAIN, *February 5, 1859.*

MY DEAREST E.:—Perhaps at this moment you are reading my account of the ordination. It was pleasant in every way; all speak of it as unusually so. I do feel I was assisted by the Holy Spirit; and now, oh! how near to my Saviour I do hope to live! There are mountains of sin to overcome, but He can forgive them all and make me pure as He is pure. Henceforth I am resolved to live in newness of life. When Christ is in the *centre*, the heavens are full of light; but when He is pushed aside, nothing will satisfy or stop the vain yearning of the heart; though it test all the enjoyments in the world, they will all be but as a tinkling cymbal. Christ only can give it peace and rest and abiding content. Tomorrow is an important day. My sermons are done, and I hope for strength to go through with my duties. To how many places do we come in life where nothing is to be done but to *go forward!* Here is one thought I wish to put into your mind. The preparatory course was pleasant, but the labor of *sowing*—of doing for God, for Christ, for Heaven—is far sweeter and better. I was happy in the Seminary, but I am sure I shall be happier in the work. Labor and responsibility do not necessarily bring unhappiness and pain. God never gives such reward for discharge of duty. The sweetest bread

is broken by laboring hands ; the purest fountains spring up by the path of active service.

My books speak to me from every shelf in pleasant words. They give me great comfort. They often inquire for you, and long to see you and give you their hearts openly. One volume of John Howe insulted me to-day by saying—I had turned three leaves and my thought was not on a single word—that if my mind was on a *woman*, I had better lay him on the shelf, and no longer read in mockery.

Your remark about the missionary women pleased me. When will people learn to stop pitying those whom God *honors* and *blesses* by sending to foreign and difficult fields ? We at home in our selfish abundance, who never know what self-denial for Christ is—*we* are the ones to be pitied. When we come before the throne to receive our crowns, then we shall know what class of Christians need pity, and what class God honors. I still see many an hour when I wish I were in China, or beyond the sea, in obedience to that highest command, “Go, preach the Word.”

Ever sincerely yours,

G.

NEW BRITAIN, February 10, 1859.

MY DEAR E.:—This has been a happy week with me. I have had as many as ten, and often fifteen calls a day; and last evening when I came home from prayer-meeting, which was not directly, I found the parlor full of visitors ; it was a very pleasant time. Next week I shall be very busy. I am to try the experiment of writing two sermons. I do not know as I shall, if the ladies keep up their visitations. They offer to do anything in their power for me in my lone condition, and they hope I won’t get homesick.

One lady said she could not care for me as a mother, but would gladly do what she could for my comfort and

happiness. Each one wants me to be very much at home at her house, and all are exceedingly kind. A gentleman took me to a long drive last Monday with a pair of fine black horses ; we had a beautiful time. I like the people ; they have many traits that are admirable. It will be a pleasure to live among them, and I hope to do them good. If you were only here to talk it over with, and to get all these impressions as they come along, I could ask nothing more. It seems good to be at work for Christ in His vineyard. My wandering feet at last rest here, and I am glad and happier in view of it than I had hoped.

Oh, does not the Lord make life delightful to us when we do His will? It is wonderful that He gives us so much joy when we go so far astray. Do not be anxious, my dear E., one moment as you look forward : only fear that you will not live near the Saviour. When you do this, He will take care of *all the rest*. He will make the crooked ways straight, and turn the darkness into light. When we look with the eyes which He can give us, the world is a paradise, bright with His glory, and warm with His love ; and life is but the walking home to His bosom. Hand in hand let us go together, my dear E., grateful that we may be blessed with an affection so pure, and a sympathy so deep and genial as that which we mutually share. It is a priceless gift ; money cannot buy it, neither can genius or intellect compass it. It comes from our Father's hand, and shall be held in sacred trust, and sanctified by His Spirit.

SUNDAY, *February 13.*

I have good things to write you, my dear E. The Lord has been exceeding kind to me to-day, and aided me, oh, how much ! I have been praying since I came in from church that the truth might be blessed, and that I might have no other aim or feeling but His honor and

glory. Pray for me that I may lose *myself* in the *truth*, and care only for God and His kingdom. It has been a bright, beautiful day. The house was well filled in the morning, and in the second service there was a marked stillness. . . . There is a terrible fascination (to himself) in that spirit that so possesses a speaker, and he is in great danger. I have often most deeply felt it and suffered by it. I long to have the Holy Spirit sanctify every power within me, and use my heart as His own.

I thank you for calling my attention to those Psalms ; they are meat and drink, indeed, for the Christian. I hope it has been a good day to you. May your heart be kept and blessed with the choicest influences of God's Spirit, for you are my dear and loved one, the hope of my years and the crowning of the joys that God hath given me.

Ever yours,

C.

The following letter gives a pleasant description of the house and family where Mr. Goodell found a home in which he was to live during the first year of his ministry in New Britain. He seeks in it to give to Miss Fairbanks, before their marriage, a picture of the abode to which he is soon to bring her, and a conception of what her daily environment was to be during the first ten months of their married life :

NEW BRITAIN, *February 15, 1859.*

MY DEAR E.:—I am in my quarters for the winter, and I desire you to know how I look at home. I will try my hand at sketching, though all I attempt to draw is *houses*; I have good success just now, but my hand may tremble soon. You remember I told you of Walnut Hill, an eminence west of the village on which is the fountain reservoir. Just about half-way up that, stands Prof. Camp's house. It is a two-story, square, brown

house with flat roof and observatory, and bay-windows, with veranda in front, and two long rows of steps, one above the other, leading up through the centre of the grounds to the house. When a stranger calls I receive him or her in the *parlor*, and dispense words of wisdom or counsel, with a mild, dignified, cordial reserve. But when *you* call, come up the front stairs, and turn to the right, and you will be welcomed into my *sanctum sanctorum*. It is on the southeast corner. From the south window the eye sweeps down the beautiful valley of the Connecticut, resting upon the village of Berlin and its spires, and Kensington steeple. It is a country church, two and a half miles below. But come and stand by me at the east window. Are you *looking*? and is your *thought* where your *eyes* are? You see our pleasant village of New Britain below you; factories of brick, houses of white and brown and cream, and eight spires (you can read the time of day from two of these), and the public grounds. It is a bright, round, spacious village, resting on a level plain, with pleasant country dotted with farm-houses all around. It seems to be a basin, twenty miles across to the line of mountains beyond the river. Beyond the village to the east, you see the spire of Newington, and farther to the northeast the city of Hartford distinctly, with its spires like a platoon of soldiers.

Do you not think it a pleasant view, wide in its outlines and beautiful in all the details? Now turn your eye inside and be seated in my haircloth rocking-chair, while I sit near you and show you the room. . . . But now it is dinner-time, and we will go down and I will introduce you to the family. This is Prof. Camp at the head of the table; a tall, good-looking, Christian man, very active and rapid. The girl at his left is a scholar, and the two smaller ones next are his only two children. Opposite sits Mrs. Camp, a light-haired, blue-eyed,

modest, pleasant lady, who does what she can, and that with a happy spirit. On the right of Prof. C., sits the new minister, and at his right a young lady, a sister of an old Andover friend of mine—here at school.

Mrs. C. is very fond of flowers; and you see how pretty those plants look in the windows, with the two canaries above, that always sing loudest when we are at the table. Now we are through, let us step out on the veranda for a little. . . . Well, since you must go, I can say no more, only, now you have learned the way, come often. I shall always be happy when you come, and while you stay. For a time, my dearest E., adieu.

NEW BRITAIN, *March 7, 1859.*

MY DEAR E.:—A dispatch came to me this morning saying that my father died yesterday, very suddenly. I go home to-day, or start rather, for I cannot reach there before Tuesday night. How long I shall remain at home I do not know. I hope to have a letter from you there. The Lord doeth all things well.

Ever, my dear E., yours, C. L. G.

CALAIS, *March 9, 1859.*

MY DEAR E.:—I reached home on Tuesday evening. It was a sad journey, but the *Lord was my comfort and my support.* I found my dear father gone. He looked mild and pleasant, and I could easily have believed him asleep. He died on Sunday morning of apoplexy. He was not in pain more than ten minutes before he was gone. He has been troubled for years, at times, with pain in his chest, but it would pass away in a few minutes, and my mother thought this like the others. My mother is very calm, and all things seem to be as well ordered outwardly as I could wish. I never looked upon death before as I do now; neither did I ever feel more sure that my Redeemer liveth—*my aid, my support*

and strength. Out of the depths I look unto the Lord, and look not in vain. I feel there was a ripening and preparing of circumstances for this event. It is a Providence that has seemed gathering for months, and now the time has come. It seems very hard for me to endure, but I try in the strength of my Saviour to receive the lesson into my own heart, and be softened and purified by this affliction, which a kind Father brings. How I wish I could see you. I hope you are well, and that your parents are. Love them and do good to them while you may, and may they long be spared to you.

Your own,

C.

Later he writes from New Britain :

The people have expressed much interest and sympathy since my return. I have written a sermon on the fifth commandment, and it was literally written with tears.

This simple record, "It was literally written with tears," bears impressive witness to the deep affection he cherished for his father. Into that sermon thus written, which was of the nature of a tribute to his parent, the essence of many tender, grateful memories, we may be sure, was distilled. Such tears are blessed. They soften and purify the heart, and they cleanse the eyes of the soul so that they see more clearly that dim celestial country where tears shall never come.

Perhaps the young pastor required the discipline of this sorrow that he might be made a better minister of consolation to his people. Without the power of sympathy which the experience of sorrow gives, no minister can be a son of consolation to the afflicted; he cannot, for the purpose of giving comfort, speak of things he has seen and heard, nor be able to comfort

them which are in any trouble by the comfort where-with he himself has been comforted of God.

Another event, having a most important bearing upon his success as a minister, was his marriage, which occurred three months after his installation as pastor.

On the eve of his departure to be married, he received a gold watch as a wedding gift from the young men of his congregation. So costly a gift, when he had been with them so short a time, is evidence of the young pastor's popular qualities, and of the good-will he quickly inspired.

To the donors, whose names were not given, he wrote the following letter of acknowledgment:

NEW BRITAIN, Saturday Evening,
April 30, 1859.

GENTLEMEN:—You do not permit me to know your names, nor to make known generally to others the pleasure you have given me; and yet I would take each one of you by the hand and thank you heartily for this generous and unexpected token of your regard—not more beautiful and appropriate in itself than in the delicate and happy way in which it was conveyed to me. You could have made choice of nothing more acceptable to me. I shall love to remember it as your gift; and as it records the moments which God shall spare to me, I will pray that they may be more diligently and faithfully devoted to you.

May we all so live that when “time, the bright chronometer of days and years,” shall end, we may all have an eternal home in that City where “there is no night,” where they have “no need of the sun, neither of the moon, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.”

Affectionately your friend and pastor,
C. L. GOODELL.

Rev. C. L. Goodell and Miss Emily Fairbanks were united in marriage at St. Johnsbury, Vt., at 9 A.M., May 5, 1859. They were married at the residence of her father, Hon. Erastus Fairbanks, or "Governor Fairbanks," as he was then usually styled, from having served the State of Vermont as its chief magistrate a few years before, to which office he was elected again in 1860, to guide the ship of State with wise head and firm hand during that stormy period which marked the outbreak of the Civil War. The marriage was private; performed in the presence only of family friends of the bride numbering thirty-six persons. A beautiful feature of the wedding was that two little children—Walter Fairbanks, six years old, and Helen Fairbanks, four years old—the nephew and niece of Miss Fairbanks, stood up with the bridal pair as they were married. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. W. W. Thayer of St. Johnsbury, a relative by marriage of the bride.

Governor Fairbanks, though one of the most prominent and influential men in the State, by reason of his wealth and political honors, was not only not unwilling, but happy to give his daughter, who was his youngest child and the darling of his old age, in marriage to a minister of the Gospel. Years before this he had expressed the hope that one of his daughters might honor herself and her father's family by choosing a minister for her husband. A month before the marriage, Mr. Goodell wrote a letter—now lost—to the parents of his betrothed, asking their consent to have the contemplated union occur at this time.

The reply of Governor Fairbanks has been preserved, and was as follows:

ST. JOHNSBURY, *May 1, 1859.*

REV. C. L. GOODELL:

MY DEAR SIR:—Neither Mrs. Fairbanks nor I have found language to express our emotions on reading your affectionate letter of March 31st. Our tender love for Emily would prompt us to retain her with us yet longer, were it not that by yielding her to you we consult her greater happiness. Nor would we feel that she is lost to us, though absent from us. She will love us still; and while our love to her will not be less, it will be our happiness to regard you in the endearing relation of a son.

Commending her to God in humble prayer, and to you in the language of the accompanying lines, in which Mrs. Fairbanks unites, I am, with affectionate regard,

Your friend,

ERASTUS FAIRBANKS.

“The accompanying lines,” referred to by Governor Fairbanks, are given below. The poetry was entitled “Wilt Thou Love Her Still,” but the name of its author was not given:

“Wilt thou love her still, when the sunny curls
That o'er her bosom flow,
Are laced with the silvery threads of age
And her step falls sad and low?
Wilt thou love her still, when the summer smiles
On her lips no longer live?
“Through good and ill
I will love her still.”

“Thou wilt love her still? then our darling child
In marriage to thee we give.”

“Wilt thou love her still, when her changeful eyes
Have grown dim with sorrow's rain—
When the bosom that beats against thine own
Throbs slow with the weight of pain?
When her silvery laugh rings out no more,
And vanished her youthful charms?”

“ I will love her still
 With right good will.”

“ Thou wilt love her still ? then our darling take
 Unto thy sheltering arms.”

“ Remember, no grief has she ever known,
 Her spirit is light and free ;
 None other with falterless step has pressed
 Its innermost shades but thee ;
 Wilt thou love her, then, when the joys of youth
 With her blushing bloom depart ? ”

“ Through good and ill
 I will love her still.”

“ Thou wilt love her still ? then our loved one take
 To the joy of thy noble heart.”

“ Remember, for thee she smiling leaves
 The friends of her early days,
 No longer to meet their approving looks,
 Or their fond, unfeigned praise ;
 Forgive her, then, if the tears fall fast,
 And promise to love her well.”

“ Through good and ill
 I will love her still.”

“ Thou wilt love her still ? then our darling take
 In the home of thy heart to dwell.

“ When her father is dead, and the emerald sod
 Lies green on her mother’s breast ;
 When her brother’s voice is no longer heard,
 And her sister’s is hushed to rest,
 Oh, love her, then, for thee she looks—
 Her star on life’s troubled sea ;
 With the marriage vow on her youthful lip,
 Then we give our child to thee.”

The letter and the lines were sacredly kept by Dr. Goodell as a precious keepsake and a reminder. No one saw them, not even his wife, to whom they related, until her father and her mother were both in their

graves. The day after her mother was buried, when they had returned to their home in New Britain, he gave them to her enclosed in a letter of his own.

His letter we insert here. Though out of place in point of time, it is most in place in respect to its connection :

NEW BRITAIN, Ct., *May 22, 1866.*

MY BELOVED WIFE:—Seven years ago this month your father put the accompanying note into my hand the day before our bridal. I read it then with overflowing heart, and promised my Saviour that I would be true to the precious one whom tender parents were committing to my care. The years have run on, and that loved father has been transferred to the better world. Now the mother, too, is gone. Yesterday we returned from the burial.

The anticipation of the poet has been realized—

“ When her father is dead, and the emerald sod
Lies green on her mother’s breast ”;

And she, whom I took in the freshness and beauty of youth from a happy home, has seen that father and mother pass away and that home broken up; but I rejoice that in this, the day of her loneliness and need, I may be true to my vow—

“ Through good and ill
I will love her still.”

It is a comfort to me, my dear wife, that I can be more to you now than I could then; for then you had others so near and dear that you felt little need of new ones; but they being gone, one by one, leave a wider place for me.

I have been sitting in my study this morning thinking over all our happy years together, and thanking God

for them and for you ; and it shall be my earnest endeavor so to live in the future as better to merit that love which I know you give me, and to cause you to forget, in part, if you can, the loss of other friends, by a more thoughtful and kindly attention to your every want.

In that deep and tender love, which for more than seven years has made life a constant blessing and joy to me, and left nothing to be desired, God grant that we may long live.

I am, my dearest Emily,
Ever affectionately yours,

C. L. GOODELL.

We need not say that the union in marriage with Miss Fairbanks thus consummated, was an important event in the life of Dr. Goodell. Marriage is always an important event. Birth, marriage, death, these are the three principal events in every man's life, as the world reckons, and perhaps rightly. If Michelet's saying be true, that "Woman is the Sunday of man ; not his repose only, but his joy ; the salt of his life"; then when he takes a wife, though she be not of the best, he comes to an event which is fraught with great consequences. She makes him or she mars him. He can be no happier or better than she allows him to be ; and he becomes what he is at length, and does what he does, because she is his helpmeet.

Dr. Goodell was most happy in his marriage. Few men owe so much of their happiness and success to their wives as he to his. We may say of her, with reference to her husband, what a distinguished man of letters has said of the wife of Agassiz : "The companion of his journeys, the partner of his thoughts, troubles, anxieties, triumphs, and aspirations, she was at once the wife of his mind and of his heart."



Emily F. Gondoli



Engr'd by H. H. HARRIS, 5 and 6 New T^h

Emily F. Goodell.



Dr. Goodell could not have done his great work in the world but for her assistance. He knew it; he often said it. In his work of the ministry, he credited her with fully a half of what was accomplished. In his study there was a significant token of her share in the work. His writing-desk had two sloping sides, and was otherwise arranged for two persons. At that desk they worked together, face to face. To a friend who was visiting him, and who had noticed the peculiar construction of the desk, he laughingly said: "I get my inspiration from the other side." While he worked at his sermons, she was there writing letters in answer to his numerous correspondents or to members of the congregation. She was his companion also in his pastoral work from house to house, laboring to win souls, or to comfort the afflicted, or to carry to strangers the warmth of a Christian welcome with an enthusiasm equal to his own. In the pastoral care and administration of the church she had a full share. She was cognizant of the work assigned to various committees, knew who composed those committees, and with what success they wrought. Together she and her husband consulted and prayed over all the interests of the great congregation committed to their charge. Nothing weighed upon his heart which did not also weigh upon hers. Almost everywhere and always she was his companion in a gentle, unobtrusive, womanly way. Thus, as another has said of their united labors, "the ministry of teaching and consolation was made more strong and gracious by the union of manliness and womanliness that were wedded in every word that was spoken and every act of service or divine charity."

Whenever he went away from home upon a journey in which she could not accompany him, it was her habit

to place in his hand at parting an envelope containing a written card with texts of Scripture appropriate to the time, or to his spiritual need, as she had divined it. Thus the girdle of truth which he wore, and by which his soul was strengthened to meet and overcome the spiritual foes and opposing obstacles encountered, was fastened by the hands of his wife upon him. She girded him for battle and for the triumph of victory. It was in accord, therefore, with the habit of her life, that when he was about to start upon that journey to

**“The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,”**

though neither of them was aware of it, she should give him as a viaticum the text which made his death seem like a translation. So they pursued together, as long as he lived, their busy pilgrimage of Christian toil and high emprise, like the Lady Una and the Red-Cross Knight of Spenser's poem.

To her now waiting behind, we repeat anew the exquisite words of Tennyson, quoted by Dr. Lamson, the pastor of her father's and brothers' church in St. Johnsbury, Vt., in his admirable commemorative discourse upon Dr. Goodell, the Sabbath following his death :

May all love,
His love unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee;
The love of all thy people comfort thee
Till God's love set thee at his side again."

As the writer thinks of the married life of this wedded pair, he is reminded of a passage in one of Dr. Bushnell's letters to his wife :

I am sure that there is nothing more beautiful and more to be envied by the poets than this same charm of power by which a good wife detains her husband. It is not an ambitious, noisy power; it is silent, calm, persuasive, and often so deep as to have its hold deeper than consciousness itself. She does not take him away from the rough world and its drudgeries; does not make him less than a man: but still he will, in all he does, be *her* man; and if the rough calls of duty which worry him give way for a time, then he discovers that she is still presiding over his happiness, and as a very small helm, guiding his way. He is proud of her without knowing it, loves her when he is too weary or too much bent on his objects to be conscious of his love, deposits his soul in hers and thinks it still his own. She ministers and yet is seldom ministered unto. She makes his future and ascribes it to himself.

Equally helpful and beautiful was Dr. Goodell's love and devotion for his wife. It was an ideal example of husbandly love. He was a tender and most devoted lover to the last. His manner toward her in society intimated it; his letters to her clearly show it. He preferred her society to that of any other. "The beautiful courtesy," we are told, "with which he always treated his wife was a constant example to his people. He delighted to honor her, and to express his appreciation of the help and comfort she was to him. He seemed to fear to leave it unexpressed."

One evening at prayer-meeting, he was talking familiarly to his people in St. Louis about the way in which God had led him, and, his wife not being present, he spoke of his marriage. "It had been better," he said, "than he could have anticipated at the time, not only as regarded his own personal happiness in his home-

life, but in the incidental advantages and opportunities that had come to him through it from his connection with her family. He had been blessed with privileges that had added greatly to his ministerial power and means of usefulness."

He was a home-loving man, and his deportment and kindness in his family were such that his home was always the most attractive place to them. There, his face, which was always benignant, wore its sweetest expression—

"To mark all bright hours of the day
With hourly love."

His voice, which was always keyed to a pleasant pitch, and, to quote Mrs. Browning again,—

"Like a stream, could run
Smooth music from the roughest stone,
And every morning with 'Good Day'
Make each day good,"—

was wont there to use its sweetest tones.

In short, it may be said of him, as it was said of Charles Kingsley, that "home was to him the sweetest, the fairest, the most romantic thing in life, and there all that was best and brightest in him shone with steady and purest lustre."

VII.

RIPENING INTO POWER.

1859—1865.

“If I can put one touch of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God.”—GEORGE MACDONALD.

“I’m proof against that word failure. I’ve seen behind it. The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.”—GEORGE ELIOT.

“The primal duties shine aloft like stars: the charities that soothe and heal and bless lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.”—WORDSWORTH.

CHAPTER VII.

FIRST YEARS IN THE MINISTRY, AND METHODS OF WORK.

AFTER a short wedding journey, in which Concord, N. H., Boston and Newton, Mass., were visited, Mr. and Mrs. Goodell arrived at their first home in New Britain, the residence of Professor Camp, in whose family they were to find a pleasant and happy home for nearly a year. Mr. Goodell, in the following letter to Governor Fairbanks, speaks of their journey, and their auspicious beginning of life together among their people:

NEW BRITAIN, *May 16, 1859.*

HON. ERASTUS FAIRBANKS—*My dear Sir:* Our journey was a very pleasant one in all respects. E. is well, and sends her love. She is reading by the table from which I write. Our first Sabbath passed pleasantly, and without any untoward incident. I know of a minister who *forgot* his wife on the first Sabbath, and went home from church without her! Give my kindest regards to the family, and believe me,

Most respectfully yours, C. L. GOODELL.

Professor Camp, speaking of him as a member of his family, says:

We shall long remember his loving-kindness, his spiritual ministrations in our household, his genial nature, and his constant personal interest in those about him. Both of my daughters united with the church under his ministry, and our

whole family feel indebted to him for spiritual instruction and blessing.

During the first three months of his residence in our family he was often in my study, and I had an opportunity to know something of the difficulties which surrounded him, and of the struggles which came to him in those first weeks of pastoral work. The church had had but one pastor before. He had married in the congregation, and was connected with many of the leading families. Though dismissed at his own request, and I believe always a true friend of Mr. Goodell, still he had largely the affections of the people, and still residing in the place there was inevitably in the minds of some persons a comparison constantly going on between the old, experienced, and beloved pastor, and the young, untried man who had taken his place in the ministry. Mr. Goodell was aware of this, and spoke of it to me freely in confidence, but not in complaint. He realized that his methods would be subject to criticism, and his manner of performing many duties might appear less desirable than that of the former pastor. Deeply sensitive to criticism, and yet conscious of inexperience, he often felt that he needed special divine aid to perform his varied duties. . . . During those first weeks he was much in prayer for divine guidance.

I remember very well his saying he missed the experience he would have gained had he himself been a member of a church in his early life, and been accustomed to take a special personal interest in acts of worship and in Christian duties. But he did not fail in any of the duties of a pastor. His personal interest in all the members of his flock, his genial nature, his self-forgetfulness and devotion to the welfare of others, soon won the confidence of all.

When the first funeral was to be attended by him, some of his friends were anxious. The former pastor, knowing personally every member of the parish, had been exceedingly happy in adapting his remarks to the peculiar circumstances of each person whose funeral he attended. How was this young minister to do, and particularly in the case of a prominent person? But one of the most anxious said, after the services were over, he had no further anxiety. Mr. Goodell's simple, unostentatious manner won the hearts of all, and his well-chosen words had a deep spiritual meaning which disarmed all prejudice or criti-

cism. When he had attended the first funeral, married his first couple, and administered baptism for the first time, he said a great load was off his mind.

He was methodical from the first, carefully husbanding the time, giving a certain portion to his study, and another well-defined portion to pastoral visits. Yet he was always ready to minister to the afflicted or counsel the inquiring.

He writes to Governor Fairbanks :

NEW BRITAIN, *November 30, 1859.*

MY DEAR SIR :—When the poet Cowper once received a very gratifying token of remembrance anonymously, he wrote to a valued friend, Lady Hesketh, who would be likely to do such things, appointing her Thank-Master-General, requesting her to give his thanks to all such as she had reason to think were concerned in the matter.

A few days ago, I was very much pleased by the reception of a certificate of Honorary Membership from the rooms of the American Board, through the kindness of “friends in St. Johnsbury.” Will you allow me to appoint you “Thank-Master-General,” with full power to give my most hearty thanks to all whom you may suspect of having a share in this most agreeable surprise and much prized favor. We are very well, and none the worse for the pleasant festivities of last week. Our house is going on well now. We have been selecting paper to-day. E. sends much love.

Very respectfully yours,

C. L. GOODELL.

He writes to the Rev. Austin Hazen, just settled in Norwich, Vermont :

December 12, 1859.

Your letter came just as I was in travail for a Thanksgiving Sermon. I wrote on the subject of “The New England Homes.” It was a poor sermon, I thought ;

but the people seemed to think otherwise, and I did not undeceive them. The day passed pleasantly. I recalled our old times, and gave a happy thought to "auld lang syne."

I have not preached on John Brown yet, but I have *felt very deeply*. O what a *withering, damnable curse* slavery is ! I can overlook the sins of the politicians like Wise, etc., who live by stealing human souls, and get office by blustering. But the preachers of the Gospel who uphold it, and twaddle about its benign influence,—God have mercy upon them if He please. I can't !

I rejoice in your success at Norwich, and pleasant situation. I would like very much to be near you, and see you from time to time. My heart often longs for the things you can say.

A year of labor is nearly closed ; I have enjoyed it very much. It is a very great privilege to preach the Gospel. I am sensible how poorly I do it ; how unworthily I live ; but it is my prayer that God may use me as an instrument for His glory, poor as I am.

I mean to live nearer to God than ever before, and feel the power of His presence daily. I believe that as of old so now, fire will fall from heaven at the earnest call of the heart in faith.

He writes to the same:

March 18, 1861.

My heart is leading me northward to those college days when we used to return in the early spring from our winter schools, and in those dingy rooms recount the experiences of the campaign. Those were merry days, but I should not be happy now in such a way of spending life. I have nothing to go back for. The Christian's life and treasure are in the *future*.

In looking over the experience of my ministry of two years I can see fruits in my own heart which I thank

God for. I should expect to be changed in that time in many things. The "field" is not like the "parade ground." I believe that I am more convinced through and through intellectually of the truth of Christianity than I ever have been before. The conviction that the Bible is the very word of the present ruling God, who also made nature, possesses me with irresistible force. I seem to see with increasing clearness that Christ, as revealed in the Bible, is both the *wisdom* and the *power* of God.

You may be surprised and say, "Did you not believe this before?" "Yes, I did." But there are *degrees* in belief, and now I *know* it. And in all theological, and especially in Biblical knowledge I think I have gained much.

On the other hand, I do not feel myself to be deepening in spiritual knowledge, maturing in holiness as fast as I hoped to, and as it is my duty to. . . . I have enjoyed much in prayer, in meditation. I have loved to reckon myself as one of Christ's children, to follow after Him, to share His fortunes here and hereafter. But I have not felt that sacred uplifting which I did at times in Andover, and which it is my privilege to feel.

Yet I learn to distrust feeling and to give little thought to it. I believe that much which men count as from God is simply human. The heart is greatly in danger of being deceived by moods and earthly frames and "motions," as the fathers termed it.

I believe more and more as a preacher, in the Bible, and less and less in man. I think we often stand in the way of the Bible. Our work is simply to unveil, so to speak, to wipe off the mist and obscurations from the glass and let the hearer look through it to Christ, to heaven, to hell, as there seen. I believe conversions will begin when we stand one side and let the pure truth preach. So I am trying more and more to practice. . . .

Have you seen the "Life of George Müller"? It is a wonderful book, and as hard to believe as the book of Jonah. But I feel it will do great good as well as some harm. I think that in that direction we are to expect great things in the coming experience of the Church. We must *believe* more, trust more, act as if God did not make His promises for buncombe. Many now seem to think them orientalisms.

"Dr. Goodell's first work in New Britain," says Professor Camp, "was to a great extent preparatory. The church at that time had about two hundred and twenty members, ten less than it had five years before. And yet during those five years it had enjoyed the revival of 1857, so extensive in New England, and as the fruits of which more than thirty had united with the church on the confession of faith.

"For the first five years of Mr. Goodell's pastorate the number uniting with the church on the confession of faith was less than the number who died, and the removals by letter and discipline so nearly equalled the number received by letter that the number of members in 1863 was precisely the same as in 1859; and in two of these five years, from 1859 to 1863, there had been a loss in membership."

The preceding extracts from Professor Camp's communication give us an interesting picture of Mr. Goodell as a young pastor, with some suggestive facts in regard to the size of the church and its stationary condition, as to members, during the first years of his ministry. The reasons for this stationary condition of the church during those years are not far to seek. They lay partly in the nature of the times, and partly, perhaps, in the young pastor's lack of experience. The

times were those which preceded and covered the greater part of the war of the Rebellion. They were times of great public excitement and distraction—when the thoughts and interest of the American people were largely engrossed with the events then occurring, and the questions of their relation to the welfare and even the existence of the nation.

Such times of intense political and worldly excitement are usually unfriendly to religion. The agitation of mind they produce hinders reflection. The subjects they suggest and the cares they create “choke the word and it becometh unfruitful.” As it was in New Britain, so was it all over the country: there were but few additions to the churches during those years. The themes of the pulpit were patriotic. The preachers dwelt much upon the value of our free institutions, and the duty of preserving them at whatever cost. They praised and cheered those who took up arms and went to battle in defense of the nation, and they breathed a spirit of hope and resignation into the hearts of their kindred at home.

Mr. Goodell was deeply interested in the war, and his public utterances from the pulpit and the platform were well calculated to inspire his hearers with patriotic ardor and a sense of the obligations of citizenship. One of his hearers in the church at New Britain, now a minister of the Gospel, says:

Before I was directly interested in the spiritual truths presented in my pastor's sermons, I was interested and stimulated by his illustrations drawn from history. I came to share his intense sympathy with those who in all time, especially in England, had struggled for civil and religious liberty, and though those were my impressions when I was a boy from eleven to seventeen, I am inclined to think that he was doing much, in

an incidental way, to lay the foundation for good citizenship, to lead all of his hearers, and especially those who should vote or go forth to bear arms for the preservation of the Union, to value as they should the priceless inheritance of liberty that had been obtained for them at such great sacrifices.

At the annual Commencement of Vermont University, in August, 1862, he was invited to give the address to the "Society for Religious Inquiry." Under the influence of the times he chose for his subject "Oliver Cromwell and the English Commonwealth." Such a subject for an address to a "Society for Religious Inquiry" does not seem the most appropriate. But the state of the public mind compelled it. "We have been awakened," he said, "from our dream that the millennium was coming upon us in a smooth and easy progress, and we cannot do better now than to contemplate topics and find examples suited to the present time of strife. Such a topic is to be found in the struggle for English liberty, such an example in Oliver Cromwell."

In considering those first five years of Mr. Goodell's ministry, we should also remember his inexperience. Like other men he had to pass through a period of apprenticeship before he could become a skilled workman. The pastoral wisdom and efficiency which so greatly distinguished his prime were not his at first. He acquired them by degrees, only after long practice and various mistakes, and not until he had become rid of some false notions and beliefs.

"I began my ministry," he said many years later, "in the belief that man must wait for God, sow the seed faithfully, and wait. There is a half truth here. I am likely to end my ministry with the strongest conviction that God is waiting for man. The seed is sown;

the fields are white; it remains for the harvest-men to gather sheaves, working often together in praying bands and in revival bands, cheering each other as with psalm and song they shout the 'Harvest-Home.'"

By reason of the belief just spoken of, he was not at first so strenuous and aggressive in his efforts to win souls as in his later years. He sowed the seed, but did not as actively wield the sickle. The accessions to the church were, therefore, not numerous. His was a nature and religious spirit that could not be content with this. He was led to examine his beliefs and theories in regard to the Christian preacher's work, and to test their accuracy by the teaching of the Bible. He concluded that he had misunderstood that teaching somewhat. Its true teaching is that sowing and reaping, praying and working go together. "Elijah did not pray for rain and fold his hands and wait, complimenting himself on the grace of patience in being able to abide God's own time. He prayed earnestly for rain and made haste to get ready for it, for there was a sound of its speedy coming. . . . Our expectation is from God, and God does not disappoint expectation. The atonement for sin has been made, the feast spread and the invitations sent,—Christ has completed His work. It is for man now to do his. . . . If we subject ourselves to the conditions on which God bestows blessing, it will forthwith come. True efforts in Christ's name and power to save souls do not fail of results." . . . Such was the course of his thoughts, and such his conclusion, as written out and published to the world in later years. An incident in his pastoral experience at that time had great influence in bringing him decisively to this result.

"Across the street, opposite my study," he says,

"there was once a beautiful house where a worthy family lived, as yet without a Christian hope. They were my parishioners and valued friends. Often in my study alone did I pray with the greatest earnestness for their conversion, but in vain. One day as I was looking from my windows over their cultivated grounds and inquiring within myself why they did not become Christians, I saw the fountain playing in the yard, and it occurred to me that the water was carried there from the reservoir by a pipe laid to their home. I noticed, too, the street lamp on the corner of their grounds, and remembered that gas-pipes communicated with that. Without these pipes laid directly to this house there would be neither water nor light there, however abundant the supply might be at the source. It flashed on me like a revelation that my prayers were vain alone. I resolved at once to carry the water of life and the light thereof straight into that home, praying as I went ; and soon, by God's grace, it became a rejoicing Christian household. I had been waiting for God to convert that family. He had been waiting for me to carry His salvation there. That incident has colored my whole ministry. I have prayed more than before, but I have charged myself with bearing special tidings to individual hearts, whether I spoke from the pulpit or along the wayside and from house to house as did St. Paul."

For years, as he also confessed, he seemed in his work to be like a man standing up before four or five hundred empty bottles trying to fill them from the platform with a hose. The water dashed over them and a little of it went in, but not much was accomplished. Then he tried a different way. He took up a bottle, put in a funnel and filled that bottle. Then

he filled another, and then another. In other words, he worked with individuals, and in this way more was accomplished. One by one the souls were gathered in, hand-picked. Each new one represented much prayer and labor, often for years.

Having thus found "a more excellent way," he was prompt to act upon it. Enjoying the sympathy and active help of his wife in all that he did, he set on foot various plans of work, with the aim of reaching more effectively and winning to Christ the unconverted members of his congregation and the irreligious people of the community.

He made his greatest efforts in behalf of the young. While he was eminently adapted to secure the confidence and respect of all classes and conditions in life, he seemed to have a special power over the young. The mothers of his congregation remember him most gratefully for the interest he took in their children and the powerful influence he exerted over them. There was magnetism about him which the children could not resist. They all loved their dear pastor; his large, warm heart and bright, sunny face always attracted them; his peculiar tact and winning speech were sure to gain their attention; even the little ones in the infant-class at the Sunday-school concert listened with almost breathless attention to little incidents related by him.

One of these children, thus blessed with his pastoral care, writes:

My remembrance of him goes back to my earliest years, when he used frequently to call upon my grandmother, who was for many years an invalid. I was but seven years old when she died, yet those visits stand out very conspicuously among my childish memories. My cup of happiness was full, when I was

allowed, if I sat quietly, to stay in the room during his call. Occasionally I was taken on his knee and kissed by him. He was so winning with children, and the lambs of his flock had such watchful care and tender nursing, that they had no wish to wander, but readily came into the church when older. I was fifteen when I came out on the Lord's side.

This power over children was doubtless due to his unaffected interest in and love for the young, and his appreciation of the importance of bestowing upon them the most careful and thoughtful labor. When the Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen, first went back to Copenhagen, his own city, after he had become famous as an artist in Rome, his studio was thronged with admiring visitors. A great lady, seeing him one day take some clay into his hands and begin to model, said to him : " I suppose, Herr Professor, you do not do such work yourself when you are in Rome ? " She supposed that inferior workmen were given work like that. But the great artist replied : " I assure you, madam, that this is the most essential thing." Dr. Goodell's estimate of the importance of the religious work done for children in their plastic age, was similar to the Danish artist's estimate of the work to be done on his clay. It is the work which gives shape to the ultimate character. Character at that time of life is in the clay. The form it shall assume in after-life is determined then. Work for the children is, therefore, worthy of the best abilities. Instead of being left to ignorant, unskilful hands, it should be taken in hand by the most competent one to do it, usually the pastor himself.

He possessed great tact, and, like the apostle, being crafty, sometimes caught them with guile. We are told that the young people of his parish formed a dancing party during one of those first winters of his

ministry. A brother minister, settled in a neighboring town, had the same problem to deal with. The fascination and excitement of their worldly amusement were entirely destructive of religious thoughtfulness, and his efforts to interest them in religion were likely to be utterly futile. He came over to see Mr. Goodell in regard to it. The matter had so troubled him, he said, that he had shut himself in his study in his anguish of mind, and even prostrated himself upon the floor.

Mr. Goodell thought that he would not spend much time in useless anguish or idle prostration on his study floor, but that something must be done. He went out and bought a large number of chairs, which he stored in the attic of his house. He then invited the young people to his house on the evening of their dancing meeting. So popular was the pastor with them that they could not refuse. They came in force. The chairs were brought down from the attic. They sang together, Mrs. Goodell played for them on the piano, and a most delightful evening was passed. At its close, they were invited to come the next week on the same night. These meetings at the parsonage were continued until they developed into a "young people's prayer-meeting," out of which a revival came. "I well remember," says our informant above quoted, "the inauguration of those young people's meetings at his house, and how ingeniously and wisely he managed to draw out one after another of the brightest and most hopeful of them into a full consecration to an active Christian life. Several of them have since entered the Christian ministry. . . . He never seemed satisfied with a mere formal confession of Christ, but was ever most earnest in his exhorta-

tations to those who had obtained a hope for themselves, to labor faithfully for others."

The following letter, addressed to a young girl, and treasured by her until now, a period of twenty-five years, as a precious keepsake, shows how tenderly and wisely the young pastor cared for the lambs that were gathered by his labors into the fold of the Church :

NEW BRITAIN, *March 4, 1862.*

MY DEAR ANNIE :—I have just recorded your name in the church book, as I humbly trust the Saviour has recorded it long before in the Book of Life. You have now come within that fold which Christ has prepared for His lambs, and for which your heart has been longing, never to go out until your Saviour shall call you home. I thank the Lord that He has brought you thus early to love Him, and to be one of His children. I trust that God will give you a long and useful life, and grant you grace to become more and more like Christ. There are two thoughts that I wish to give you now that you may carry them with you always.

1. Do not look to *other* Christians for your standard of religious duty, but rather to the Bible. It is very natural for us to think if we are about like others we are safe. But Christ gives us the only perfect example. Strive to be like Him.

2. The surest way to benefit ourselves is to live to do good to others. If we endeavor to be a blessing to those around us, God will take care of us, and fill our hearts with joy and peace.

Your Friend and Pastor.

He stimulated his people to benevolent activity by his wise and earnest teaching, by his example, and by giving them definite work to do. Once he said to them, "I have no right to do your giving or your work-

ing any more than your Bible reading, and praying, and confession of sin." He early adopted, from his ideal of the successful pastor, the belief that he should *train* his people to work, as well as be a diligent, untiring worker himself. "The ministry," he said, "by permitting too much to be imposed on them, have robbed the Church of its vitality, as a mother harms her children by taking all the household cares on herself." He acted upon this view throughout his ministry, and so formed in each of the churches to which he ministered a large and effective corps of workers, whose co-operation greatly added to and enlarged the results of his own personal efforts. He realized the importance of numbers combined for a definite end. The power of giving battle and of winning victory is not in the general, nor in the general and his officers, but in the army as directed by them. So the Church can make the conquest of the world and subdue it to Christ, not by the efforts of the ministry and church officers alone, but by the united efforts of all its members.

A good illustration of his organizing power and skill in working up an interest in a subject is afforded by an account we have received of the "Missionary Concerts" of the South Church, New Britain, during his pastorate. It is a good model for the missionary concert, which often is a dull and unprofitable meeting, because of its narrow range, the few who participate in it, and the lack of variety, freshness, and fulness in the matter presented. Rev. Chas. E. Steele, of New Britain, who grew up in the South Church, speaking of those missionary concerts, as planned and directed by Dr. Goodell, says :

Every one of them *was like a symposium of missions*, so interesting and fresh were the facts brought in from every quar-

ter of "this round globe." There was Deacon S.: his tongue unloosed in that meeting, if in no other, to tell us of the progress made in nominally Christian lands by the work of the American and Foreign Christian Union; and Dr. W., with his terse and telling statements of the work of Home Missions in our own country, giving me, at a very early age, a kind of prelude to Dr. Josiah Strong's work on "Our Country," though I never could at that time sympathize with the mortal dread the good doctor had that the Papacy might become a dominant power here. Already faith in the perpetuity of the institutions planted and nourished here by our free Protestantism had been lodged in my mind by my pastor's preaching as an antidote to such fears. Then there were more reports from the wide world field by Prof. C., Prof. B., Dea. W., Dea. Chas. P., and others; while the pastor had a large map and a long pointer to enable us to fix the locality of the incidents narrated, and often a letter from some missionary friend to give a personal interest to the work of the missionaries. He always spoke and prayed with such a living interest and enthusiasm in missions that I could not help the impression that he had greatly desired to go himself as a missionary, but had been providentially hindered, that he might stir us up to a more intelligent conception of the grandeur of the work and our responsibility for helping save the world as co-laborers with Christ.

He seemed to have an unlimited capacity for work, and an abounding energy and vitality which infused new vigor and life into every part of the church work. He was the inspiring leader of his people in all that work. He possessed unusual sagacity for executing his many plans for developing Christian character in his church. Some object of benevolence or charity, either at home or abroad, might be demanding special attention. They were made to feel an interest, and the object was secured, but in such a way that they did not feel the pressure of the pastor's hand, or sometimes even know that he was manipulating the wires, until the happy result was secured. One of the Sunday-school super-

intendents of the South Church says: "The helpful inspiration I derived from him, in connection with my work, was continuous and invaluable. When in town he never failed to be present with us."

Dr. Goodell gave particular attention to the improvement of the prayer-meeting. In a private note-book of that time he wrote: "I try harder to make a good prayer-meeting than anything else." He valued it because the church there bears impressive witness to the truth in a more emphatic and audible manner than in any other place. The voice of the church is heard there as well as the voice of the preacher. According as this is true of it, will be its interest and power. If the church is backward there in supporting with her concurring testimony what the preacher says—if, while the minister urges and the Spirit invites, the "Bride" is silent, and does not second His entreaty by saying "come"—the Gospel is likely to be unheeded. That the prayer-meeting might be a potent, stirring, evangelizing force—that it might be a live, inspiriting, attractive place to old and young—Dr. Goodell spared no pains to prepare himself for it, and earnestly besought the members of the church to co-operate with him by their presence, and a prompt, hearty participation in its exercises.

We have interesting proof of this in his own writings, as well as in the testimonies of his people. It was his habit to write in a note-book such thoughts as came to him for the instruction and edification of his people. Some of them he found in his reading, and jotted down for future reflection and expansion. Many or the most of them were his own. He wrote them down to give them shape and apt expression. In the course of his ministry he filled many note-books with these thoughts.

It is evident from pencil-marks in the margins that they were the germs of prayer-meeting talks. Some of them have the epigrammatic pith and finish of aphorisms—others the sparkle and beauty of gems. We surmise that they were spoken as we find them written, and that they will be recognized by many who heard them. The following are examples:

Christ went to the mountain to be alone with God—a needful thing. The prayer-meeting is our mountain. We come to this resting-place for life's burdens.

This room is the starting-place of many mercies.

May our acts and our mouths keep together.

It will be no strange thing for us to enter heaven if we live in the things of heaven. Heaven is no foreign land to those who love God, but only their native land.

If we think little of sin we shall think little of grace.

Many are busy gathering thorns to rest on.

The manna that fell yesterday can refresh no soul to-day.

It was the Sabbath day that first met the gaze of man.

The greatest thing on earth is *man*, and the greatest thing in man is the *soul*; but that is great only as it abides in God.

We lean on a shadow when we lean on *ourselves*.

We are born on the earth, but we live in the universe.

We are often wounded, yet we have a Healer. We grieve, yet we have a Comforter. We are weary, but there is a resting-place.

There is no night to the children of the day.

We have short memories concerning God's goodness.

God has not promised *two* heavens—one above and one below, also.

If we would not have affliction come *twice*, may we listen when it comes *once*.

May we give earthly things a place *by* our hearts, but not *in* them. Our hearts belong only to God.

With God caring for us we are strong to live ; with God supporting us we are strong to die.

Our feet move toward those realms where there are neither days, months, nor years.

Time's thread is shorter to-day. Little by little the longest day and the darkest goes by.

The angel of good we have sought afar we find at our own door.

Our pilgrimage on earth is but a journey to the house of God.

A clouded face strikes deeper than an angry blow.

In both the miracles of the fishers catching many, it was after a night of disappointment.

When Peter was self-confident, he fell ; when he was self-distrustful, he had the steadfastness of the martyr.

Sin and a hedgehog are born alike without quills, but they *come*.

Had Peter gone in, he would not have been tempted to deny Christ ; but he stayed out with bad associates.

In the first false step lurks peril.

It is the fashion nowadays for nobody to go to church till everybody has got there.

Weigh Christians as well as count them.

Christ's resting-place was between two angels ; so

think of the dust of your beloved dead—between two angels.

“I think his best work was done in the prayer-meeting,” says a prominent member of his church in New Britain. He was very happy in leading this meeting. By a few words, familiarly spoken to the people, he encouraged others, and secured willing responses from some who would not otherwise have taken a part. His manner was attractive, his words helpful, always containing something for those who might be depressed or despondent. After the lapse of a score of years one speaks of “his heavenly inspirations, as he breathed out his soul in prayer, and his words of counsel which were so uplifting. It seems as if even now we hear the rich tones of his voice as he pleads at the throne of grace, and that we see his sunlit face beaming with joy as he speaks of the loving Saviour, and bids us walk in His steps.”

He well understood the advantage of a little judicious management beforehand, in order to make the prayer-meeting run more smoothly. Once, when the churches of New Britain held a series of union prayer-meetings, finding that they dragged somewhat, as such meetings are apt to do, because of the modesty or diffidence which led the brethren of the assembled churches to wait for one another, he removed the difficulty and saved the meetings from failure by addressing notes to several persons, requesting them at specified points in the meeting to lead in prayer or make brief remarks, suggesting the thought to be presented. This plan served admirably to thaw the spell of reserve by which speech and devotional sentiment were frozen into silence. That result accomplished, the meeting

was allowed, as was best, to take its own free course without further manipulation. His ready mind was fertile in expedients, and he was always quick to apply them in such emergencies. But it is not by such arts that a good prayer-meeting is made. Their use is but temporary and subordinate. Spirituality in the leader is the chief requisite.

“The minister of a parish,” George MacDonald says, “must keep the upper windows of his mind open to the holy winds and the pure lights of heaven, and the side-windows of tone, of speech, of behavior, open to the earth, to let forth upon his fellow-men the tenderness and truth which those upper influences bring forth.” Dr. Goodell did that habitually, and it was the secret of his remarkable power in many ways. It made him successful as the leader of the prayer-meeting. He came to it charged with heavenly fire. It was apparent from his tones of voice and radiant face that he was in God’s high sympathy, and he communicated that sympathy by what he said. It was evident also from his remarks, from the choice thought and language which entered into them, that he very carefully prepared them for his people. He did not think, as some do, that anything will serve for the prayer-meeting. Nothing would serve, in his opinion, but the best. He had as his reward, good prayer-meetings, well attended, and of manifest profit to all. Sometimes he seemed to fail.

“I remember,” says a Christian lady of New Britain, “he came in to one Friday evening prayer-meeting, his face shining as if he had come from the Mount of Transfiguration, and he told us of a beautiful walk he had just taken, and what he had seen. His heart was full to overflowing with a sense of God’s goodness, and the beauty of the world we live in. His Scripture

reading was, 'O that men would praise the Lord for His wonderful works'! His hymns, his prayer, were on the same high plane. But we dragged him down. We had not been up on the Mount to meet the Saviour, and *he* could not raise us up."

His method of dealing with his church when cold and backward in their support of their pastor at the prayer-meeting is worth recording for its wisdom and effectiveness: "Some of us," says one of his deacons, "will never forget how on a certain time he briefly opened a church prayer-meeting, and then left the time to be occupied by others. After waiting a reasonable time without any response he calmly arose, and with an expression of deep disappointment, yet *most affectionate tenderness*, extended his hands and pronounced the benediction. The result was most salutary, and secured thereafter just what he had longed for."

His people appreciated the zeal and devotion of their pastor to their spiritual welfare, and manifested their gratitude by many substantial tokens. At a time when gifts to himself and family were quite frequent, one from a number of friends was accompanied with a request that no acknowledgment of it should be made. He observed the request by saying publicly: "My people insist on filling my cup brimful, and ask me to carry it so steadily that it shall not spill over."

His labors were not confined to his own church and congregation. Such a man is like the Brewer fountain on Boston Common,—from the fullness of his heart he pours out streams of influence in every direction. He has a ready hand for the service of every good cause that summons him to its help. Mr. Goodell rendered valuable service to the city of New Britain as a member of its Public School Board.

One who was a member of the School Board with him, says :

Not long after he came to New Britain he was made a member of the School Committee, of which I had been a member previously. Though more than a quarter of a century has passed since I first met him, I can truly say that I was drawn toward him from the very first. For several years we were associated in the supervision of the schools, and I distinctly remember how strong, uniform, and judicious his interest was in promoting the cause of education in the town.

He not only attended and took an active part in the meetings of the Board, but he visited the schools as opportunity offered, and proved a sort of inspiration to teachers and pupils, and when he left our town we suffered a loss in the educational department which has never since been made good. In all his work for the cause of education, as for religion, he possessed a "zeal that was according to knowledge," and so he proved a true friend and valuable helper.

Dr. Goodell was one of those men, not so numerous as might be wished, whose cordial manner and greeting proved a sort of inspiration and benediction, and one could not be with him for five minutes without feeling better for the interview. Of him it might be truly said, it "was not all of life to live," but *so* to live that every good work might receive benefit and advancement from his kindly interest and cheerful co-operation; and though we shall never again be cheered and stimulated by his friendly voice and wise counsels, the memory of what he was and of what he did will prove a sweet savor to multitudes who were blessed with his acquaintance.

The moral and benevolent societies of New Britain found in him a valuable ally. He infused new life and efficiency into every work he took hold of. A local society for tract distribution and home evangelization, which had been in operation a few years before Mr. Goodell was settled in New Britain, received his approval and warm support. At the monthly and annual

meetings, his words of counsel and his timely suggestions were not only a great encouragement to the active workers, but instructed them in right methods and materially advanced the work.

He was still a young man when he was recognized as one of the wise men in the ministry of his denomination, and he was often called on to give advice in questions of importance to the Church at large. He was, therefore, frequently invited to Ecclesiastical Councils summoned to consider such questions. "It was my pleasure," says an intelligent officer of his church in New Britain, "to be often associated with him in these duties outside of his parish, and to see the regard had for his judgment and opinion by others in the ministry. He was a member of the council called to organize the First Congregational Church in Washington, D. C., and I well remember his care and desire during the days of preliminary inquiry, to obtain all the facts, and to know just the basis upon which the enterprise was to be founded, and what would be its environment and outlook."

After what has been said, the fact stated by Professor Camp, that during the first five years of Mr. Goodell's pastorate in New Britain the additions to the church did not exceed its losses by death and dismission, will not lead any to suppose that the church's power and efficiency remained at a standstill all the while. It was rapidly developing all the elements of power. There was more consecration to God's service, as evinced by the increased contributions to objects of benevolence; there was greater readiness to co-operate with the pastor; the zeal which burned in his heart was gradually communicating its glow to theirs; their religious affections and their mind to work for God.

were quickened by his exhortations and example; they were getting ready to do a great work. He infused life into the prayer-meeting, brought backsliders back to their duty, and united the church more closely in its active benevolent work. There were several cases of discipline, unpleasant to consider, but necessary to the purity of the church, which were disposed of during the second year of his pastorate. Then followed the war period, with its excitements and distractions, during which many active young men of the church and congregation were absent in the army.

A letter from his father-in-law, announcing his intention to send him a horse and carriage, elicits from him the following reply:

NEW BRITAIN, April 28, 1863.

To Hon. ERASTUS FAIRBANKS—*My dear Friend*: Your valuable letter would have received an earlier answer had I not been especially engaged in parish duties. That brief clause at the close of it, indicating your purpose to send a horse and carriage, gave us perhaps equal surprise and pleasure. I read it at the tea-table, and it made a very happy evening for us. We discussed horses and carriages and barns and hay and grain and cut-feed and blue overalls and whips and different drives till we fell asleep. We thanked our Heavenly Father that night with grateful and overflowing hearts for giving us so generous and kind and thoughtful friends. We resolved to live in a manner more worthy of the blessings so bountifully bestowed upon us. Every day since, E. has been driving in imagination. I verily believe she has grown heavier in thinking of it, and that it will do her great good I cannot doubt. We are sincerely grateful for this fresh evidence of your affectionate interest in her welfare, and I pray that God may reward you generously by adding to your happiness in the same degree

that you have increased ours. The spring is opening very delightfully. It will be early after all. We hope to have you with us soon. The time begins to seem long since you were here. E. joins me in love to yourself and household.

Yours affectionately, C. L. GOODELL.

To his wife, while absent on a visit to her family friends in St. Johnsbury, the following letter was written. "M." and "S." referred to were his brother-in-law, Mr. Stone, at that time seriously ill, and his wife, Mrs. Goodell's sister:

NEW BRITAIN, CONN., May 2, 1864.

MY DEAREST E.:—I have just come from dinner, and it is all still and lonesome—not lonesome, however, in the sense that I am sorry you went, or that I desire you to return before the full time. Five years ago to-day I was making ready rapidly to start for St. Johnsbury for you. It was just such a beautiful spring morning as this. Five happy years! Your letter yesterday brought me bad news from M. I am sorry to learn he is not so well. Poor man! I pray it may speedily turn well with him. He must have courage. It will not do for a strong man to lose heart. Read to him James, 5th chapter, 9, 10, 11, 14, 15 verses, and have Mr. C., if your father is gone, pray in faith with him. Do not allow him to despond or distrust the power of God, and the goodness of His providence. Give my sympathy, kind and true, to S. Tell her I feel deeply for her, but the Lord is good.

He writes:

NEW BRITAIN, CONN., July 13, 1864.

HON. E. FAIRBANKS—*My dear Friend*: I thank you for the catalogue of your church in St. Johnsbury which you sent. I have examined it with much interest. I

am struck with the steady prosperity and growth of the church. It is a vine, manifestly of God's own planting, and He has watered it yearly with the dews of His grace. It seems to have had no single period of fruitlessness and decline, if the barrenness of our churches for the few past years is not such. This must be very gratifying to you as you look back over the past. Emily seems quite well now, and is enjoying a great deal every day in her drives about the country. We hoped we should have the pleasure of seeing you here again before our vacation. The time is very short before our release, and we look forward to it with great pleasure. The country is filled with alarm—needless, I hope—on account of the invasion; but we greatly need the Divine aid to give firmness and purity of heart and purpose, and united counsels and the spirit of self-sacrifice. E. desires to be affectionately remembered. Thank Mrs. Fairbanks very particularly for sending the "North Star." It is a great light in my path, but it has been burning so long it needs *snuffing*! Compared with our Connecticut copperheadism it is very respectable.

Very truly yours,

C. L. GOODELL.

Before the close of the war a marked increase in religious interest appeared. This deepened when the end of the war allowed a repose of mind more favorable to religious impression.

There was also a growth of spirituality in the pastor. The following petitions, with date and place prefixed, are copied from a leaf of his note-book. They reveal the hidden desires and endeavors of his soul:

NEW BRITAIN, *June*, 1864.

i. O Lord, help me never to speak of one person to another, save in respect to his *virtues*.

2. O Lord, grant that my thoughts may be less wandering in private prayer.

3. O Lord, enable me to read the Bible more with reference to my own personal wants, instead of as a text-book.

4. O Lord, help me to rise at five o'clock, and to work diligently and consecutively on one theme till one.

5. O Lord, may I be simple and plain and exactly truthful in all my words and manners and habits of thought, and in my style of writing.

After these things will I earnestly seek. Aid me, my precious Saviour.

O, Mighty King, Everlasting Light and Holy Love, Thou art fairer than the children of men. Thy light doth scatter all the shadows and bring the day to every soul that trusts Thee. Thou wilt take us where we need no star to guide, where the clouds no glory hide. Let the song we sing to Thee be an everlasting song. Thou didst give to us in our poverty till Thou couldst give no more. Thou didst *suffer* for us rather than *condemn* us. We touch the hem of Thy garment as Thou passest by in glory ; our *blackness* cannot soil Thy *white*. Through Thee our lives flow in deeper currents. Thou dost fill the cup of our being fuller. Thy peace flows in upon the heart with a deep, eternal tide. Thy promises light up the night of tears. We give Thee glory and honor evermore, for Thou art worthy to receive dominion and riches and blessing world without end.

VIII.

A WIDENING HORIZON.

1865—1867.

“Children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.”

—GRAY.

“Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
. . . . in those holy fields
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which, eighteen hundred years ago, were nailed,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.”

--SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER VIII.

VISIT TO THE SOUTH—HOME LIFE—NEW CHURCH EDIFICE IN NEW BRITAIN — TRIP ABROAD — LETTERS.

IN the fall of 1865 Mr. Goodell made an extensive trip through the Southern States. His journey covered a period of about seven weeks, and in it he entered every State in the South, except Florida and Texas, visiting Washington, D. C., and the principal cities, and the most memorable places of the war of the Rebellion, which had then just closed. The vast wreck and ruin wrought by the war were everywhere visible. His quick, searching glance noted it all, and he saw the difficult factors which entered into the problem of Reconstruction, then engaging the attention of the Government. In his journey he visited St. Louis, and called upon Mr. Stephen Edgell and his family, and met other people of the future Pilgrim Church, not then organized. The part of the city where Pilgrim Church stands, and its members now live, was then in the outskirts of St. Louis. There were but few residences in it at that time, but it was beginning to be settled, and the stream of population was fast setting in.

On his return to his people in New Britain, Dr. Goodell embodied his observations of travel in a lecture of great interest. Refreshed by his journey, he entered upon the work of the fall and winter with great earnestness. In a short time a deep religious interest appeared.

"Before the close of 1865," says Prof. Camp, "this interest resulted in considerable additions to the church. In 1866 the work was more general in the Sunday-school, and forty-six united with the church on confession of faith, and thirty-seven by letter." He was one whose ardor seemed to increase with success. Instead of relaxing his efforts or abating his desires on account of what had been achieved, content to rest upon the results accomplished, he pushed forward with unabated zeal and energy in the endeavor to win still greater trophies. Like Francis Xavier, the devout Catholic missionary, he prayed with unsatisfied longing, "Still more, O Lord, still more."

During the summer vacation of 1866, he visited St. Johnsbury, and there, "On the Hill," made the first, of which there is any record, of those memorable covenants with God, in which, as we shall see, from time to time, he consecrated himself anew to God's service, and implored in turn fresh gifts of divine grace and power, that he might more efficiently perform the work of the ministry "to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

Excepting the time taken for the two journeys abroad, made while a pastor at New Britain, for the sake of needed rest and recreation, the remaining years of his pastorate there were passed in almost incessant labors. But they were very happy years. He was happy in the growing success of his ministerial work, and in the conscious joy of his ripening religious experience. He was exceedingly happy, also, in his home life. Those were the years of the early childhood of his children. Their childish ways and doings, their droll sayings, their playful spirit, their riotous fun, and their rollicking mischief, as well as their ready faith and

religious sensibility, were inexpressibly charming to him. The occasional references, in his letters to his wife while he was abroad, to "the dear little boy" at home, give us a hint of his fatherly affection for his children. This was one of his most amiable traits, and in his love for his children he displayed the finest qualities of his nature. He delighted to walk hand in hand with them in their childhood, and in his note-book speaks with apparent sadness of that advancement in years which made them disinclined to take his hand, and robbed him of the sense of sweet companionship and confidence which the little hand clasped in his once gave him. Two children were given to him—a son and a daughter—both of them born in New Britain; the son, Oliver Fairbanks, born April 20, 1865; the daughter, Laura, born April 7, 1869. To have had and known such a father is to them a joy of memory and a perpetual inspiration.

No man ever loved his home better. It was the dearest spot on earth to him. When absent from it, even for a very brief time, he was wont to send love messages to those left behind, to relieve and brighten their loneliness. The following letter to his wife is an example. He had left her only a few hours before, for an absence of two or three days, on an "exchange":

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., *November 8, 1866.*

MY DEAR EMILY:—I am safely in S., and have a good, warm room for the night; and now the very first thing I do after coming down from my room where I have left my baggage, is to write to you, who have my heart and my first thoughts, whether present or absent. I am in the reading-room. There is a splendid fire in the grate, and I can hear the clatter of knives and forks and tea-

things in the dining-hall, and the smell of oysters comes in very savory. . . . Offer Mr. S. some cake and an apple Sunday night after meeting. Treat him well. He was very tired, and kindly came to accommodate me when he did not feel really able. . . . Give the usual notices. Ask Mr. W. to lead the prayer-meeting Friday evening. Select the hymns for Mr. P., putting a kind of benediction for the close. If you can think of the hymn Mr. P. spoke of, put it first in the morning. . . . My heart is with you. I did not want to leave you to-night a bit. Your tea was excellent. Pray to our dear Saviour through whose gracious care we enjoy all things. . . . How many times have we been here together! It is a dear place for memories of my loved bride. I thank the Lord for you. You fill my heart, and are all my inmost soul craves.

Devotedly yours,

C.

At the same time, with the great improvement in the spiritual condition and numerical strength of the church achieved by Mr. Goodell's ministerial labors, there was another work of great magnitude and importance to its welfare going forward. This was the erection of a new and costly house of worship—the spacious and beautiful stone edifice now occupied by the South Church, New Britain.

It was commenced in April, 1865, and was nearly three years in building, being dedicated January 16, 1868. Its cost was \$140,000; its audience-room seats about eight hundred people. It was not commenced any too soon. In fact, before it was finished and ready for occupancy, the old church which preceded it, and had stood on the same site, but had been removed a short distance to make room for the present house, was much too strait and crowded for the congregation.

In the erection of the new church the pastor had only a silent, inconspicuous part. By his popularity and efficiency in building up the church and congregation, he had made such an undertaking a veritable necessity; he was also known to be heartily in favor of the movement, and indirectly exerted a powerful influence over the people in securing it; but seeing that an appreciative people had a mind to rise up and build, he was only too glad, somewhat quietly, to watch the progress of the enterprise, without being *recognized* as especially prominent in *pushing* the matter through.

Those who knew him well will recognize in this concealment of himself behind others, one of his marked characteristics. If the good work which he had at heart could only go forward, he preferred to remain in the background and let others appear as the chief actors. He delighted in developing and using for the advancement of God's kingdom the efficient powers of other men. If he could accomplish some desirable end, in whole or in part, by the help of his brethren, he preferred to do so, rather than take all the work, and its glory, upon himself.

In 1867, while the church was building, he made his first trip abroad. He went alone; Mrs. Goodell, his companion in his subsequent travels abroad, not being able to accompany him this time on account of their little son, then but two years old. He visited while abroad, Palestine, Egypt, Constantinople, the Danube, Germany, France, Switzerland, and Great Britain.

While absent his church was left in the ministerial charge of Rev. Jonathan Brace, D.D., of Hartford, Connecticut. His absence was for about five months. He sailed from New York in the steamer *Baltic* June 15th. He had for a travelling companion Rev. J. L.

Dudley, of Middletown, Conn. The following letters, and extracts from letters, afford interesting glimpses of him by the way, and of some places and things he saw.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, *July 11, 1867.*

MY DEAR WIFE :—Your letters have been of unspeakable comfort to me. Yesterday I took the last one from the office, and went up and sat down in the delightful shades of Calton Hill, the city at my feet, its hum in my ears, the atmosphere golden and misty, and there lived a long hour in that letter and in thoughts of home. It was a very happy hour. . . . Your plan of keeping a little diary pleases me very much. My letters will be fewer and shorter than I could wish, for I get so weary, and so want to use every moment of the time, that I find it very hard to write even to you, but I shall keep you constantly informed. The last thing almost which Frank said, was to express the difficulty he found in writing letters. How often I have thought of it. And yet, dear one, I do not forget you, nor one of your kind words, and noble, womanly deeds; and hope to be with you *ever*, if I shall find you there on my return. The dear little boy, how I long to see him too. Wouldn't he run to papa if I should come home? Soon I shall be there. . . . In Holyrood Palace here I visited Queen Mary's rooms, and Lord Darnley's, and found the only portrait of Mary Queen of Scots which gave me any adequate conception of her beauty—a photograph from which I send you.

The country blossoms in the rosy beauty of summer, and our days are filled with ever fresh delights and the novelties of travel. We have not missed a connection, nor found a poor hotel. These are grand scenes to visit; but in writing I am overpowered, not knowing where to begin or what to omit.

Yours affectionately,

C.

CHARING CROSS HOTEL, LONDON, *July 29, 1867.*

MY DEAR WIFE :—It is now Monday morning, and after a stay of eleven days in this, the greatest and richest city in the world, I am packing up, and to-morrow night I shall be in Paris. I have had a delightful time here. I begin to feel quite at home. I can go anywhere as well as in New York.

Yesterday morning (Sunday) we went to hear Baptist Noel, and found him gone. Rev. Newman Hall was also gone. Then we went to Crown Court and heard Dr. Cumming. It was communion Sabbath, and I remained. It was very precious to be there. Afternoon we attended service in the old Westminster Abbey, and heard the glorious singing ring through the arches and echo down the long-drawn aisles. The building has stood for eight hundred years. All the monarchs of England for six centuries have been crowned there. There the illustrious dead of England lie sleeping—kings and queens, poets and orators, and many of the greatest of earth. Dean Stanley, the author of the book we liked so much, “The History of the Jewish Church,” preaches there. I thought of you and of home while I sat in that grand old church, and perhaps there was moisture in my eye. . . . Last evening I heard Spurgeon. I enjoyed him very much. There must have been nearly eight thousand in the house. Every inch of standing room was taken. Look at that picture in my study of the interior of his Tabernacle and the thronging thousands. That is an excellent likeness, only you don’t hear the *singing*. When they all stand up and pour forth, it is like the voice of many waters, and you feel the King is come in His glory. The preacher’s voice reaches every ear, and not a word or syllable is lost; he does not scream either—it sounds perfectly natural and easy. Such a voice! Then his *fluency*; he never halts or trips. Every eye is on him. He stands right up and goes right on,

and all is as natural as a leaf on a tree. It was a treat to be present at the communion in the room below.

Yours ever and ever,

C.

PARIS, *August 4, 1867.*

MY DEAR WIFE:—Five days I have been in this beautiful city of Paris, the city of your early love. I have thought of you at every turn, and been reminded of so much you have told me. I have visited the objects of interest in and about the city very generally, and seen the show and taste and fashion of this gay and brilliant metropolis. Never was greater contrast than between this and London. Those who have not been here for fifteen years, it is said, would hardly know the place, it is changed so much for the better by the opening of new and grand boulevards in all quarters. I have a good hotel, and find several acquaintances. Mr. Douglass, of Middletown, stopping in the city, gave a dinner to quite a number of Americans, and we had a fine time. I have been to the Great Exposition two days. It is the world's wonder. Men of all climes and nations are there, retaining their peculiar dress and customs, and bringing their products with them. You feel the world is broad and its wisdom manifold. We have not got it all in New England. This morning I have been in my room reading, resting, thinking of my loved home and of the goodness of God. I took out the little box of needles and thread, etc., you put in for me, and sewed on two buttons! It was the first time I had opened the box, and how it moved me to see your forethought and care! A good wife is from the Lord. . . . I shall go to Geneva this week and see your brother Charles. I anticipate it very much.

Please write me how far they have got on with the church. Your full and thoughtful letters do me a world of good. I hope you will keep in health and heart; it

will not be long. Kiss the little boy for his papa. I enclose a picture containing the home, church, and grave of the Dairyman's Daughter, also the same of "Sister Jane." O the beautiful Isle of Wight!

Affectionately yours,

C.

GENEVA, *August 12, 1867.*

MY DEAR WIFE:—The beautiful city of Geneva dawned upon my vision on Thursday morning, after an all-night's ride from Paris, and I have spent three days and a half here with the greatest pleasure. I found your brother the first day, and have had a delightful visit with him and his family. They were well, as usual, and in capital spirits, and seemed to enjoy the visit themselves, and everything has passed off finely. The only thing wanting was your dear presence, and we did so much long for you.

Friday we drove all about the city and environs, and visited many places of historic interest. In the evening, Walter and I went out on the lake in a little boat. Saturday he went with us on the steamer through the lake and back, and had a delightful time. We visited the old Castle of Chillon, and the vaults below, where the prisoners were chained. Walter was very happy, and told his mother that Uncle Goodell was a splendid man!

Now it is Monday morning, and I am off for Chamonix, fifty-four miles by diligence. It is a gloriously clear day, and our way is among the finest Alpine scenery.

An affectionate adieu,

C.

INTERLACHEN, SWITZERLAND, *August 18, 1867.*

MY BELOVED WIFE:—I have the full purpose now to write a good long letter from my heart, and hold delightful communion with one who comes into my thought every hour of the day. Last week I only wrote briefly

with the pencil. Now the Sabbath morning has dawned, and there is no service until 12.

There is a pleasant sense of quiet and repose in this mountain retreat. Your letter of July 25th, acknowledging mine from Edinboro' and Leamington, came to me here, and I am glad that you have so good news of yourself and Oliver to write. Little fellow ! how I love him ! It pleases me to hear of his little ways and sayings. How much this trip is costing me in the things I love most. Pleasant as it is, it takes me away from you and home, from all drives and walks and friends and happy hours and scenes and labors I should enjoy so much. It is a great sacrifice for you ; it has its self-denials for me. Many think travel is all one holiday ; it is solid, earnest, laborious work with me. I enjoy it exceedingly. It is even more profitable than I thought it would be. But there is toil in it, and great weariness to the flesh. The last week has been full of wonder and delight. I have spent it among the glorious mountains of Switzerland, and have often thought of our White Mountain excursions. They are thrilling, and sometimes terrific. I rode up the valley of the Arve to Chamouny, and ascended to the Glacier de Bois and crossed the Mer de Glace. In going into Crystal Grotto, a deep cavern in the solid ice, under a glacier, a stone, liberated by the melting ice, came down at a distance from above, and hit one of our party (Mr. P., of the Cape of Good Hope, South Africa, an Englishman and a fine fellow,) on the back of his head. The stone was as large as my two fists. He threw up his hands, uttered a wild cry, and fell to the ground. It cut a deep gash and the blood streamed out, and I thought it would prove fatal. But we cut the hair away, poured on cold water till the blood ceased, and got him to the hotel, and to our great joy found him fast recovering. Now he and his friend T. are travelling with us. Do you not suppose I thanked

the Lord that night? We went over on muleback from Chamouny to Martigny, twenty-four miles, and over the Gemmi Pass to Interlachen. The Gemmi Pass is the most startling feature of the Alps I have seen. When my mule turned some corners, he would persist in walking on the very outer edge, and I could see thousands of feet perpendicularly below me, and often the path would be on a cliff overhanging the path below. I have enjoyed very much this wild, grand scenery, but I am done with all the climbing and all the danger now, and I shall leave soon for the Rhine country, and there find things as flat and tame as they are abrupt and precipitous here. . . . I am very glad our people like Dr. Brace so well. Please give my kind regards to him, and assure him of the gratitude I feel for the interest he takes in our church. How fast does the church spire rise? I take great interest in all the particulars you write. . . .

Ever yours,

C.

BERLIN, PRUSSIA, *August 24, 1867.*

MY BELOVED WIFE:—When I reached *Berlin*, Saturday, I felt that I ought certainly to go to New Britain and spend the Sabbath. But alas! there was no train up; so here I have been all day. I have enjoyed it very much. This morning at ten I went to the Cathedral and worshipped with the king, he alone being in the royal pew. The chanting by the Mendelssohn choir was grand. Rev. Dr. Hoffman, the famous court preacher of Prussia, gave a most eloquent sermon. This is the great Protestant Cathedral where Theremin and Tholuck and others have preached before the king, and filled the country with their fame. After that I attended the English Episcopal. I felt grateful and worshipful. Last week was a finer one, if possible, than that among the Alps. Monday to Berne and to Freiburg, where I heard the great organ. The organist played that won-

derful piece, "The Storm in the Mountains." Then to Basle and Strasbourg. Friday I went down the Rhine by steamer 127 miles to Cologne. This was a royal day.

The beauty of the Rhine has not been over-praised. Its terraced vineyards and castle-crowned hills, its lovely villages and graceful curves, all unite to form one of the most beautiful landscapes of earth. But all day long I was repeating to myself the lines of Byron,

"Yet one thing wants the banks of Rhine,
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine."

I reached Cologne in time to visit the Cathedral and some paintings of Rubens. The Cathedral is a marvel. I have admired Westminster Abbey, and Notre Dame, and Strasbourg, but they are not even the shadow of this. It is a wild, sweet dream of beauty in stone. I went to Farina's, the original Cologne-water firm, and got a bottle at the fountain-head. But they need a river of Cologne water in every street to drown the ill smells. Saturday I came here, a ride of 400 miles, in fourteen hours. This is a brilliant and beautiful city, the seat of learning and art, picture galleries and libraries. Next I shall go to Dresden, which has some of the finest paintings in the world. Thence to Prague and Vienna, from which place I shall sail for Constantinople. I am well and more vigorous than when I left home. Everything goes like the unwinding of a golden thread. We speak all languages but the English, and are making some progress in that. It is a comfort that I see the same sun every day, and the same stars every night, which you look upon; thus we meet every day in the heavens.

Affectionately yours,

C.

PESTH, AUSTRIA, September 1, 1867.

MY DEAR WIFE:—Do not think that because I write from this far-off land, the capital of Hungary, I am in

a half-civilized country. I have found no finer hotel than this Kathol Koginigg, at which I am stopping. The city is rich, and beautiful as Boston, and the people are dressed with great taste and elegance. The fabrics are rich; silks and laces and precious stones. The cooking is equally marked in excellence. Such coffee I never drank in America, and the beefsteak fairly melts in your mouth; while the soft, velvety look and taste of the bread is inimitable. Mr. D. took up a small loaf of the bread, white as snow, and rich and delicate in flavor, and said: "There, if Mabel could see that, and know how to make it, I would give fifty pounds!"

How I wish you could dine with us this evening, at six! The table will be on a terrace in the open court of the hotel, 'mid the fragrance of oleander blossoms and other flowering shrubs, with the blue sky above, and the plashing of the fountain below. After dinner we would go out on the banks of the Danube, which is silvering past my windows now, and crossing the gossamer suspension bridge, stroll in the grounds of the royal palace, which frowns down in sombre stateliness from a high, fortressed summit on the other side. I would give you such fruit, too, as you never saw. Melons and grapes, white and luscious; and pears and peaches and apples and plums are found in stalls at every turn. Women bring huge baskets of them to the car windows to be sold for a song. This country is very level and beautiful and highly cultivated; and now in the harvest of the year, it is a constant joy to look upon the bounty of the land as it is garnered, and to see the people abroad in the fields. In Dresden I found the finest picture-gallery, so called, save one, in the world. Raphael's "Madonna," Correggio's "St. Magdalen," Carlo Dolce's "St. Cecelia," Guido's "Christ with the Crown of Thorns," and many other of the masterpieces. How I did drink them in! I enjoyed the Louvre at Paris; I

ran over at Dresden. The gallery at Berlin pleased me ; this at Dresden filled me *full*. I know now what they mean when they say, "If you would see paintings, go to *Dresden*." The one in Vienna did not fall greatly below it. That also was full of the works of the masters ; and the building called the Belvedere, in which it was found, is exceedingly fine in architectural effect. As to European cities, for beauty I put Paris first and Vienna second. Our visit there was very pleasant. The weather was fine, our hotel was a comfort, and the various objects of interest passed before us like the turning of a kaleidoscope. It is thus the time is passing, and we number the cities strung on our thread of travel, like a woman counting off her beads in prayer. Just half the time is up, and I am at the middle point of my pilgrimage. I saw the glorious summer which has brought so much to me, die last eve on the golden fields of Hungary. It was singular in being the last hour of the day, of the week, of the month, of the season. It is my hope to see this autumn go out into winter with you to join me in the requiem. God's blessings to us both have been very marked, and I desire to pause here, and rear a memorial to Him for His care. Let us put our trust in Him, nothing doubting.

Your letter of August 9, received at Vienna, was better than any other thing there ; and the picture of dear little Oliver brought me a world of comfort. How he has changed ! I should hardly know him. It is a precious little face. How I do long to see mother and child ! It will be a happy day when we meet. God bless and keep you both.

Ever affectionately yours,

C.

CONSTANTINOPLE, September 8, 1867.

MY BELOVED WIFE :—"My soul shall be joyful in the Lord, and rejoice in His salvation." This I have just

read this pleasant Sabbath morning in your little book of Psalms, as I have come to my room after breakfast, and my soul responds to it. I feel all the avenues of my spiritual being joyful in the Lord. I hope my love and trust may be pleasing to Him, impure and imperfect as they are. My journey here was full of wild and picturesque interest, and in every way successful.

From the Black Sea down the Bosphorus to this city, including sea and shore, and dwellings lining them, and old castles and vine-clad hills and palaces and frowning forts, and hundreds of sails and steamers,—the scene was the finest I ever beheld. As our steamer swept down to this city with its minarets glittering in the autumn sun, it seemed enchantment itself; and I could half believe we had come to the fabled Orient. We found a good hotel, and have had a fine dip into this Eastern city life. We have visited the famous bazaars, the Mosque of St. Sophia, which is the old church Justinian built; the Mosque of Achmed, the towers and fountains and places of interest generally. We have been to the palace of the Sultan, and walked through the "Sublime Porte" guarded by fifty porters. We have found some of our missionary friends, and this morning I am going to hear Dr. Herrick preach to the Mussulmans. He does not know I am here, and will be so surprised to see me in the audience. This is a wonderful city. Everything is new and strange: dress and houses and language and religion and customs and all. It keeps me in a state of bewilderment. Mix up all the new and strange things in all the East, and pour them out on the most beautiful spot of earth, and that would be Constantinople. I cannot speak of particulars now, yet I must mention one thing: the streets of Constantinople are full of dogs without owners. They run everywhere, and lie about in all places. You cannot walk ten feet without stepping on a big, savage dog,

unless you mind and step aside. At night there is constant yelping and uproar among them. "Without are dogs." But it is not common for them to bite, and you soon come to have no fear.

Evening. I went in, and when Dr. Herrick saw me, he started and almost left his place to come and greet me ; then he bethought himself and went on with the service. He had a pleasant audience of Turks, and held their attention completely. He is doing a fine work. He has invited us to his house Monday night. He lives on Princess Island in the Marmora. I went this afternoon and heard Dr. Washburn (an old seminary friend) preach in English. Tuesday night I spend with him upon the shores of the Bosphorus, where Dr. Hamlin and Dr. Schauffler live.

The vintage and all things promise well. I shall not get letters from you now till I reach Alexandria, then they will come all in a lump—sweet and good. I have precious thoughts of you and deep longings for my work. When I reach home, I feel I shall do more than ever before. These godless countries fire me with desire to live and labor and pray for the kingdom of our Lord. Do not grow weary of waiting. Take no anxious thought for my welfare. Let us together trust in the Lord.

Affectionately, **YOUR HUSBAND.**

P.S. I enclose a sprig of dark cypress, which abounds here, and is so beautiful. It is from the seraglio of the late Sultan. Also a photograph of the picture-gallery in Dresden, I wrote you of.

BEIRUT, SYRIA. Sept. 18, 1867.

MY BELOVED WIFE:—I do not know where to begin to describe the world of interest I have seen since I wrote you last on the steamer. Our boat stopped at Smyrna two days. The first day we took the train and rode out

to Ephesus, a distance of forty-eight miles. This was an unexpected pleasure. More interest, as you know, centres about this church than about any of the seven churches of Asia. Here Paul labored for three years, and very many incidents are related in the Acts concerning this city and church. Here the books were burned, and Demetrius stirred up that great uproar about the shrines, etc., etc. And then it was to this church Paul wrote that matchless epistle. The place where the city was is now a complete desolation—not a house within a mile. All is a vast ruin, and flocks and herds graze there. We found the ruins of the theatre and the stadium, and many other points of interest. The marble columns and the beautiful capitals, with the acanthus leaf and other ornamentations, are as perfect as if cut yesterday. I sat down in the silence and read the Epistle to the Ephesians, and the portions of the Acts pertaining to St. Paul's work there for three years, and brought before me as vividly as life the scenes of 1,800 years ago. We rode back to Smyrna by moonlight, one of the most clear and brilliant evenings I ever saw. Not one of us spoke on our homeward ride, our thoughts were too busy, our hearts too full. The next day we went all about Smyrna, another of the seven churches. We visited the old city where the church was, and saw the grave of the martyred Polycarp, the friend of the Apostle John. We visited also the new town, and saw many new and strange things of this famous city of silks and figs. Leaving Smyrna, we sailed past Mytilene, stopping at the port where Paul stopped, and passed the beautiful islands of Scio and Samos. At 2 o'clock Sunday morning we swept down past the island of Patmos, sleeping quietly in the sea, and transfigured in the moonlight. I thought of John, and of the words God gave him there, and of all the wonder and glory of his vision as he was taken in spirit into communion with

Christ, and saw the New Jerusalem descend from God out of Heaven. In the balm of the early Sabbath morn I read chapter after chapter of Revelation, and when I reached the last two, "And I saw a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb," I felt I was nearer that Land and River than ever before. Our run to Beirut was delightful; the sea smooth, the winds hushed, only a little breeze for comfort. The days are perfectly bright and cloudless; no haze, no mist, not even a little cloudlet day after day. The nights are almost as light as day, and the sea is a sheet of silver. The heavens above us glitter in crystalline beauty. The brilliance of these oriental skies is no fable. We stop here long enough to go to Mt. Lebanon, and visit the missionaries and objects of interest, and then proceed to Joppa. How much I think of home. How I should like to watch the progress of the church, stone by stone. I long also for my work. It will be good to get back to my people again. Kiss the little boy, and know that you are ever folded in my heart.

Most affectionately yours, C.

AUSTRIAN STEAMER, Sept. 18, 1867.

MY DEAR WIFE:—It is now evening, and I am just approaching the old seaport of Joppa, intending to sleep on board to-night and land in the morning at the place where Jonah embarked. From Joppa it is only twelve hours to Jerusalem, and as our good fortune is, we have become acquainted on the voyage with a Christian gentleman, once a Jew, who lives in Jerusalem and keeps a Protestant book store. He speaks Hebrew and Turkish and Arabic, and is going home to his family, and will take us along with him and make it all as smooth as riding from Berlin up to New Britain on a donkey. In a hundred such ways we have been favored. We have

also an English gentleman with us from Constantinople, who speaks all these Eastern languages. He went with us to Ephesus and Rhodes and Beirût, and interpreted everything, and helped us in a thousand things we could not have understood otherwise. Since writing you last, our journey has been one of increasing interest, with nothing to mar its enjoyment. Beirût is delightfully situated, and the external appearance is fine. Behind it is the noble Lebanon range, casting morning shadows far out to sea, and at evening mantled with purple and gold. On the slopes of the mountain back of the city are olive and mulberry groves and vineyards, and pomegranate and apricot and palm trees in abundance. In the city I visited bazaars and silk factories. I called on Dr. Thompson, author of "The Land and the Book," and Dr. Jessup, but they were both away. I went over the college and ladies' seminary and the mission houses, conducted by Rev. Mr. Adams, who was very cordial. Since leaving Beirût, we have passed Sidon, the city built by the grandson of Noah, and Sarepta, the place where Elijah found the woman picking up sticks. We went in sight of old Tyre, the Tyre of King Hiram and the merchant ships, and we could plainly see the site, but all its splendor has passed. The fishermen were spreading their nets on the rocks, according to the prediction of the prophet. Best of all, we spent a long time at Mt. Carmel, saw the place where Elijah built his altar and challenged the priests of Baal ; and the river Kishon, below, where he drowned them after his victory. The place was also pointed out where he prayed, and sent his servant up to watch for the cloud. The afternoon was clear and beautiful, and as I looked out over the blue Mediterranean from my stand-point, so many centuries later, all the ages seemed to roll away, and I, for the moment, was with the prophet of fire.

Affectionately yours, C.

JERUSALEM, *September 22, 1867.*

MY DEAR E. :— We reached Joppa at midnight, and landed at early morning. Here we went up on the housetop of Simon the tanner, where Peter saw the vision. At half-past two P.M. we started on muleback for Jerusalem, 36 miles, riding all night to escape the heat; 21 miles first over the Plain of Sharon, then 15 through the mountains. We had four Arabs with us, horrid to look upon, but faithful. When we stopped to rest, the jackals would surround us and scream like catamounts, but they dared not come up. We passed watch-towers every two miles, where soldiers are stationed to keep the robbers off. The night was one of wild, solemn grandeur; the brilliance of the skies, the dark mountain gorges, the yell of the jackals, the lights in the watch-towers, and the swarthy Arabs, armed to the teeth, at our sides,—I would not have missed it for any railroad in the world. And now I have safely reached this great object of my desire, and looked with my own eyes upon *Jerusalem*.

The city came upon my view first as I came up from the Joppa road. The sun had risen about an hour before above the purple hills, and was gilding the city. The view was one of the least interesting, and my emotions were not deep. But when I passed under the massive portals of the Damascus gate, and heard the hum and roar of the city, and saw a thousand things at once, made familiar by the Scriptures, I knew I was in Jerusalem. Almost the first woman I met had coals of fire on her head. A boy had a skin of water in his hand, just the shape of the kid from which it was stripped, the hair all on. The Jew had his long phylactery, and maidens were carrying those long-necked earthen water-pots on their heads, the picture of which we have so often seen in the Scriptures. I have seen the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, covering the spot where

Christ was crucified and entombed. The Mount of Olives and Gethsemane are now before me as I write. My feet stand within the walls of Jerusalem. Last evening I walked about her walls and marked her bulwarks as the sun was sinking, and strolled through the Valley of Kidron, along the path which winds around the brow of Olivet to Bethany, the same path our Saviour's feet had so often trodden, and gave myself to the thoughts of the hour. This morning I attended a Protestant service, passing Calvary on my way. The 108th Psalm was read—a psalm of David, written here in Jerusalem. The 23d chapter of Matthew was also read, and this chapter was spoken by the Saviour very near where I was sitting. This evening I shall go out on the Mount of Olives to the place of the Ascension, and watch the sun go down behind the towers of Jerusalem.

Always yours,

C.

STEAMER "CAIRO," OFF XANTE,
NEAR BRINDISI, ITALY, Oct. 8, 1867.

MY DEAR WIFE:—I have done Egypt, visited the Catacombs, floated on the Nile, and seen the Pyramids. Now I have turned my back upon Africa and Asia, and am emerging into light and civilization and comfort. The valley of the Nile is wonderful for beauty and fertility. It is green as a garden, and groaning under the most abundant growths of grain and fruits. The ride to Cairo, 130 miles, was like a ride through Mr. Nichol's garden in mid-summer. And what strange, oriental life one sees at Cairo. It will take me hours to tell you the things I saw there besides the Pyramids and the Sphinx. Long caravans from the heart of Africa, spices from Arabia, silks and shawls from Persia, with the ottar of rose, and balm of cassia and myrrh.

I had been over five weeks without a letter from you, and with what eagerness did I go to the office! There

were four fat ones waiting for Mr. Dudley, and one for me, and that one from Mr. Northend ; no word from you ! Good for Mr. N. ; he helped me out of a close pinch ! I will wait for yours till I get to Naples, where I trust I may find them. I hope you are not so waiting for mine. How often I think of you. I have got a sore heart for home. I also want to see my little boy. How does he do ? And a thousand questions I would ask about home affairs and the church. I shall take up the line fast now which I have been paying out, and be with you soon.

Yours affectionately,

C.

FLORENCE, ITALY, Oct. 13, 1867.

MY BELOVED WIFE :—I received to-day from Naples a package of fifteen letters, five of which were from *you*. This is the first word I have had for six weeks. In these I learn of your sickness and recovery all in the same breath, and give unfeigned praise to God, first for sparing you and the little boy, and second, for keeping me in ignorance till it was all over. Dear one, you did it bravely ! You and I will have to talk it all over one of these days. . . . The cholera kept me out of Naples, and the fighting made it impossible to visit Rome. Accordingly, we came on to this beautiful city, the art Paradise of earth, and are having a delightful time after the scorching heat of Syrian suns, and the fine dust of African deserts. From here we go to Venice, and thence to Milan and Turin, and so over the Mt. Cenis Pass, and on to Paris. Soon I shall be with you. My heart is with you. You have passed through trial alone. I wish I could have been near to bear it with you. I write but a word to-night.

MILAN, ITALY, Oct. 20, 1867.

MY DEAR GOOD WIFE :—These October days are passing like a charm in beautiful Italy. I know how delight-

ful it is at home, but I can spare one autumn for the glory of scenery like this. I spent a week in Florence, dreaming in its galleries of art, and strolling among its classic shades ; and the mind can never lose charge of such memories. This has been a quiet, lovely Sabbath—mellow, almost tearful in its coloring and decay. I went to the English church this morning and heard a good sermon, and passed the wonderful Cathedral of Milan, and went in, both going and coming. I hope I did not break the Sabbath. I can say that I have endeavored to be strictly Sabbath-keeping in all my journeying. I have always rested from travel, and made it a day, not of sight-seeing, but of rest and worship.

My passage is engaged on the good steamer *Arago* and I shall sail the first of November. Soon I am to see you, and be with you all the time. God has been good—*how* good ! I hope He sees gratitude in my heart. I shall find letters from you at Paris. I pray they may assure me of your health. Dear little Oliver, I am delighted to hear he can talk so well. How I shall *hug* him ! I thank God for His sparing mercies ! I could write a book ; but why ? when I am to see you so soon. It is getting late. There is a lovely park before my window, and a fine statue of Count Cavour on the square. Dear one, adieu.

C.

IX.

THE GOOD PASTOR.

1867—1872.

“That which is truly and indeed characteristic of man is known only to God.”—RUSKIN.

“Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.”

—WORDSWORTH.

“'Tis breathed yet, that name—but oh !
How solemn now the sound !
One of the sanctities which throw
Such awe, our homes around.”

—TRENCH.

CHAPTER IX.

PASTORAL TRAITS AND SUCCESSFUL LABORS DURING THE LAST YEARS OF HIS MINISTRY IN NEW BRITAIN.

HAVING returned to his work, he resumed it with great ardor and enjoyment. It was his hearty enjoyment of his work which enabled him to accomplish so much in the ministry. He once said to a friend: "My work is laborious, but never a burden." Had it been burdensome, he would early have broken down under his multifarious labors.

His hopefulness of spirit—a characteristic quality which was partly natural and partly due to his faith in God's promises,—also supported him in his great labors. The sustaining influence of hope in religious work has often been observed. It is a trait that is characteristic of the most successful workers in the Church of God.

He did his work largely by laboring with individuals rather than masses. Most of the fruit of his ministry was "hand-picked." He had great skill in conversing with men so as to awaken in them an interest in the subject of religion, and when he had brought them to the condition of actual inquirers, he showed great wisdom and unwearied perseverance in bringing them to a faith in Christ. There is therefore no part of his pastoral labors more interesting or instructive than that which describes his personal work with individual souls.

Prof. David N. Camp, of his church in New Britain, thus speaks of his efficiency and methods in this direction :

Mr. Goodell's magnetism in personal interviews with non-professors of religion was striking. His few words went to the conscience, and were blessed by God in bringing many to repentance and faith. His love for Christ, which so characterized his growing power and breadth of view, made his ministrations effective; and whether in his study, in travel, or in his more public services, those about him felt the magnetism of his spirit. His own deep and abiding love for the Master was effective in leading others to see somewhat of the Saviour's love for them.

His mode of dealing with inquirers was not to awaken fear, or in any way to excite the emotions, so much as to bring Gospel truth to them, and press it home with constant portrayal of the love of Christ for sinners, and His readiness to pardon all who come penitently to Him. Older Christians, who labored with him in the inquiry-room, learned much from his method of treating individuals.

He was successful in removing doubts from inquirers, and in bringing the wavering to decision. In one case I well remember, a much-esteemed citizen, afterward mayor of our city, was at the church prayer-meeting, and remained after the meeting with those who stayed to be examined for admission to the church. He immediately volunteered the remark that he did not know why he was there, but that he had come on Mr. Goodell's invitation, who had passed an hour or more with him that day. This man declined examination that evening; but in a week he came before the committee, and told his experience and stated his faith in such a way that he was admitted to the church. The act gave him a great deal of comfort. He was a consistent Christian in his subsequent life. He often said he believed that he never should have come into the church had not Mr. Goodell given him a special personal invitation, and devoted himself to removing his doubts and faithfully explaining the duties of a Christian. Several other prominent members of the parish—who had become heads of families, re-

spected and esteemed in the community, but not members of the church—united with it at the same time, presumably upon the invitation and in consequence of the faithful teachings of Mr. Goodell. They have now passed away; but I know that their union with God's people was a great comfort to themselves, and I believe an advantage to the cause of Christ, which they honored by consistent Christian lives.

A daughter of one of those prominent members of the parish thus writes:

It was a very impressive time in our church history when so many older ones, heads of families, came forward and confessed the Lord. My father was one, and many an afternoon did Dr. Goodell spend with him in trying to persuade him to take the step. His arguments were so unanswerable, and his tact so wonderful, that they were not able to withstand the Spirit whose advocate he was.

He was an indefatigable fisher of men. One of his church officers in New Britain who knew him very intimately says:

His anxiety for those about him was such at times that he could not sleep; and I have known of his walking our streets while others slept, unconscious of his anxiety for them and his earnest desire that they should become the true disciples of Christ.

It was characteristic of him to seek to bring *every member* of a family into the Christian faith and fellowship of the church. It pained him to think of a household divided in regard to the great salvation, so that one part could not share the religious hopes and sentiments of the other part, and must stand aloof from the holy aims and activities which occupied them as Christians. Such divisions, he believed, are fraught with peril and unhappiness to all concerned. Christian faith

and joy are chilled by living in intimate family relations with those who have no sympathy with them. It is a hindrance to one's spiritual growth to live thus constantly with those who are indifferent or opposed to religion. It is also a cause of vexation and unhappiness to those who are not Christians, that they and their dearest kindred are not in entire accord; that there is with each one chamber of the heart which is kept closed to the other,—a subject concerning which they maintain a constant reserve, instead of dwelling upon it joyfully and helpfully together.

Dr. Goodell never would permit such a state of things to continue in a family if it was in his power to end it. He was constant and untiring in his efforts to bring the whole household—of father, mother, brothers, and sisters—to an acceptance of the Gospel. He was not content to have "one taken and the other left," in the case of a husband and a wife, or of sister and brother. He used all his arts of persuasion to bring the halting one forward into the kingdom; and if, at length, success crowned his endeavors, as it often did, though sometimes not until after long years of patient waiting, his joy was great. The following letter is interesting as an instance, and for the rare wisdom of its counsel at the close. It was written to a cousin of "Annie," referred to on a previous page, living like a sister with her in the same family:

NEW BRITAIN, *January 11, 1870.*

MY DEAR FRIEND MINNIE:—It was a happy day for me, and for many here who love you, when you came of your own free will into the fold of your Saviour, because you loved Him and desired to serve Him, and to begin the new year and the new life in His strength; and I

doubt not there was much joy that day among the angels in the Heavenly world. . . .

Eight years ago, nearly, I wrote Miss Annie's name in the church-book, with the earnest prayer that you might soon choose the same Saviour and be found in His fold; and now the prayer offered by so many is fully answered; not in the fact simply that you have taken the vows of God upon you, but that you have come to know and accept and love the Saviour, and to be His dear child.

And now my earnest desire is that you may be a living, useful disciple. . . . I am convinced of your desire to be good, and to do good, and to commit all your ways unto God. Never did a new year begin so hopefully for you before. You do not know what is before you, but you do know that if you rest in Christ, He will care for you whatever comes.

And this is the thought I would give you. Do not think that in addition to all other burdens, you have the new one of doing religious duty, and so grow anxious and become disturbed in view of what is upon you, but rather feel that now you have got a new and precious Saviour to help you bear all the burdens, and to aid you in all the duties of life, and go in calm and loving confidence every day to Him, that He may be your kind and gracious keeper and helper in all things. . . .

Very truly,

YOUR PASTOR.

The foregoing letters to those two cousins were characteristic. He made much use of letters throughout his ministry to accomplish his aims. Letter-writing formed one important feature in his method of pastoral work. "He was very felicitous," says one of his New Britain people, "in occasional letters addressed to individual members of his flock; letters full of suggestions for strengthening faith and encouraging

Christian activity." The following is given as a specimen. It bears date of January 1.

DEAR MR. M.:—I have a growing desire and hope that our blessed Lord will come this way this year with gifts of quickening and salvation in His hands. The hearts that open the door and bid Him welcome, will sup with this King of Glory, and learn the gracious secrets of His love. . . .

I have always felt that it has been given to you of our Heavenly Father to be the medium of good unto many by your words and prayers. When your heart is tuned by the Holy Spirit to divine sympathies, others are led thereby to feel the thrill and quickening of the same love. It may be that God desires to do precious work for His glory through you this new year.

Let us walk together, my dear brother, out upon God's promises to the very edge (they will bear us), and reap together by His favor, and taste together the sweet-ness and blessedness of that grace that is flowing in for us from afar.

Affectionately yours, C. L. GOODELL.

By the same method, *i. e.*, of letter-writing, he stimulated the lagging to the performance of neglected duty, comforted the afflicted, admonished the erring, and entreated the unconverted to come to Christ. There are many people in New Britain and in St. Louis who now carefully preserve such letters from him as precious treasures. They are valued not only as mementoes of a beloved pastor, but as instructive and inspiring expositions of Christian conduct and life.

A lady had come, at her marriage, from her home in another State, to be a member of his congregation with her husband. The first Sabbath she attended his

church, a bride and a stranger, the pastor saw her, and surmising, as she thought, the feelings of loneliness and homesickness which then oppressed her heart, so framed his petition for "the stranger within our gates," that she felt that she had found a friend in the pastor, and her heart was lightened. The first two years of her married life were years of sorrow mingled with happiness. The sadness of bereavement tempered her joy as a young mother. "I neglected," she says, "to present my letter of dismissal from my home church in — to my adopted church in New Britain." After a reasonable time he wrote to her a letter in which delicate reference was made to all this. It was a letter of Christian sympathy, congratulation, and advice. After reminding her of her duty in regard to uniting with the church, he said:

I write this to you as I would to my sister, in order to the highest good of your Christian life. I have felt deeply for you in the sorrow which came upon you in the death of your sister and father, and rejoice with you in the happiness of your own home in your husband and child. I do most earnestly pray that God may bless you, and keep your heart full of His love. Never turn from that precious Saviour. Follow Him with your whole heart, and neglect no duty which He puts upon you.

It is no wonder that the recipient of this letter speaks of it as "among my carefully laid-aside treasures."

It would be a mistake to assume, because of his earnestness and constancy of purpose in seeking to win his people, whether young or old, to Christ, that he wearied and vexed them by his importunate urgency. He never *thrust* the subject of religion upon unwilling

ears. He was as wise as he was earnest. In fact, his earnestness led him to cultivate and practice wisdom in order to secure the greater success. He possessed wonderful tact in addressing people. He knew when to speak and when to keep silence. When he did speak his words usually hit the mark. "No one knew better," says a friend in New Britain, "how to say the right thing at the right time." Because of this aptness, his sayings were long remembered. They lingered in the minds of those who heard them an inspiration and incitement for years afterward.

To his wisdom and tact he united a geniality and pleasantry of mind which greatly advanced his success. Few could resist the spell of his bright, cheerful wit. They were captivated in spite of themselves. Often those who met him with the aversion of a strong, unfriendly prejudice, were so impressed in his favor by a single interview that they were made thenceforward his fast friends. But he made them his friends that they might become the friends and followers of Christ. This aim was always kept in view, and sooner or later was manifest.

A Christian lady of his flock in New Britain mentions, as peculiar to him, "A readiness in all our social gatherings, to introduce topics for religious conversation, so easily, so agreeably, without formality, but in a way to interest all, and make the occasion delightful and profitable." There was nothing in all this of a professional or perfunctory character. Nothing was affected or *put on*. It was all genuine—the simple outshining of the fire that burned within. It might have been truly said of him, as was said of the late Bishop Wilberforce, of England, "He never parades or brings forward his religious feelings. They are only the *climate*

of all his mind: talents, knowledge, eloquence, liveliness—all evidently Christian." Another lady of his congregation says, speaking of his uniform cheerfulness: "All events of life seemed to be bathed in the sunny light of his Christianity. . . . It seemed as if he were always ready to give out from his store of cheerfulness some words of inspiration and comfort for others."

He possessed another faculty which was also characteristic of the distinguished English churchman above referred to—that of concentrating his attention and interest at any moment on whatever person or matter was presented to him. It came from his extraordinary power of sympathy. His power of sympathizing with all who approached was a wonderful gift, and sometimes seemed akin to intuition. It was often a puzzle how he could so readily lay aside his own train of thought, and his personal cares and troubles, and so cordially enter into the feelings of those near him.

"How patiently he always listened to our troubles," says another, "and gave the sunshine of his smile with the counsel. If we went to speak of the spiritual welfare of our children, or the every-day trials, he was ever the same sympathizing friend. I went to him one evening with some act of injustice to my boy at school (Mr. Goodell was one of the committee). He seemed at ease and at leisure. I made a long story and a long call. He listened attentively, and dropped in the oil judiciously, and I was comforted. As I rose to leave, he said, 'I fear I have not said anything to help you. The truth is, I am nearly distracted with a terrible toothache. I can hardly bear it! I wish you could go to the dentist for me!' I could have gone on my knees to the man! In his agony, I had been pouring into his patient ear my petty cares, and he had

listened and smiled and advised, and gave no sign of his own suffering."

His sympathy was especially exercised toward the poor. On them he lavished his thought, time, and money. He saw in them objects of Christ's special care. They were His brethren: the portion of mankind for which His Gospel was peculiarly designed. "He was particularly happy," we are told, "in his labors and visitations among them. He carried to them both substantial and spiritual help, and one in order to the other. He often remarked, 'We should first carry the loaf of bread to the needy, and thus prepare the way for the bread of life.'"

He never seemed to think of the poor, to whose relief or support his church contributed, as burdens upon its strength. They were blessings, rather, to it. They appealed to and exercised those tender, humane feelings of the heart which preserve men from hardness, and mellow them to kindness and benevolence. "During his ministry here," says a member of the South Church, New Britain, "we had a number of old ladies who were without near relatives, and entirely dependent upon charity. The care of these he assigned to one of the deacons. He would say, when speaking of their lowly and destitute condition, 'Well, the dear old souls will not stay with us long. They are waiting and longing to go home. A joyful time it will be when they reach the Father's house. It is a blessed thing for us that we can minister to them for the little time they are to remain here. We shall never be sorry that we could do something to sweeten their lives. What would a church be without the poor to care for?'"

When he met a poor man of his congregation, he met him as a brother beloved. There was no appear-

ance of condescension or affected warmth on the one hand, nor of reserve on the other, but a hearty, brotherly greeting, by which the man was cheered and his heart lightened.

"I was walking down Main Street one day," says a Christian lady of New Britain, "and in the distance saw Mr. Goodell hastening toward me with an eager, strong step. All at once I saw a smile; his face brightened. I was ready for a pleasant greeting, when I noticed just before me a common laboring man, moving with a slow, shuffling step, his arms filled with bundles. Mr. Goodell's countenance just beamed as he caught up with him, extending both hands, and exclaimed: 'How glad I am to see you, Mr. B. How is the sick wife? And how are the children? It is so long since I have seen you!' I passed by unseen, but turned to meet a face I never saw before; and I could see the happiness given by the cordial greeting and sympathy of that great heart.

"Again, I was passing a building in process of erection. One of the laborers was carrying his burden up a high ladder. Mr. Goodell came along slowly, watching the building. He recognized the man, and called out: 'Ah, my friend, I have found you! I've been looking for you. Come down here, I want to talk with you.' The man deposited his burden and came down, and I last saw them in close conversation."

He had known in his early years hard labor, and the hardships and discomforts of limited means. The memory of those years, and the thought of his hard-working, frugal parents, gave him the ability to sympathize with such poor laborers. He could realize what their burdens were, and he knew their need of light and comfort from above.

He desired and labored unceasingly to bring them in larger numbers to the house of God—to make it attractive and inviting to them, and to remove every obstacle that might keep them from it. Moved by this desire he once expressed the wish, on a Sabbath preceding the annual sale of pews in his church at New Britain, that "those in humble or moderate circumstances might not be required to pay more than they were able for their sittings, and then proposed to relinquish five hundred dollars of his salary, to be applied for the benefit of such people in paying for their seats in church." His tender heart, in its sympathy for them, felt the pinch of their poverty, and prompted him thus to relieve them, that they might not be deprived of the blessings of the house of God, or think of the Gospel as imposing heavy burdens.

Phillips Brooks, addressing the students of one of our theological seminaries upon the duties and work of the ministry, says: "Give much time and thought and care to the outskirts of your parish, to its loose and ragged fringes; seek the people who just drift within your influence, and who will drift away again if your kind, strong hand is not upon them."

Dr. Goodell is a good example of those earnest, faithful ministers who in practice act upon the principle thus recommended. People who, in the case of an ordinary minister, would be but transient hearers—staying in the congregation but a brief period, and remaining strangers while they stayed—were laid hold of by him and fastened to the church, and made her grateful and constant supporters. He had the art of attaching men to his ministry, and by means of his ministry of converting them to the faith of the Gospel.

He made efforts to reach and win those whom other

ministers thought it vain to attempt to reach, and by his success he proved that no class of men is to be regarded as hopelessly beyond the power of our Christianity. He extended his interest, we are told, even to foreigners unacquainted with our language. There are many of these in New Britain who now speak of Dr. Goodell with veneration. Some were baptized by him in infancy, others were guided by him in their religious doubts and inquiries.

He was no less attentive to the sick and infirm, and in this fulfilled the requirements of the highest standard of pastoral fidelity. "The pastor," says Bengel, "should give the greatest care to the first of his parish and to the last—*i. e.*, to the children and to the dying. To the first because it is from them that the most fruit may be expected, and to the last because he has but a very short time to acquit himself of his ministry toward them." How Mr. Goodell discharged his pastoral duty to the children we have seen; that he was equally faithful to the sick we have the testimony of many witnesses. His ministry alike to the sick and the poor and the sorrowful is described in a single sentence of one of them: "He was a bright star shining in a dark place." His entrance into the sick-room was that of a bringer of the Gospel of peace. The light of heaven gladdened it for the time, and heavenly strength and refreshment were imparted to the weary soul. His words to the sick and the afflicted were *benedictions*. Most of them are lost to the memory—they cannot be recalled so as to be repeated—but their good impression is certain. Many of his New Britain congregation who heard them have gone to their eternal home, helped to a safe passage thither by his ministry. Of those who still remain, and who remember his pastorate as a field of sun-

shine in the past, the most, if asked to give a particular account of it, would find their minds expressed by an intelligent lady among them, who says ; " When I try to describe special acts and words which impressed me, I feel as if I were trying to disentangle a web which was for years interwoven with my life, and refused to be separated."

In administering consolation to the sick and the afflicted, he used the method and the spiritual remedies of the Gospel. There is a way of administering consolation that enfeebles the heart and keeps it soft and effeminate. There is another way that converts the affliction into a means of good to the soul, making it ever after, purer, stronger, nobler. The last method is the Gospel method. It is the method that was employed to comfort the apostle Paul when afflicted with that mysterious trouble which he speaks of as " a thorn in the flesh." The method is to strengthen the heart by means of grace divine, so that it shall rise above its trouble. Instead of coddling the sufferer with soothing applications of pity, and indulging him in his inclination to sink down into a settled state of childish weakness and complaining melancholy, it tries by the inspiration of God's truth to lift him up to a condition of serene patience and Christian cheerfulness. " The truest help," says a wise teacher, " which one can render to a man who has any of the inevitable burdens of life to carry, is not to take his burden off, but to call out his best strength that he may be able to bear it."

There was manifestly in Mr. Goodell a steady growth in ministerial power to the last. It was especially noticeable in the closing years of his pastorate in New Britain. Professor Camp makes special mention of it, and rightly discerns its cause. " His growth in

ministerial power," he says, "was largely the outcome of his personal growth in nearness to God. . . . The last years of his ministry here were characterized by a very high aim, and a marked consecration. His love for Christ and entire devotion to His service were so characteristic and decisive in those years, as to be observed not only by the members of his church who were most with him, but by others, especially his intimate friends in the ministry." Evidence of his growth in nearness to God is afforded by the written prayers found in his private note-book. Such prayers are of frequent occurrence. They would, if collected together, form a considerable volume. They cover a wide range of subjects, and were composed under various circumstances, and in different places. Like Dr. Payson, wherever he went he found or made a Bethel.

The following is dated September 6, 1868, "On the Hill," St. Johnsbury, Vermont, where he usually spent a large part of his summer vacations. "The Hill" was on the place of Governor Fairbanks; it was a favorite spot with Dr. Goodell:

O God, Thou seest me. Forgive my sins. Accept my praise for Thy gracious hand in all my life. I here give my heart to Thee. Keep me from untruth in word and deed and character. Make me diligent. May I fill my life with usefulness. Give me richly to know Thy truth. Open themes for sermons. Help me to lead souls to Thee. Everywhere may I show the spirit of Christ. Reconcile to me my enemies. Bless my wife and save my little boy. Care for me while I live. Keep me from evil. Sustain and save me in death, for Christ's sake. Amen.

I here make this solemn covenant with Thee, O God; keep me from drawing back.

The following is dated New Britain, January 1, 1870:

From all my besetting sins, O Lord, deliver me, and give me grace sufficient.

For all Thy mercies, O Lord, teach me to be thankful, and to use them for Thy glory. Aid me that I may lead and feed the people; and make me very useful to Thy kingdom. The sins of the old year, O Lord, forgive. The duties of the new year, help me to meet.

May these new-year days be planting days.

May we review our conduct, and not our feelings only.

To his friend Rev. Austin Hazen, who had written to him on his fortieth birthday, March 16th, he wrote in reply:

NEW BRITAIN, *March 29, 1870.*

I am old and yet young. Do you recall some moments of exaltation in view of our work, at Andover, in Boston, and elsewhere, in which it seemed good to live, good to be God's children; to work, to suffer, to walk with upward look, and be linked to God and made the partakers of His glory evermore? Those *come often now*, and are more sweet and precious, and grand with every year.

I am well in body; I am happy in my family, and blessed in my church. I feel in my deepest soul all the depths of the pit from which I have been digged, and put the crown of praise daily on Christ's majestic brow. No mortal under heaven will ever owe Him so much as I do. He is the rock cleft for me, in which I hide. I have *grieved* Him, but I *love* Him. . . . I shall be in Burlington at Commencement, and hope to sun my spirit in the smile of many friends, and invoke the glad-heartedness of the past to solace some of the present weariness of body and spirit. Pray for me that God may live in me, and use all He has given me for His praise. Did I ever tell you how your spirit was with me hour

after hour as I walked on the walls round about Jerusalem?

Affectionately yours,

C. L. GOODELL.

In his written prayers of that date we find the following for his church:

O God, I must give an account unto Thee of this people. I pray for them to-day. I present them to Thee. Fill the void in their souls. Touch the springs of their life. May they prefer poverty to dishonor, and financial failure to neglect of duty to Thee. May their souls not go unblest. And whether wealth and honor and outward success come to them and their families or not, may *God* come to them, and spiritual life and love, and that divine blessing that maketh rich. Bless this church. Let there be no barren trees in this vineyard. To some Thou dost give an inheritance of tears; bless them. Bless those to whom the days go by sadly, out of whose lives the light has gone, and who live in the joys of the past. We thank Thee for all our earthly good. We thank Thee more for friendships and loves and sympathies; we thank Thee most for the bright hopes that cheer the future. Bless any of us who are not on our way to Heaven. Draw from us the frost and ill-will; may we see the good in men and events. Take from us the evil eye and the bitter tongue.

The best evidence of his growth in ministerial power is found in the extraordinary increase of his church in numbers and efficiency. During the last half of his ministry in New Britain, 247 were added to the church on confession of faith, an average of 35 a year, while for the preceding twenty-four years the additions to the church by this way had been but 176, or an average of between seven and eight a year.

It is a very interesting study to note the particulars of the remarkable growth of the church from 1866 to 1872, as set forth in the Church Manual, year by year. The following table, constructed from data found in that manual, exhibits the details of that growth:

YEAR.	ADDITIONS.		TOTAL.	REMOVALS.		TOTAL.	GAIN.
	By Con- fession.	By Let- ter.		By Dis- mission.	Death. Dis.		
1866	46	37	83	12	4	16	67
1867	14	13	27	10	6	16	11
1868	9	43	52	7	6	13	39
1869	75	31	106	12	3	15	92
1870	13	29	42	21	6	27	15
1871	17	26	43	16	11 5	32	11
1872	73	22	95	23	7	30	65
Totals for seven years	247	201	448	101	48	149	300

There is great significance in such a table of figures. If one stops to ponder their meaning, how much prayer, and effort on the part of the pastor and his helpers they indicate! It seems as if those figures resolved themselves into pictures representing different scenes in the church life during the years that are covered by them. Revival meetings, inquiry meetings, sermons preached before hushed assemblies, conversations with individuals, in which the pastor and his co-laborers in the church wrestled soul with soul in the endeavor to persuade and win them to Christ; all this, and much more, is included in those figures. Included in them, besides the manifold labors for the conversion of those souls, are the alterations wrought in their characters and lives. Who can estimate what is involved in the conversion of a soul? The words of Scripture, "He

which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins," comprehensive and suggestive as they are, but vaguely hint the whole truth. Dr. Goodell, however, vividly realized the importance of such a conversion from his own experience. Among the memorable sermons preached by him in New Britain was one preached in April, 1869, upon the text, 2 Cor. xii. 2: "I know a man in Christ, fourteen years ago caught up even to the third heaven" (see Revised Version), in which he dwelt impressively upon his own conversion fourteen years before, and the momentous change wrought in him by it. By his remembrance of what God had done for him, he was continually spurred on to rescue others from the bondage of sin. It may be confidently asserted concerning the majority of those additions to the church enumerated in the above table, that they were the fruits of his strenuous toil. They were not generally caught by a net—a multitude at a time—but one by one, as by a hook. He watched for their souls; waited for his opportunity in the case of each, and when the opportunity came, diligently improved it.

When they came into the church, instead of thinking his responsibility for them ended, he felt that it was just begun. They then were commended to his interest by a new tie. They were his younger brethren in Christ. One of the secrets of his great success lay in his personal interest in each member of his flock. He was not only desirous that his church should do a grand work, but that every member should have a hand in it. He labored to develop the power of each, and especially to bring into the service of Christ those special personal gifts which might distinguish them as individuals.

He believed that the usefulness of churches keeps

them alive, and that as soon as they decline in their efficiency for good, they languish and begin to die. It was his desire to make his church completely alive, by developing to the utmost the religious character and the benevolent activity of all. And so he made it his continual study how to keep them usefully employed. "I remember," one of his most active church members says, "that he would frequently call and present some suggestion for a particular work that he thought I could do. And in his pastoral visits among the people he would show the greatest tact and wisdom in adapting his remarks and suggestions in such a way as to be helpful, and leave an impression that there was something for each one to do. He would find out, if possible, what were the hindrances to Christian work, and then, by some well-chosen remark or quotation of a passage of Scripture, would lodge something in the mind which would afterward bear fruit."

It is the general opinion concerning Dr. Goodell that he was more eminent as a pastor than as a preacher. Perhaps that opinion is correct, and yet he was a remarkable preacher. The fact that he drew such large congregations of intelligent, thoughtful people to hear him; that he held them, year after year, without any abatement of interest; that they confessed he fed and inspired them by his sermons as few other preachers did, and that they were stimulated to personal faith in Christ, and works of mercy, and extraordinary achievements in their united efforts, affords convincing proof of his power as a preacher. We have further evidence of this in the fact that many of his sermons, heard years ago, are still vividly remembered, often spoken of, and quoted, and commented upon.

The sermons of an inferior preacher are not thus re-

membered and commented upon so many years after they are heard. It is only extraordinary ability in the preacher, usually, that produces such extraordinary and lasting impressions in the hearers. There are, indeed, some striking exceptions to this rule; cases where the preaching of humble men of inferior mental ability produces upon individuals, and upon whole congregations, profound impressions that lead to remarkable results. The humble preachers whose sermons were blessed to the conversion of Toplady and of John Owen, are memorable examples. But such cases are exceptions. They occur that the glory of such conversions may be of God. They illustrate the apostle's saying, that "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty."

Such preachers belong to a different class from that in which Richard Baxter, Edward Payson, and Constans Goodell are found. These have an eminence which rests upon the *general* excellence of their work, and the *usual* impression made by it. They had the power of striking chords upon occasion, to which there was an enthusiastic and multitudinous response. They did this frequently, showing that they were endowed with rare gifts of utterance.

Mr. Goodell's sermons often had a pungency which thrilled his hearers. "Many and many a time," says one, "they seemed aimed at me personally." They so presented the truth that men *felt its touch*. Without being personal, they answered to Robert Hall's description of a good sermon by being "*characteristic*, that the conscience of the audience may feel the hand of the preacher searching it, and every individual know where to class himself." This is one reason why they were remembered so long. "The words of the wise

are as goads, and as *nails fastened* by the masters of assemblies."

Dr. Goodell had certain personal qualities which made him an impressive preacher. Besides his commanding figure, and fine voice, and deep emotional nature, there was his countenance, benignant and friendly. "I shall never forget," says one of his New Britain hearers, "the genial, sympathetic, all-embracing smile with which he used to look over the congregation after entering the pulpit on Sunday morning. It seemed like a greeting, an exhortation, and a benediction all in one." He preached with unction. He usually went from his knees to his pulpit, his face often shining like that of Moses with the light of God's countenance.

In his note-book, or on loose leaves, we have found many prayers that were evidently composed for the Sabbath congregation. They are probably sketches, more or less complete, of prayers actually uttered in the service of the Sabbath. We may think of them as private preludes to, or morning rehearsals for the worship of God's house. Many of them are very striking both in thought and language. The following example belongs to this part of his New Britain pastorate:

Give us a prayerful spirit. The bird is not always on the wing, but always ready. So should we be.

We have our little sphere, and live round and round in it. Come in upon us from above, O Lord, with the great things of Thy kingdom and Thy eternity. Draw new stops in our souls. Come with Thy light and love, and let us feel the power of the world to come.'

We are living in a foreign land; our home is with Thee.

Teach us how to praise Thee as we ought; we know already how to murmur and complain. We thank Thee

for Thy love. Love is the greatest thing Thou canst give.

May we in our trials and temptations never desert Thee. Thou wilt never desert us. Thou feelest our sorrows as if they were Thine own. May we serve Thee in storm as we have in sunshine; although it is not so easy, our need of Thee is greater. Thou hast been our helper in all the past; we have learned to trust Thee.

We thank Thee that life has more smiles than tears; more bright than clouded skies; that the lengthening day gains on the lessening night.

We thank Thee for our godly ancestry, for the seeds of righteousness and truth planted here which have made the nation great. May we raise the chorus of God's thankful children. There is not so much sin in us as goodness in Thee.

Give us cheerfulness, which is the song without words.

We may lose everything, yet not lose our souls. We may go to Heaven without riches or friends, yet not without Thee.

May the Great Head of the Church alone speak to us at this hour, and all earth-sounds be hushed in the still presence of His leading. May there be a table spread in our own hearts. May the life-streams from the pulpit flow straight through every heart here to-day. Let the truth spoken be baptized with holy fire.

Call us, so that we shall know the voice is Thine. Thou hast made this day to us as Mt. Lebanon and the hills of frankincense.

He writes to Rev. Austin Hazen:

May 3, 1871.

Your good letter, written on my birthday, found a live spot in me. It stirred a great and tender desire to see you, and review the times gone by, and talk of present

work, and the joys of the way as we move on toward the gates of light.

I have a soul overflowing daily with gratitude to God for His mercies to me, so rich, and dealt out with such loving care toward one so unworthy. Honor to that Saviour who can build a kingdom of eternal blessedness and beauty out of poor, broken, and worthless timber! Other builders have sought the good material, and had no place for the maimed and halt and blind of soul. *He* takes the fragments of our ruined humanity, and weaves them by His grace into forms of sweet and everlasting joy.

My work goes evenly and easily and pleasantly. I never so *exulted* to run the Christian race as now, for seemingly never was so much strength given. . . .

Our passage is engaged for Liverpool on the good steamer *Wyoming*, and we sail the 31st of May, to be absent a few months. It is only a little longer vacation from work. I cannot keep up long at the speed of the last few years unless I do break away. Remember us out on the deep sea, and pray for us.

It is not surprising, considering his superior qualifications and the remarkable success achieved by him in New Britain, that he attracted notice. His devotion to his pastoral work, and his splendid achievements in organizing his church for Christian activity, and in developing its power in various directions, gained for him the title of "the Model Pastor of Connecticut." Prominent churches in different parts of the land seeking a minister, were led by his growing reputation to send delegations to hear him, and to inquire about his work. He had received calls, or offers of calls, from several of these before the Pilgrim Church in St. Louis presented its claims to consideration to him. He declined

them promptly, feeling that his work in New Britain was not yet done. His church enjoyed an extensive revival in 1869, by which it was largely increased. The interest continued through 1870 and 1871, and in 1872 it swelled into another revival wave, by which seventy-two were brought into the church on confession of faith.

In the summer of that year he was visited by a delegation from the Pilgrim Church in St. Louis, and pressed to accept a call from that church, which was formally given September 12, 1872. This church had been nearly a year without a settled pastor. It was engaged in the erection of a spacious, beautiful house of worship, built of light sandstone, and at that time nearly completed. The church was located in a new, rapidly growing part of the city, the inhabitants of which were of a superior class, largely from New England and the Middle States.

From the first, Mr. Goodell felt the importance of this call. With a prophetic foresight of the great commercial importance of St. Louis as the gateway to the Southwest, and of the possibilities of usefulness which it offered from its relation of metropolis to all that vast region; feeling certain also from the location of the church that it might, if wisely led, attain to a position of the highest influence in the city, the call had the attraction of a grand opportunity for usefulness.

There was another reason which led him to consider the call. His wife was in delicate health from a bronchial trouble, which was working down into her lungs. He consulted Dr. Bowditch, of Boston, and Dr. Peaselee, of New York, in regard to it. They both were of the opinion that the climate of New Britain was too harsh for her, and that her only hope of recovery lay in the removing to some milder locality in the interior. When

asked what they thought of the climate of St. Louis, just then brought to the notice of Mr. and Mrs. Goodell by the call of Pilgrim Church, they concurred in the opinion that its climatic conditions were well suited to her needs. This opinion, confirmed by subsequent experience, probably turned the wavering scale.

He could not ignore the fact that he had been significantly useful where he then was, or be insensible to the reasons his church in New Britain urged why he should stay. They had been an affectionate and loyal people. He loved them greatly. It was a perplexing question of duty, and he did not hastily decide it. He visited St. Louis to view the field. He deliberated thoughtfully and prayerfully over the matter, seeking divine direction in regard to it. "I believe," says Prof. Camp, "that he was so devoted to the work in New Britain, and his heart was so in it, that he would gladly have given his life to it, had not the Providence of God called him away."

"The Providence of God called him away"; this was his own conviction at length. To the Pilgrim Church he said, after reaching St. Louis, and recounting the circumstances under which he had come to them:

In reviewing the whole case I believe a Divine Providence planned it all. All last summer, although God was richly blessing the work I was doing—having given us ninety-seven new members during the year—I felt that the hand of God was on me, for what I could not tell. My bark seemed to be sailing into strange new seas. The breath of Jehovah was carrying me, as by a current, into new realms of thought and feeling in His kingdom, where I had never voyaged before. It was all a mystery to me. Like St. Paul in the Adriatic, I deemed I "drew near to some country." What was in the Heavenly Father's will

concerning me? I cast out four anchors, as Paul did, and wished for day; for I loved my church, and hoped that not a single anchor of my ship would ever be weighed, should it please God. I wanted to live and die with the dear people who had been my joy and my crown. Soon the men from St. Louis stood before me. . . . It was nothing new to be asked to go to another church. I had become hardened to such things, for men are wanted everywhere. But there was something in their claims that I could not easily put by. Men were in the movement; I felt also that God was in it. . . . I opened the Scriptures for counsel, and this passage came to me: "Behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." At another time when I was seeking the word of God, "as more than my necessary food," this promise was given me: "I will not leave thee nor forsake thee; so that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me." Later still, when I was looking up to the heavens in an hour of misgiving, these words were wafted down: "I will give you a mouth and wisdom which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist." These were the angels that met me in the way, as Abraham and Jacob were met. Finally the physicians opened the gates and said: "You must pass through into the new field, else clouds which have been in your household only as shadows playing on summer grass, will deepen into gloom. So the purpose was sealed."

His letter of acceptance to the call of Pilgrim Church bears date of November 18, 1872, and is a model of felicitous brevity. It reads:

DEAR BRETHREN:—Believing that your call is God's

voice to me, I accept it, in the hope that my ministry may be the voice of God to you.

Yours in Christ,

C. L. GOODELL.

The day he decided the matter, he wrote these three things in his diary: "Preach Christ and His salvation, and not the traditions of the elders"; "Preach for souls, and not for sensation"; "Preach for immediate results."

Having decided to leave New Britain, he would not tarry long. His resignation was given to his church November 10th. Two weeks later he closed his pastorate with that beloved people, and started the next day for St. Louis.

"Words," says one of the officers of his church in New Britain, "cannot express our love for him, or our sorrow at parting with him. It was hard to be submissive. But the result has shown that the Lord wanted him elsewhere. The 'Great West' was his place."

X.

WORK IN A LARGER FIELD.

1872—1873.

**“Thou cam’st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee.”**

—TRENCH.

**“The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight ;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.”**

—LONGFELLOW.

**. . . . “That temperance and serenity of mind which, as it is
the ripest fruit of wisdom, is also the sweetest.”—JAMES RUS-
SELL LOWELL.**



PILGRIM CHURCH, ST. LOUIS, MO.

CHAPTER X.

FIRST YEAR IN ST. LOUIS—THE FIELD AND THE WORK TO BE DONE.

MR. GOODELL was in his forty-third year when he entered upon his work in St. Louis. He reached the city, with Mrs. Goodell and their children, November 27, 1872, the day before the annual Thanksgiving day. They received a hospitable welcome, and found a temporary home at 2734 Lucas Avenue, the residence of Judge Warren Currier, a member of Pilgrim Church. Exhausted by the fatigue of moving, and the pain of parting with his New Britain people, Mr. Goodell was quite ill when he arrived in St. Louis.

Several years afterward, in some interesting reminiscences of this time given to his congregation, he thus describes the circumstances under which he came to them in the beginning of his ministry:

I came among you a pilgrim and a stranger—weary, heart-sore, and ill. I had left the bright and happy home of my early ministry, to which I had brought my bride, and where my children were born. I had left a prosperous church and a devoted people, and come out a thousand miles and more toward the sunset, into an unknown land, to be greeted by the clouded waters of the Mississippi and the murky air of St. Louis. If there were two home-sick persons in St. Louis that night I can tell you who *one* of them was, and I know who the *other* was also.

I came with backward glance, my heart behind me.

Through mists of tears I reviewed the joyous years. It was a great change, and cost prodigious resolution.

Do you ask how the change came to be made? My letter of acceptance to your call expressed the conviction of my heart in that important turning-point in my life. I believed that your call was God's voice to me.

I shall never forget the fire in the grate in one of your homes, which shed its cheerful greeting on the cold and bleak night of my arrival. I shall never forget the generous *welcome* there extended, and unfailing through weary days of sickness. It was an omen of good and a symbol of many heart-fires burning here for Christ in these Christian homes, which have never smouldered nor grown cold during all these years. "I was a *stranger* and ye took me in ; I was *sick* and ye visited me."

As Gideon's army was made to lap the water before victory was accorded, so God saw fit to cast me down at the very outset by illness, that I might enter into this vineyard through a very lowly gate, and begin the work with a most absolute and complete dependence on God. I trust we did so begin it.

The gloomy and lonesome days did not last long. So hearty and cordial was the welcome you gave, so constant and untiring was your kindness, so large-hearted and self-sacrificing was your devotion to this church, so watchful and active were you in behalf of the general interests of Christ's cause and kingdom in this great field of the West, that soon the deep waters were passed. I rose up into strength and courage and hope. I did not fulfill all the appointed days for mourning before I was led into rejoicing through God's manifest presence and blessing.

Mr. Goodell's illness lasted about three weeks. He recovered from it in season to take a part in the exercises of dedication for the new church, which was finished

and dedicated on Forefathers' Day, December 22, 1872. At about the same time he moved into the house, No. 3006 Pine Street, which was his home in St. Louis for the remainder of his life.

The Pilgrim Church, St. Louis, when Dr. Goodell became its pastor, had been in existence about six years. He was its third pastor. In its previous history, it had passed through trials and vicissitudes that had tested and sifted it till it had become a Gideon's band—small but select. There were in it men and women of strong faith, firm resolution, and consecrated hearts. Such people never fail if they have a fair opportunity. They had an excellent opportunity. "They saw the need; they saw the hour, and they struck; and God added His blessing" after some trials and discouragements had proved them worthy. At Mr. Goodell's coming, the success of their enterprise was still somewhat dubious. At least it was not then so complete that the work offered him was an easy one. He says afterward, "It was a heavy load to be taken up and carried through to certain success. True, the audience-room was attractive; the location of the church was fine; the little band of men and women engaged in it was *loyal* and determined, and the general promise good. But there was a heavy debt on the property; the building was far from being finished, and the membership small."

The very largeness of the plan which had been conceived by the founders of the church, and the largeness of their purpose, made it no holiday work for either pastor or people. They had planned in anticipation of the needs of future years rather than for the present. They had purposed to meet those needs by building a house of worship that was larger than they required at the time. The resident membership of the church was

only 92 persons, and the whole congregation seemed but a handful.

"There were *three* things," says Dr. Goodell, "that must be done, without which the whole enterprise would be a failure.

"The *first* thing to be done was to secure the presence and indwelling of God in this temple, so that Christians should be enlarged, so that souls should be redeemed, and all the people made to feel that God had come to His temple, and owned it and blessed it, and made it as a gate of light for the comfort and good of men.

"The *second* thing to be done was to draw in the people who were without a church home, and add to the strength and working force of the church, so that the great labors of the few could be shared by the many, and all the posts of duty be filled. An important church work cannot be carried on without *people*. There is no blessing on empty pews.

"The *third* thing to be done was to finish the church for comfort and convenience and use, and pay the debts on it, which, unpaid, would soon sink it.

"This was the task. Many things might be done, but if this was left undone the church could not succeed. Many things might be left undone, but if this was done other interests would come right in their time."

It may be affirmed that the "task" thus definitely stated by him was not all that he contemplated doing. It should be augmented by additions. He was not a man to be satisfied with building up his own one church, even though it attained the greatest prosperity. He wished to see it the mother of churches that should spring up around her in different parts of the city, born into life and nourished into self-support-

ing strength through her zeal and self-sacrifices for the Gospel.

He believed that Congregationalism was well adapted to other soils besides that of New England; that it would thrive as well in the West or the South, or wherever men needing the Gospel are found. "Are we a church of God," he asked, "and set to save a few New England people, and their children, and stop there? No; we are to seek and save all men of every nation and kindred and tongue under the heavens. We bear the whole cross of Christ, and are to work, not for a class, but for the world; to aim at anything less is to be unworthy of the Lord that bought us." These ideas, which were to flame up in a blaze of eloquence years later in his remarkable address at Chicago, on Fore-fathers' Day in 1885, just before his death, were in his mind at the time we are speaking of. He brought them from the East to his new field at the West, and his heart burned to prove their truth. He desired and was resolved to labor to sow the whole Southwest with Congregational churches. And that these churches might have an educated ministry, for which they should not be dependent on the schools of the East, he took up with enthusiasm, at the very beginning of his ministry in St. Louis, as President Morrison will tell us later, the work of establishing in Southwest Missouri a Congregational Christian College.

This was his "task," more or less clearly held in mind as he then faced the future.

This task, stupendous under the most favorable circumstances, was much enhanced by the nature of his field of labor. Since Dr. Goodell first went to St. Louis, its religious character has changed for the better. What it was then—"how hard a city to do Christian work

in," the following description given to his former flock in New Britain, after he had been in St. Louis a short time, clearly sets forth :

St. Louis is a great and a wicked city. God's day has been dishonored, His law been disregarded in legislation, and His Word been banished from the public schools. The city is in that belt with Washington and Cincinnati, which is marked by moral inertia, and is much behind the northern tier of cities in spiritual tone.

St. Louis was planted by French Romanists, and the Romish Church still holds great wealth and a third of the population. Another third of the population is German, with infidel tendencies. The last third only is Christian Protestant ; although this embraces much of the enterprise and intelligence and controlling influence of the city. But this element is divided up into fifteen or twenty different sects, and each of these sects is again unfortunately divided and subdivided by internal antagonisms and ruptures.

A work of such vastness, amid such an environment, required not only rare abilities, but a rare and peculiar nature. A soul of large faith and hope, and invincible patience and courage, was demanded, that it might not sink down in despair before the seeming impossibility. His was a soul of such rare qualities. To him, more than to any other man of like eminence among his contemporaries, we may apply the poet's lines :

"Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The exultation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labors and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees it finds,
Or what it cannot find creates."

In his steadfast pursuit of his work he was characterized by an unfailing good-nature. Vexations and exasperating things did not once disturb the equanimity and sweetness of his spirit. There must have been many and constant annoyances. Coming from "the Land of Steady Habits," from orderly, religious New England, as it then was, to a city where the Lord's day was openly desecrated, and every form of wickedness and impiety abounded, it could not have been otherwise. Sights and sounds continually assailed both eyes and ears which would have extorted from a less self-restrained person continual objurgation. He bore everything with unruffled serenity.

The following incident, which occurred in the early part of his St. Louis ministry, during the first year, illustrates his imperturbable good-nature.

He was addressing the Sunday-school one Sabbath day at the noon hour, when he was interrupted and his voice almost drowned by the loud ringing of a milkman's bell just outside the chapel windows. He paused a moment until the ringing had ceased; and then without the least sign of impatience or annoyance, said: "There is that bell again! I heard it the first Sunday I came into this chapel, and have heard it every Sunday since. But God bless the bell and the man that rings it, and make him an honest milkman; and may he desire the sincere milk of the Word"; and then proceeded in his address, which the noisy clangor had interrupted. The effect of the little parenthetical speech was most happy. The people never forgot it. It was an example of incorruptible sweetness and patience under provocation which did them good. It suggested the right way of dealing with the heathenism and religious indifference about them. If they conquered it, it must be

done in the spirit and manner of Him who said, "Being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we endure; being defamed, we entreat."

The first thing deemed requisite, viz., the presence of God in converting and saving power, was earnestly sought and soon obtained. Before they had advanced far into the new year, the church and pastor were rejoicing over souls converted, and many gratifying tokens of an awakened religious interest. The attendance at the prayer-meetings increased, and the Holy Spirit's presence there, with quickening power, was recognized.

In everything the pastor proposed or attempted, he found his church in the main sympathetic, responsive, and ready to co-operate with him. Neither he nor they spared themselves. "It is a hard city to do Christian work in," he once said, "but a good people to do work among, and an opportunity for laying foundations such as can come only once in centuries. Christ has not appointed us to a service where we may save our strength, but save souls."

It may be said that God favored him by His Providence in many ways. He was favored by the location of his church in the new and rapidly growing portion of St. Louis, where it stood. The population to be drawn to it, instead of moving away from the church, was then rapidly moving toward it. The character of this population was favorable to the enterprise. It was composed of a good, intelligent class of people. A large proportion of them were from New England, or of New England descent. They were friendly to the polity and faith of Pilgrim Church. They valued God's house for themselves and their families. If not previously in the habit of attending church, their early education and their family traditions were in favor of it.

It was a prosperous class of people, able to contribute liberally, if they chose to do so, to those Christian enterprises the new pastor wished to advance.

He was graciously favored personally in the improved health of Mrs. Goodell, who soon after their settlement in St. Louis began rapidly to amend. This removed a great load of anxiety from his heart. It was also of great advantage to him to have her more active assistance in his work, thus allowed.

The next letter, to one of his intimate friends in New Britain, Mr. Charles Peck, describes the religious interest in Pilgrim Church during that first winter of his pastorate in St. Louis. How quickening its devotional warmth is!

St. Louis, April 30, 1873.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I rejoice that you have so soon found another pastor. I feel that your harmony in all church matters, and progress in good things since I left, reflects honor on me and on the cause of Christ.

God has preciously filled my hands full here of late, and I am having the unspeakable joy of passing through just such scenes in leading souls to Christ as we saw so often in the beloved South Church. The ice is all breaking up in the hearts of the people, and the church is filled with singing and joy and hope. Thirty-two are to be added next Sunday to the church, and the people are preparing to decorate the church with flowers. God's love seems to be abroad among us in tender power, and the hearts of the people are melted as by the soft, spring rains. My heart in these days is like an altar on which gratitude rises like incense to God day and night. I have forgotten about my own health lately, and I presume I am very well. I ought to be. We do not forget you and your dear family and all that concerns you. God is good, His love is like the deep sea, and His voice

along the hills and in the skies is like the voice of singing ; and it is a privilege beyond all price to know Him and live for Him and be spent for Him.

I might say to you many things, but I send you, my dear friend, this one thing—the *love, the precious love of God.*

Ever yours,

C. L. GOODELL.

Mr. Goodell was not formally installed the pastor of Pilgrim Church until June 5, 1873—six months after he had entered upon his labors with them. During those months he had given full proof of his fitness for the work to which he had been called, and satisfied his people that they had made a happy choice in calling him to be their pastor. In fact, those months of preliminary trial (for such they may be called, whether he was on trial with the church, or the church was on trial with him) seemed to have confirmed the belief and the hope expressed in his remarkable letter of acceptance: the belief that their call was God's voice to him; the hope, that his ministry might be the voice of God to them.

On the following Sabbath he preached an appropriate sermon on Acts x. 29, in which this interesting passage is found :

It seems like a dream to me that my home is now on the farther banks of the great river, twelve hundred miles from the altar fires of my fathers and the Sabbath bells of my boyhood. I little thought it would be given to me to aid in setting up the monuments of the Puritans across the continent, and to assist in bearing to the outer sea the blazing torch of liberty and civilization and religion, which they lighted at the sun.

In the early history of Boston, the selectmen of the town reported that they had laid out a road to Newton, twelve miles west, probably as far as a highway would ever be needed in that

direction. A few years after, a party of men and women, organized into a church, journeyed through the wilderness past Springfield to Hartford, and founded a colony there. It took them twelve days, and it was the very outpost of Western civilization. The star of empire seemed to set in the Connecticut.

In the early part of this century, my father, a Massachusetts man, journeyed West on foot and by stage-coach and canal-boat, and after three weeks of ardent travel came to Rochester, New York, as far as any footprints had been made on these Western sands of time. But it made him dizzy to think of the distance he had travelled, and he hurried back to the shadows of Bunker Hill.

In view of such facts, I may well be permitted to feel that I have come a long way to you. But in losing my home I have found it again. The things that made it precious there I meet on every hand to endear it here. The Athenian youths met beneath the Acropolis, and pledged themselves that wherever the vine and the olive grew, and the barley harvest waved, there was Greece. So with myself: wherever the school-house is, and the church and the Christian household, there is home.

This is home to me to-day. After six months the clouds have lifted. I draw heart and life at every inspiration. I feel as if my foot were on my native heath. I already have a fever for this great West, although I have no Western fever. My interest in every good thing here has constantly increased without experiencing a chill. I have become a Western man as well as Eastern. You should hear me discourse on the religious wants and hopes of the great Mississippi valley! I may yet get the central doctrine of every man's creed who lives five years in this Western world, that all the universe revolves about the very hamlet wherein he has located his corner lot.

It is this faith in the future which is one of the best hopes of the West. Sad for a nation when its greatest things are behind it, and it points to the bones of its forefathers as its treasure rather than to the inheritance it is bound to achieve for its children. When we lose faith in ourselves, and in the grandeur of the work we are called to do, we become hirelings.

I desire to express a gratitude to you, deeper than words, for all that you have been to me in this critical turning-point in our history. You have made our transition from the banks of

the Connecticut to that of the Mississippi like the journey of Peter from Joppa to Cæsarea, a happy pilgrimage of sacred service for the Almighty Father. Already is every interest of yours dear to me, and nothing that concerns your good is without interest to me. For your sake I will like this city and live in it, and not shake off its dust from my feet. I will even find some good in its coal smoke. Its clouded water has already become like paper currency, rather more attractive on the whole than the real coin. Where a man's mission is, and where God is with His blessing, there a man's heart is. He becomes adjusted to his surroundings. He sees and delights in the good there is, and it becomes home to him. It seems surprising when I think of it, that I could become so much interested in this church, and so identified with Christian work here in so short a time. I seem to have known you longer.

To W. H. Smith, Esq., New Britain, Ct., he writes:

June 16, 1873.

My health is very good now, only I am tired. I felt after the severe tax on my nerves last year at New Britain in going through with so many in their religious experience, that I needed a year of rest to take me back to my old strength. Nothing wears one like prolonged deep feeling. But this winter and spring have found me quite as much occupied in the same way, and yet I have been made equal to my day, and the work grows more precious as the years go on. I believe that when we wait on the Lord our *strength* is renewed like the eagle's. God has permitted me to see more good here thus early than I dared to hope. The Lord *is good*. He is our Keeper, and He that keepeth us will never slumber.

I thank you for the suggestion that we may be sheltered by your roof when we come to New Britain. We know there will be welcome and rest and cheer there, and we will gladly avail ourselves of it for a little if all

is well. Mrs. Goodell joins me in very kind regards to the household.

Very truly, the Ex-PASTOR.

During this first year of his pastorate one hundred and three persons were added to the Pilgrim Church. Thus its active resident membership was more than doubled in that brief time.

The foregoing letter, written a fortnight before his annual vacation, reveals signs of weariness and a need of rest. He was "tired" from the exhausting labors of the two previous years. He set forth his need of rest, and justified the right which all toilers with the brain like himself have to an occasional vacation, in an admirable sermon, preached in the evening of the Sabbath preceding his departure for New England, whither he went for the vacation of 1873:

Leisure is needed to fill the mind that is emptied by incessant giving out. The mind is a reservoir that fills slowly, but is rapidly discharged. The intellect is like a liberal man: the more he gives, the more he delights in giving. But he cannot always be dealing out even to the best objects. He can part with more money in a week than he can earn in a year. There must be seasons of gain in order to generous giving.

Some of the rarest stores of thought open only to the mind that has leisure to unlock them. They will not open under hurried pressure. There are truths that will not give themselves except to the heart that is quiet and restful. There are priceless views of the kingdom of God and His righteousness that yield their exquisite grace and charm only in that atmosphere which the heart in its leisure diffuses.

Work that is hurried is often good, very good. It has vigor and force, grasp and fire. It is apt, however, to be

feverish and one-sided, crude and inadequate. Possessing certain elements that are valuable to stir the soul, it is liable also to lack those that are equally essential,—completeness, repose, fineness of flavor, wide outlook, and calm, sustained power.

Man must have leisure, or some germs of surpassing fineness and beauty in him will never ripen, and the most delicate flavors he is capable of will fail to appear. The great poems were never hurried; they carry an atmosphere of infinite repose. The masterpieces of art have taken their fullness of power and flush of beauty from the long accumulations of the natures that produced them. Their fine play of light and shade comes out of restful souls.

If we would comprehend the great problems of life and destiny, of faith and duty, we must walk about them in times of leisure, coming upon them in the calm of thought at every angle. When the soul is abroad in such leisure, truth, wary and shy in presence of haste and worry, makes her most glorious revealings. If I owe much to work, much also to periods of rest. Dreaming among the clustered columns and lofty arches of Salisbury Cathedral, 'midst summer days of June, in utter idleness and rest, I saw, as I never had in all the books, that God is a Spirit, and that they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

Sitting in the public gardens in the city of Milan, under the crystalline skies of Italy, with the imperial Alps rising like a majestic sky-wall to the north, one October morning, God gave me some of the best lines of thought I have ever unfolded. I have given some of them to you, as doves that had flocked to my windows. You knew not whence they came, but I recognized the gleam of Italian sunrisings in their wings.

I believe in work; no man more. But I believe also in leisure, and make my plea for it. Friends beloved,

you are not idle when you sit under a tree watching the moving shadows and the soft light glinting through. You are not idle when you hold your little child on your knee, or play with the older ones on the lawn. You are not idle when you drive out with your family to take the fragrant earthy breath of nature. It is good indeed to make hay while the sun shines, but there is something to be made out of sunshine besides hay for donkeys, else the donkeys only will have the benefit of the sunshine. While the sun shines snatch moments to weave its joy and cheer and hope into your own soul. Make spiritual character as well as hay. Enrich your life with love and faith and holy communing. Gather perfume to shed in your home, to gladden the hearts of childhood, to rejoice the soul of friendship.

Now again I hear the voice of the Lord saying: "Come ye apart into a desert place and rest awhile." I propose to depart privately, to come again, please God, with new heart and hope for my delightful service among you.

In his vacation he visited New Britain, and refreshed himself with the sight of his former people, in whose homes he found a warm welcome and a cordial hospitality, so far as he was able to accept their invitations to enjoy it.

A touching incident marked this visit. He was told that a sick, little English girl was anxious to see him, as "the only pastor she ever knew." He promptly called at her home. It was a humble home, with bare walls and floors and plain, cheap furniture, though everything was sweet and clean. Seated in an arm-chair, where she had found her only resting-place for many a weary day and night, the sick girl welcomed her pastor with a face radiant with joy. The cold drops on her

brow, the labored breathing and glassy eye told that her rest was near. He sat down beside her and told her in his own gentle, inimitable way, of Jesus and His love, repeating precious promises of hope and trust. He then, at her request, prayed with her in a way so real and so appropriate to her dying state, that those who were present almost fancied that they could see the gates of "Jerusalem, the Golden," roll back to let the little child in. Such ministries were always a joy to him. He felt that every sick-room like that was a holy place, and most dear in the sight of heaven. To his thought angels were there, and the beginnings of heaven.

Besides New Britain, St. Johnsbury and other "quiet resting-places" were visited during that vacation. He anticipated for the next year a great work, and he sought to prepare himself by rest and recuperation for it.

In the autumn after his return, the church undertook and carried on to completion an important improvement in their house of worship, made necessary by the growth of its work during the previous year. This was the alteration and enlargement of their chapel, built in 1866. Originally of brick, and with one story only, it was now adorned with a stone front, and carried up to a second story, so as to be in harmony with the church to which it was attached. It was thus enlarged so as to contain sewing-rooms and parlors, and other conveniences of a modern church, happily fitted up for the uses of the congregation. This improvement, made at a cost exceeding \$13,000, was completed and dedicated January 21, 1874. It was much enjoyed, and of great service in the meetings of that winter.

XI.

A YEAR OF BLESSING.

1873—1875.

“Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence ‘all the days.’”

“Another year of service,
Of witness of Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.”

—HAVERGAL.

“The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which Heaven itself has wrought—
Light, Truth, and Love.”

—J. G. WHITTIER.

CHAPTER XI.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE REVIVAL—ENLARGEMENT OF THE CHURCH.

SOON after his return to St. Louis in September, 1873, at his instance mainly, an Alliance of the Evangelical Churches of the city was formed for the promotion of Christian fellowship, and to secure more effective union in religious work. Mr. Goodell was led to use his efforts to form such an association because, during the previous year, he had felt "a sense of loneliness and the need of sympathy and co-operation in spiritual work."

We have from his own hand an interesting account of the good results attending the formation of the Alliance. It had no small share in producing the great religious work of that winter. He says:

The meetings of this body from week to week, including a large number of able and earnest ministers, were very fraternal and quickening. Soon an association was organized to promote a better observance of the Sabbath. Union meetings of great interest and profit were held all over the city, and Christians and pastors were for the first time brought face to face and hand to hand in doing the work of the Lord. Men began to taste the sweets of Christian fellowship and union, and they said, "It is blessed." Everybody felt something new had come to St. Louis. It was as if an alabaster box of precious ointment had been broken here, and the odor was filling the air. Prayer-meetings increased in interest. The Lord's

people grew tender, and spake often one to another. A series of meetings was held daily at central points for three weeks, presided over by different pastors. These gatherings were large, and people lingered to say to each other: "It is good to be here." It was plain to all that the Lord was nearing the city.

"We heard the solemn steps and sweet
Of the Saviour's coming feet."

Encouraged by these favorable tokens of a revival of religion in the city, it was decided to employ further active means for its advancement. On the first day of the new year, January 1, 1874, seven pastors united in sending an invitation to Rev. E. P. Hammond, the evangelist, to come to the city and hold union meetings. The large hall of the Mercantile Library Association—located in the lower part of the city, in the centre of business, and where the forces of worldliness were strongly massed—was engaged for the purpose, and other means calculated to ensure success adopted. The pastor of the Pilgrim Church labored especially to prepare the hearts of his people for the coming of the Lord. His sermons on the first Sabbath of the year were very earnest and awakening, and his plans for the observance of the "Week of Prayer" wisely formed. In giving the notices for the week from the pulpit that Sabbath morning, he invited all who came to the prayer-meeting the next Monday evening to bring a text of Scripture which should be a motto for the new year, with any words of their own they might choose to add. The people responded to the suggestion, and the result was a meeting long remembered for its interest and spiritual power. During the hour over sixty mottoes were given, a considerable number of them accom-

panied by pertinent remarks and worthy resolves. The week thus begun grew in religious interest and solemnity to its close.

Soon Mr. Hammond made a favorable reply to the invitation sent him, and promptly came to St. Louis and entered upon his work. More than thirty ministers of various denominations, and a large number of active Christians from their churches, agreed to work with him. In the weeks that followed they prayed and labored together with all their hearts, looking to God for the increase, and He gave it forthwith without stint. At the very first meeting led by Mr. Hammond, which was for children Saturday afternoon, there was a baptism from on high.

The plan of work adopted and carried out was to have the one large central meeting in Mercantile Library Hall, under the direction of Mr. Hammond, and open smaller meetings in different parts of the city as the interest spread. Between the large meeting and the smaller ones there was a close and vital connection. They acted and reacted on each other as the religious sentiment in the city deepened. Hundreds of Christian workers were scattered abroad through the city preaching the Word. Ladies' prayer-meetings were held every afternoon in private houses, and general prayer-meetings in the evenings in the churches. The central meeting increased steadily in numbers and power for several weeks, and the outlying scattered meetings kept pace with it. At the end of the fourth week in the progress of the work, Mr. Goodell wrote in regard to it as follows:

All the Sabbath-schools and churches are stirred as never before in the history of the city. The neighboring

said by one of the speakers at his funeral, "In all the land there was but one Dr. Goodell."

His advent to the pastorate of Pilgrim Church was followed by a great and immediate enlargement of its benevolent contributions. At his touch, every languishing, dying work was quickened to renewed life and vigor. The most tightly-closed pocket-books felt the power of his appeals, and opened their treasures to the causes for which he pleaded.

In his labors to build up his church he was remarkably successful in winning men to Christ, especially young men. The great preponderance of women in our churches—the fact that two-thirds, and often three-fourths, of their membership are women, awakened him to thoughtful solicitude and inquiry. He realized the importance of strenuous efforts to bring in men. He sought out the reasons that held them aloof from the church, and he endeavored to remove them. He first strove to commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God as a true embodiment of the Christian religion. He won their respect by his manly qualities. He showed them, in his own person, that to be a Christian was to fill out the ideal of chivalry, and that in inviting them to be the disciples of Christ, he asked them not to be effeminate, but to be like the Knights of the Round Table who bound themselves

"To break the heathen and uphold the church,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To teach high thought, and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and *all that makes a man.*"

He also gave emphasis and prominence to those elements of Christian truth too little dwelt upon, which especially appeal to and foster the manly virtues. Christ was both "the Lamb of God" and "the Lion of the tribe of Judah." With the meekness and gentleness of the one He united the boldness and masterful strength of the other. The bruised reed He would not break, nor quench the smoking flax, but when wicked men profaned the temple with their mercenary traffic, He assumed an awful and terrific mien, and drove them panic-stricken from it with whip of cords; and when they came out with swords and staves to arrest Him, such was the majesty of His demeanor that the most brazen-fronted quailed before Him, and the whole armed posse fell backward to the ground.

Both sides of Christ's character need to be dwelt upon. If unequal prominence is given to either, the truth suffers. The ideal presented is not complete—the impression of it is faulty; its influence in the edification of Christian character is not what it is designed to be. The apostles, in their writings and characters, exhibit the true Christian ideal. They were gentle and beneficent toward their fellow-men; they were also bold and unflinching in the performance of duty or in the face of danger.

Dr. Goodell nourished his mind and fashioned his conduct by feeding upon all the elements of Christian truth. In his preaching and ministry of truth to his congregation, he also sought to declare the whole counsel of God; to commend the heroic and manly traits of Christian character, as well as the gentle and submissive ones. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely,

whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be *any praise*," he exhorted his hearers to take account of them.

A memorable instance, illustrating the emphasis he gave to the masculine side of Christian truth, and in such a way as never can be forgotten by his people, occurred a short time previous to his removal from them. It was when, only a month before he died, he gave them as a watchword or motto for the year, the words of the Apostle Paul, I Cor. xvi. 13: "*Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.*"

His personal character and preaching were not only fitted to win men, but his pastoral zeal also. He was strenuous to bring them to Christ, and to a confession of their faith by uniting with His Church. There were men in his congregation who had sat for years in other churches and heard the invitations of the Gospel without heeding them. It was the testimony of some of them that the preachers who had addressed to them these invitations in public never had followed them up by any private appeal. Coming under the ministry of Dr. Goodell, they soon realized that they were under the care of a pastor of more earnest spirit. To his pulpit exhortations he added private entreaties, and to private entreaties earnest, affectionate letters, beseeching them no longer to postpone their acceptance of Christ, or the confession of Him as their Saviour.

The following letter is a good example. The person to whom it was addressed soon after yielded to the pastor's persuasion by making a public profession of faith, and he is now one of the officers of Pilgrim Church. How full of wisdom, ardor, and tender appeal the letter is!

St. Louis, Dec. 22, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. S.:—The years are running on, and we do not know how many remain for us. Why is not the New Year, close at hand, the time for you to enter into the fold of Christ, where He has invited all to come who love Him, and own Him as Lord, and call Him Saviour?

It would discharge a solemn duty we all owe Him for His sacrifice and suffering for us. It would be a comfort and strength to you. It would be a joy to a large circle of friends. It would be an example to others for good. It would be an inspiration and cheer to the church. It would be a joy to the angels. It would be well-pleasing to God; for He rejoices to have His children own and confess Him, as we rejoice when our children come to us with new purposes of love and obedience and service.

The kernel of it all is faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the soul's Redeemer and King; that faith which forms the life after divine patterns, and carries it along toward all that is pure and good, accepting God's word as guide.

Now as to creed, which I fear has troubled you: whatever the Bible fairly teaches, that you want to hold; whatever it does not teach, that no true church of Christ will ask any one to profess. Man, a sinner; Christ, an almighty Saviour, come to redeem and bless all who will trust Him—these are the fundamental things, and all other things are only relative and minor; and the hardest words we have to accept fell from Christ's own lips. If you stand here you belong to Christ, and have a place in His Church among His people, and at His table.

Come, my dear brother, and take that place. I have been greatly drawn to your character. I have felt you were coming in these ways; I long to welcome you now. The light of such a step would fall sweetly on all our paths, and most of all on the path of that dear child

in your home, for whose good you want all these things settled, so that there will be a united home example for him in outward form as well as in inward life.

Pardon my liberty, and believe me,

Yours in love and respect,

C. L. GOODELL.

Besides such earnest labors with *men* to win them to Christ and His Church, Dr. Goodell indirectly sought the same object by diligent efforts to promote child-piety, especially among boys. Make Christians of the boys, and soon there will be no lack of Christian men. In a memorable article, published in one of our religious weeklies, entitled "Two or Three Women to One Man in our Churches," he says upon the subject discussed: "This is a sad and alarming fact. It reveals the false theory upon which churches are working. They do not begin with the young, and expect them to be brought to Christ and received into His fold. They wait till their golden opportunity is past, and the boys have lost this best time in their history to begin the religious life, because they who have led and taught them have thought that it was too early for them to truly give their hearts to Christ, and take His vows upon them. So the churches are made up mostly of women. The victories of Christianity must be largely gained in the hearts of the young. 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy.' The delicate susceptibilities of the soul to spiritual things soon become hardened by the world and lose their power; the mind and the truths of salvation become dead to each other. The world must be saved, if it is saved at all, before it is twenty-one. We agonize for the salvation of the mature portion of our congregation, year after year,

and gain, now and then, one, leaving the young to grow up without Christ and get, likewise, ensnared in the bondage of worldliness and sin; when, should we reverse the effort, and work for the young, and leave the old as practically beyond hope, we should save vastly more souls with a tithe of the labor. We persist in working at the greatest disadvantage. We leave the young and tender plants to toughen into thorns and briars, and spend most of our time on the autumn thistles, which only prick us for our pains. . . . When converts are gained from these ranks, they not only are more difficult to win, but to the end of their days are not, as a rule, so active and efficient Christians. You can make the most of a man in any line of effort by beginning with him *young*."

Dr. Goodell believed that mothers have a great responsibility in this matter; that with them, assisted by the ministry and the church working upon a better theory as to the time when the young may become Christians and be admitted to the church, our hope of a change for the better must largely rest. "The Jewish mothers," he said, "know how to make Jews. They seldom fail. They do it at an age so early that the sons and daughters alike are held, receiving from the beginning of their work all the aids of their religious ordinances. The Catholic mothers know how to make Catholics, and they have the help of all the ordinances of the church. Why should Protestant mothers have less? Why should they fall behind in the success of their methods or reach fewer in number? A Catholic was asked why he stuck by his faith so firmly? 'The ould woman,' he said, 'put it into me round the fire when I was a child.' In one generation, the statistics could be wonderfully altered from the fatal three-women-

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to-one-man plan of the present, altered not simply in the ratio of the sexes, but in the life and power of the churches."

SABBATH MORNING PETITIONS.

All night Thou hast brooded us under the shadow of Thy wings ; and now that the Sabbath day has come, give us that inner light which makes the Sabbath blessed, which brightens all toil, and fits for all duties. Thy Sabbath days, O God, are the flower and glory of the year.

These Sabbaths are milestones, each nearer than the last to Thee, and to the better country. Since we are passing through this world and cannot pause, may we seek to learn more of the next, and to be fitted for it.

May Thy name stir our souls to-day as the name of a friend we love. We come hungry, feed us. We come thirsty, give us drink. We come in weariness and trouble, things have not gone right ; fill us. We bless Thee for this day of rest, for the springs that open, the shady palms that wave for us in Thy courts. We anchor our business ships beside Thy holy day. Our week's work is done ; and like weary laborers we desire to come home and spend the day with Thee. If, pressed with care, we have been fretful and spoken words not good this week, forgive us. If, worried and tried, we have doubted Thee, forgive. If under temptation we have yielded to sin, forgive us. Help us to lay off our care and worries upon Thee, and to leave our sins behind us, and to go forward. May we not be in the church to-day, yet far from Heaven.

FRAGMENTS FROM HIS SUNDAY EVENING PRAYERS.

Where the evening star left us, may the morning star find us—trusting Thee.

Give us the faith that sees Thee, the love that longs for Thee, the desire that follows after Thee, and the strength that enables us to rejoice in Thy service.

We lay a thankful heart at Thy feet to-night. We long to sing a sweeter song to Thee than we have ever sung before, for Thy mercies seem sweeter and more precious.

Thou hast hushed the tumults of earth, that we might hear to-day the voices of Heaven.

Perhaps to-morrow we shall see Thee. The eyes of some are saluting Heaven every day. We thank Thee that no cloud of earth shall dim our life with Thee.

Keep open Thy gates for those so slow to come.

Let dews from above refresh the long week's toil.

Our joy is not that we hold to Thee so strong, but that Thou dost *hold us*.

Give all work who are seeking to be useful.

We praise Thee for Thy Word, and bless Thee that it has been spread abroad so that the sun never sets on its gleaming pages.

We bless Thee that we are travelling to that land of which Thou hast said, "I will give it thee." May we voyage out into still seas.

O God, Thou art able to bring good out of evil ; hence Thou art the One we want in all the hard and bitter passages in life.

Thy day hangs out its banners of peace all along the sky, calm as the shadow of the bright cloud which lay over the tents of Israel.

Thy love fills all our souls to-night. Do not make as if Thou wouldest go further. Come and *abide with us*.

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Thy love fills all our souls to-night. Do not make as if Thou wouldest go further. Come and *abide with us*.

Thy dear love gives both the cross and the crown.

We are lifted up less by what Thou givest than by what Thou takest.

We thank Thee for home.

Bless those who bear burdens and go through struggles each day which try the soul.

XII.

THE SOUL'S ANCHORAGE IN STORM.

1875—1876.

‘One who has known in storms to sail,
I have on board ;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.”

—DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

“The life of a conscientious clergyman is not easy. I do not envy a clergyman’s life as an easy life, nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life.”—JOHNSON.

“So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer,
And God’s grace fructify through thee to all.”

—MRS. E. B. BROWNING

CHAPTER XII.

CYCLONE AT SEA—PRAYERS—SUCCESSFUL LABORS—
ADDRESS BEFORE THE TRIENNIAL CONVENTION
OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES OF ILLINOIS
AT CHICAGO—BELFRY CHIMES—THOUGHTS FROM
NOTE-BOOK.

THE different successive years of Dr. Goodell's pastorate in St. Louis were severally marked by some memorable advance in the spiritual growth or material strength of the church. The year 1875 was signalized by a determined and successful effort to pay the debt of \$25,000 by which the Society was burdened.

This work having been accomplished in the spring, Dr. and Mrs. Goodell—both needing rest and recuperation from the exhausting labors of the preceding four years—went abroad for a short trip in the summer. They visited England, Scotland, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, and France, spending some time in the principal cities, and among the mountains and lakes, experiencing much benefit from the mental refreshment which they found in the scenes visited.

The most memorable event which occurred on this trip abroad was a terrific storm, encountered on the homeward voyage, an account of which Dr. Goodell afterward published in the *Congregationalist*, under the title of “Outriding a Cyclone at Sea.” The account is so graphic and interesting that we reproduce here the greater part of it:

Returning from Europe in September, 1875, our steamship was struck in mid-ocean at daybreak by a cyclone. The sea had been vexed by autumn gales, and the waves contrary for some days. But this black angel spread his wings on the water without warning. A cyclone moves with the stealth and spring of a panther. The shock was sudden, tremendous, awful. The blast of the tempest, riding the gulf stream all the way from the heated tropics, was like the breath of a fiery furnace. It was the same cyclone which damaged Galveston, and tearing through the Gulf of Mexico, swept up the Atlantic coast and out upon the ocean, spreading wreck and death.

Our iron ship was staunch and well manned ; but the first swirl of the whirlwind, travelling in its might like a majestic cylinder of fire-storm, stripped a portion of the guards and boats from the deck, and carried one of the crew into the sea, breaking his leg. He caught a stray rope and was rescued. The man at the wheel lost control of the vessel for a little, and veering round she went into the trough of the sea. The great billows instantly flooded and submerged her, and the sea-water poured down the hatchway and through the skylights on the deck like falls of a mill-dam. Those in the saloon feeling the roll of the ship, the waves going over her, and seeing the green water starred with foam at the port-holes, and in the descending cataract within, threatening to fill every room and cabin in the ship, will never forget the scene. This was repeated several times.

The passengers assembled in the dining-saloon, and clung to tables and sofas and chairs round the room, which were chained to the floor. It was impossible to walk, or sit, or recline, without holding on to some object with great firmness. Many were thrown and tossed about like footballs, and much injured. For eighteen hours this stress of weather was on us. For eighteen

hours, with few interruptions, I sat on the edge of a sofa, clinging to a table before me; my wife lying on the sofa, and I bracing back against her so as to keep her from being thrown upon the floor.

For the first fifteen minutes, when death seemed inevitable, my shrinking and recoil from death was very strong. It was a terror to think of being cast into such an angry, surging sea. Then came the thought, I cannot give up my work for Christ now; His service is a joy, and in His strength I want to live and toil for Him. After this came thoughts of my children and friends, and my church in St. Louis. I said in my heart: My work is not done. I cannot part with them now. Lord, spare me from this hour. When this tide of thought and emotion had swept swiftly past, it was as if Jesus came to me walking on the sea. My heart leaped out to Him in complete assurance and rest. "Perfect love casteth out fear." From that moment He was my refuge, and all burden went. There was a great calm in my soul. Heaven seemed near and unutterably precious. The bright way to it through the crystal waters appeared short and beautiful as a pavement of emerald. There was a feeling of resignation and readiness, then and there, in the midst of the boiling, tempestuous sea, to go home to the Heavenly Father's house. From that early point to the end, I was permitted to minister to others.

The occasion required a soul calm and serene and confident in God. The crash of the sea and the revels of the wind and the thunder of the far deep were mingled with the shrieks and groans of the affrighted passengers. Under the influence of fear the eyes protruded as in strangulation and drowning. All classes were in prayer asking mercy, and seeking piteously to be directed. The interest in personal salvation was instant and universal. A Jew sat at my feet fifteen hours, leaving only at the

briefest intervals. The group around me, clinging to their holds, listened to the words of salvation as for their lives. The Bible seemed builded as an armory wherein hung a thousand promises, all mighty shields for men in the perils of the sea. The Old Volume and the New, Christ and the Apostles, all spake for "those who go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters."

Every few minutes I tore a blank leaf from my notebook, and my wife, as I steadied her, writing down some wonderful promise of God, the paper was passed round the whole circle from hand to hand, and read with intense interest and comfort, each one in turn looking up at the writer with a glance of grateful recognition. Some of the passages thus circulated were:

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."—Is. xliii. 2.

"He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind. Their soul is melted because of trouble. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses."—Ps. cvii. 25-28.

"Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."—Ps. l. 15.

At length God lifted the frown from the sea and visited us with His smile. "He maketh the storm a calm. So that the waves thereof are still." On the Sabbath that followed, praise and gratitude to God rose in the worship like incense. There were no dry eyes or indifferent hearts. Many who had been the most reckless in their excesses and profanity said: "Our prayers and our trust in Christ, commenced in storm, shall never cease in calm."

The experience was of great value. I know now the keeping power of our Lord in the hour of mortal terror and fear. I know the might of His arm to uplift and

cheer the soul in its extremities. I know the wondrous sweetness of His grace and love when human strength fails. Since that day when God hid me in His pavilion and taught me, I have been, I trust, a better guide to souls in need, in the house of prayer, and in the chambers of pain and suffering.

In the solemn hours of that terrific storm, Dr. Goodell consecrated himself anew to the work of the ministry. He resolved, if his life was spared, to labor more earnestly for the salvation of men, and he asked God to give him a hundred souls in the next year. God had been teaching him for years to ask great things, and to attempt great things for His kingdom. This largeness of thought and purpose was one of his most remarkable characteristics.

Settled down again to his work, after reaching home, he passed the autumn and winter in the most earnest toil. His influence was felt in every direction; he seemed to multiply himself, or to have the capabilities of half a dozen men. His fine constitution and superb health were among his personal advantages. They enabled him to undertake and easily carry through what other men would have done as a difficult task to which they had nerved themselves by great effort.

His fine health gave tone to his spiritual life. There was nothing morbid about him, nor forced. He never used affectation, and never needed to use it to maintain his ministerial character. His religion was genuine, and marked by a radiant, inspiring cheerfulness. This cheerfulness, if constitutional, as many supposed, was a great gift. It formed the undercurrent of his life. If he was at times depressed, his elastic, buoyant nature soon asserted itself; hope filled his heart and

enabled him to encourage others. He had the natural desire of a pastor to build up his church to a condition of magnitude and strength, that it might be a great centre of religious influence and benevolence in the city, and be recognized in the denomination as one of its strong and flourishing churches. This desire was at last gratified to a signal degree. But it was not so quickly realized as it might have been, except for the changing character of the population in that part of the city. He often experienced the regret of losing from the congregation by removal those whom he had gathered into it. Once he said: "There are times when my work seems to me like pouring water into a sieve. I lay awake the other night thinking of the families who had joined our church and rented pews for a time, and then moved away. Since I came here there have been over eighty. Each of these families gained, means visits and various efforts. They are gained, and then away they go. Others must be found to take their places. All that work must be done over again to make their loss good."

Such feelings of regret, however, were only temporary. He found relief in the larger and more unselfish view, that quickly came. Those people would carry the inspiration of his ministry and the model of church life they had received in Pilgrim Church wherever they went, and thus the influence of the church would be greater.

The following petitions, found in his note-book, indicate the religious frame with which he came to Christmas and the close of the year:

Christmas. A light is abroad which outshines the morning. The birthday of our King! Let the star to-day lead to Bethlehem and the manger, to Jesus' feet.

May our hearts be both cradle and throne to Thee.

Let this church be as a lamp that burneth.

May we not be stragglers in the great army of God.

The flowers are no more free to bees and birds than
Thy promises are to us.

Thou hast the ninety and nine.

How many treasures are safe in the garnered years.

We have no fear for Thy Church. Thou who hast
raised the Head wilt raise the body.

Give us the love that will bear much.

Bless all Thy disappointed ones.

Bless the care-worn ; smooth out the lines of trouble.

Take away the fear of death. Let death be as a van-
ished stream.

There is no stint in Thy love ; but there is no trifling
with Thy authority.

As he entered the new year, he wrote down the fol-
lowing petitions for himself and for his people :

O God, forgive my many hateful and wicked and in-
excusable sins, and keep me from them. Help me to
study Thy Word more and with Thy aid.

Teach me how to preach better, and win souls.

May I be helped to a more wise ordering of my life,
and use of time and talents and means.

Glorify Thyself in me, and extend Thy kingdom
through me.

We have passed over the threshold of another year.
After the week of prayer, may it be a year of work.
May the year not be just the same old round of duty
and care. May we be more true to Thee. This year
may bring *Heaven*.

Bless those in doubt and fear. The birds are gone, but will return. So will faith and love and joy.

Help those in places of temptation.

We thank Thee the Tree of Life grows so low.

We are to go through the enemy's country all the year. May we watch. May we not lose our way as so many have. May we not have a divided heart. Help us rightly to order our lives and efforts. May we see the field that is near, and the field that is afar. May there be the savor of *Christ* in all that we do and say.

This consecration to his work, united with such piety and activity and tireless strength put forth in efforts to build up Christ's kingdom, could not fail of success. It was, in fact, rewarded with abundant success in his case. He was a mighty reaper in the harvest-field included in his parish, and many goodly sheaves were brought in and rejoiced over at the feasts of ingathering as often as they came around. At every communion season there were large accessions to the church. These were of different ages and classes: the young, the old, those in middle life, and the poor and the rich. Confident that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation unto *every* one that believeth, he sought to bring all to Christ, and to a confession of their faith in Him.

He was not willing that any should hide their faith by following Christ in secret. For their own sakes, and for Christ's sake, he thought they ought to avow their faith in Christ to the world. Not to do it was to dis-honor Christ and endanger their own spiritual welfare. The following letter was written to one of this class, already far advanced in age, who had been a constant attendant at church with his Christian wife for many years in another congregation. To understand its full

significance, consider the letter as only a sample of many. It shows with what earnestness and affection this pastor cared for his flock:

3006 PINE ST.,
ST. LOUIS, *Feb. 24, 1876.*

MY DEAR MR. C.:—I hope we may have the great pleasure of welcoming you to the communion at this time. It is a solemn step to take, but it is a good and safe and right one. And it is more solemn still to refuse to heed the call of Christ and walk in the way He has so kindly and plainly opened.

We feel confident that you accept Christ as a Saviour, and love His Bible and keep His holy day, and take pleasure in the worship of His house, and in your feeling and life belong with Christians. And so there is but one step for you to take ; and it is only a step to confess Him before men, as He has asked you to do. I hope you will take that step now while everything seems so ready. It would add to your own peace and happiness. It would please your wife and all the circle of friends who love you most and best. The influence of it on others would be good ; the example would greatly help and quicken them.

All our church want you with them, and would give you most hearty welcome. It is good to be loved and wanted by Christian people, and have their prayers and aid. Christ also wants you. He has called long, saying, "This do in remembrance of me"; and since you owe all to Him, how wise it is to heed Him, and take the steps that please Him. The angels desire you ; and there will be joy in heaven the hour you enlist in the army of Christ, and put on the badge of loyalty and discipleship. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

I send you a printed word, which may help you and hasten you in this the most important decision of your

life. I shall not cease to pray and to hope that you will come into the blessed fold of the great Shepherd now. There will be an opportunity next Wednesday night.

Affectionately yours, C. L. GOODELL.

The "printed word" referred to in the foregoing letter was his own production. We do not know where to find anything upon the subject that is equal to it for the cogency and "sweet reasonableness" of its arguments. It is upon "The Duty of Openly Confessing Christ." It is based upon the text, Rom. x. 9: "*If thou shalt confess,*" etc.

If space allowed we would like to give the whole of it. We have never seen anything so valuable upon the subject. A few paragraphs may suggest its wisdom and force:

The question is not whether one cannot live a Christian life outside the Church. It is not whether uniting with the Church is essential to salvation. The real point is, What does Christ teach? His will is our law here as elsewhere. What He would have us do is best for us.

There is a much more intimate and important relation between believing on Christ and confessing Him than many think. In everything pertaining to life and character there is the spirit and the outward form, and the two are essential to each other and constitute one whole. In religion there must be the belief of the heart and the confession of the mouth. The only religion known and acknowledged in the Bible is open and declared. It accords no credit to that faith which does not bring the soul out into expressed allegiance.

Uniting with the Church is not so much undertaking new duties as it is getting new help. The Church is a nursery for Christian training. It is filled with helps

and incentives to the Christian life. Through worship, through culture and instruction, through sacraments, through Christian activity, through benevolence and self-sacrifice, through sympathy and fellowship and mutual helpfulness, the weak grow strong, the doubting clear, the heavy-laden lighter of heart, and the barren fruitful. It is the place for every one who would be a Christian. Every blessing lies along in this direction we are seeking, by God's help, to go ; harm comes in waiting behind.

Such labors to bring men to Christ and induce them to enter the church, and the various demands which the pastoral oversight of the church and the ministry to its spiritual wants made upon his time and powers of thought, would leave little room, we might think, for anything more. But all through those busy years Dr. Goodell was also doing other important work. He was a frequent contributor to the religious press ; in constant demand for addresses at the anniversaries of colleges and seminaries, and the various benevolent societies of the denomination ; lectured at many places each winter, not for money, but to help on poor churches ; often preached at the installation of ministers and the dedication of churches ; did valuable service on boards of trustees.

The labors of the year 1875-6, characterized by such exertions, were fruitful of good results. His remark concerning the hundred souls asked for in that storm at sea, "I record it to the praise of God that He gave that number and more," is evidence of the fact. Pilgrim Church prospered wonderfully under such an earnest ministry. It was full of religious life, and Christian activity, and spiritual joy. The signs of its prosperity were visible in every direction. It was apparent

in the size of the Sabbath congregation; the improved tone of public worship; the interest and power of its devotional meetings; the large ingatherings received at every communion season; the remarkable increase of its benevolent work. But the pastor remained unelated with it all. He recognized and felt that God was the giver, and to Him he ascribed all the glory.

To his son in Professor Camp's school at New Britain, he writes:

3006 PINE ST.,
ST. LOUIS, *March 16, 1876.*

MY DEAR SON:—I return your report. Try to make it better every week. I will send you the photograph you ask for. I am glad you have been holding such good meetings. I hope you are working for the Saviour with the rest. One way you can do good is to be very quiet and attentive in prayers, and help to keep others so.

This is my birthday. Laura has given me forty-six kisses; I wish I could have the same from you.

Give my love to Prof. Camp and all the family. You must see how much you can do to please them. I love you, my dear Oliver, and think of you every day.

Time is gold; do not play it all away, but put it into your head in the shape of learning. It is better to empty our money into our heads than into our stomachs.

Your affectionate

FATHER.

He was invited to prepare an address for the Triennial Convention of Congregational Churches of Illinois, which met in Chicago in May, 1876. The subject chosen was "The Duty of Churches to give their Choicest Sons to the Ministry." The address was replete with wit and wisdom. So deep was the impression it made, that a distinguished member of the Convention moved that the address be published for the

benefit of the churches; and that when published the ministers be requested to read it before their congregations. The anniversary of the Theological Seminary, which occurred at the same time, made it particularly impressive.

For reasons why more of the choicest sons of the churches should give themselves to the ministry, Dr. Goodell gave: 1. The *duty* of undertaking the work. 2. The *privilege* of it. 3. The *joy* of it. Of the *joy* of the work, Dr. Goodell, speaking from his own personal knowledge, after a trial of nearly twenty years, gives a testimony that has the glow and emphasis derived from the memory of a happy experience. He says:

Petty annoyances and trials there are in the ministry, but there is a solid happiness in this service, which is great beyond comparison. There is no toil more delightful in this life, or which promises greater reward in the life to come. It calls into happy use all the noblest faculties of our nature. It brings down in time of need all the grateful help of heaven. It knits into a fellowship of sympathy and love all for whom it labors, and establishes friendships and communions which shall outlast the stars. It is allied to everything that is true and beautiful and good. For troubled sleep there are songs in the night, and for burdened days there are revealings of the King's face.

Among the means to be employed for filling the ranks of the ministry, he mentions—(1). The elevation of the standard of vital piety in the churches. (2). Special consecration of children by parents to the ministry. (3). Prayer among God's people. (4). Revivals.

Of the relation of ministerial supply to parental piety, especially that of mothers, he said:

The most of our clergymen are Samuels. Devout mothers have given back to God the beloved ones who have come to their homes. The mother's tears, dropping fresh on the head of the fair boy as she bows over him in prayer, is the baptism. The mother's hands laid nightly on his forehead, as she folds him to sleep, is the best ordination.

Of the far-reaching influence of godly parents he gave the following interesting example:

William Shepard, of Towcester, England, was a thrifty business man, "much blessed of God in his estate and in his soul"; and his wife a devout woman "of many prayers." Towcester was a godless town, and although he was making money there, he resolved to move to Banbury, where there was a "stirring ministry," and good religious privileges for his children. His son, Thomas Shepard, entered Cambridge University and graduated with great honor at Emmanuel College, the special school of the Puritans. He became a distinguished writer and an able minister. Removing to America, he was the first pastor of the church in Cambridge, Mass., and exercised "a most soul-flourishing ministry" there during his life. Through his influence Harvard College was located at Cambridge. His published writings were a great light in his time. His three sons became ministers. Thomas, his eldest born, was pastor of the church at Charlestown. Anna, the daughter of this Thomas, married Daniel Quincy. Their daughter, Elizabeth Quincy, married Rev. William Smith, of Weymouth; and Abigail Smith, daughter of Rev. William Smith, of Weymouth, married John Adams, and thus became the wife of one President of the United States, and the mother of another. Charles Francis Adams, an ambassador from this nation to the Court of St. James, is eighth in descent

from William Shepard of Towcester. Two Presidents, over thirty ministers of the Gospel, and a number of eminent civilians have sprung from this godly ancestor. When Wm. Shepard and his pious wife moved to Banbury, Oxfordshire, to afford their family better spiritual opportunities, what trains of beneficent influence were set in motion. Their lines of usefulness have gone out into all the earth. When the ex-Minister to England made a plea last summer at Amherst College for a revival of righteousness in this nation, it was the echo of that sturdy Puritan's voice, two centuries ago, who put religion before worldly gain, saying, "Seek *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness."

Of revivals as a means of supplying ministers he said:

The Christian Church was born in a revival. The Church in America has been spread by revivals. The history of the growth of God's kingdom is the history of revivals. Thousands of our ministers have been converted in revivals. Convictions are clearer and deeper in revivals, aims of usefulness more definite and determined; consecrations more thorough, and the views of the new life and of the duties to the world more vivid and moving.

A revival in a single academy has produced a score of ministers and missionaries. An awakening in Yale, in Amherst, in Williams, has given a hundred standard-bearers to the Church in a single season. One glorious revival through the land might supply the wants of the Church for a generation, and send an armed cohort to India and China. . . . To revivals of religion we must owe not only an increasing number of ministers, but much that is best in the character and quality of their

service as heralds of the living Christ. The revival gives the tongue of flame.

The following prayer of thanksgiving and petition, found in his private note-book, with date attached, is significant and interesting:

St. JOHNSBURY, Vt., Aug. 20, 1876.

I thank Thee, blessed Lord, for answering my prayers and longings made on this very spot ten years ago ; for the souls saved and the church quickened. Now, O most gracious Lord, bless me as before in my church-work, that it may prosper ; in my family, that it may be preserved and saved ; and myself, that I may be a faithful and true minister of Christ in the best sense. Hear, O Lord, and answer !

“The spot” was on “the Hill,” so hallowed by his prayers.

In the same year, 1876, the centennial year of the nation, the spire and tower of his church were finished at a cost of \$15,000. This spire, rising to a height of 235 feet from sidewalk to finial, is graceful and symmetrical, and forms an attractive object in that part of the city. When this spire was completed, on Christmas Eve, December 24, 1876, a chime of ten bells were hung in the tower, with a carillon attachment for playing a great variety of change melodies and sacred tunes, the gift of Dr. R. W. Oliphant, in memory of his wife and son deceased.

This chime of bells was always a source of great delight to Dr. Goodell. He rejoiced in the religious influence they probably exerted, believing that they gave a kind of gospel that was fraught with power and blessing to many who otherwise would have no religious teaching

or impressive reminders of anything higher and better than the earth. "Their melody," he once said, "is turning at some moment daily the thoughts of *a hundred thousand people heavenward*. Such a monumental sermon is more powerful than words. It forms a point of happy contact with great multitudes of people whom we otherwise should not touch and could not benefit." There was something in their jubilant tones that accorded with his spirit. One may fancy that he often keyed his soul to their exultant strains on Sabbath mornings as he went to church, and this was the reason of that joyous outburst of praise, thanksgiving, and adoration which was frequently heard from his lips in the prayer of invocation. They were certainly typical of much in his spiritual nature and ministerial life. Their rich melodious tones, "low and loud and sweetly blended," like the voices of an angelic choir singing unseen in the air, by which so many people are daily and hourly soothed and comforted, were to him like the diverse voices which address us from the Word of God, and by which, when weary, or hopeless and depressed, our hearts are cheered and strengthened. They symbolized also the various influences of his ministry of that Word to his people as they heard it from his lips.

In April, 1877, the tower clock, with chiming quarters adapted to the chime of bells, was given to the church by Mrs. Goodell, in loving memory of her father, ex-Gov. Erastus Fairbanks, St. Johnsbury, Vt. The clock beautifully supplements the chimes, serving by the striking quarters to make their voices often heard, and prompting them

"To chime the gradual hours out like a flock
Of stars whose motion is melodious."

The music of the quarters is like that of those played by the bells of St. Mary's Church, Cambridge University, England.

THOUGHTS FROM HIS NOTE-BOOK.

Let us go thoughtfully, that we may get the delicate and finer good out of life, and not crush by thoughtless step the rarer flowers.

Much of the fineness of our nature is killed by over-work.

Some plunge their whole face into the rose of joy and become drunk with the scent.

Here we remember the fair faces beside us, *now gone*.

May we not pass by our blessings and see only Mordcaï in the king's gate.

May our hands not be full and our hearts empty.

God has come to some of us with a rod, and to some with a crown. It is well to have God come any way He will.

Our crosses hurt, but do not hinder our way to Heaven.

Christ may deny us many things, but He never will *His love*.

What we give we get ; what we make the church, that it makes us. The church-life will rise no higher than the life of the individuals that compose it.

Commence the day with high and good thoughts.

Make a choice of the best things and not the worst.

Try hard not to get mad ; how it hurts the soul.

If a spark falls into the water there can be no fire. If a brand is thrown in upon us we need not be a powder magazine and blow up.

Do not jump into a mud-hole because you have come to it—go around it.

Living convictions born of truth, which set men's hearts aglow, are the only forces which lift up and carry forward this race of ours.

It may be equally wrong in the sight of God to hide our good works as to display them.

Here and now we see Christianity in the imperfect bud, but in prophecy we see it in the complete and perfect flower as it is to be.

In every resurrection in the Bible, the raised are given back to their friends. So it will be in the great resurrection.

The Kingdom of God—it comes to the soul when one first truly begins to do the will of God ; it is perfected in the soul when we do the perfect will of God.

How our attachments grow with time ; we hate to leave our friends. How a long eternity will knit us together !

The world belongs to those that come last ; its hope and strength are for them.

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors.

Christians will be like the atmosphere of the church they are brought up in.

XIII.

WIDE USEFULNESS AND
POPULARITY.

1877.

**“ We were weary and we
Fearful, and we in our march
Fain to drop down and to die.
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand.”**

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

**“ There are men of conviction whose very faces will light up
an era.”—J. T. FIELDS.**

**“ Noble examples stir us up to noble actions, and the very
history of large and public souls inspires a man with generous
thoughts.”—SENECA.**

CHAPTER XIII.

**DRURY COLLEGE—SABBATH-SCHOOL CONVENTION,
HOUSTON, TEXAS—ADDRESS BEFORE THEOLOG-
ICAL SEMINARY, CHICAGO—ADDRESS BEFORE
AMERICAN BOARD MEETING, PROVIDENCE, R. I.—
ADDRESS BEFORE NATIONAL COUNCIL, DETROIT.**

DR. GOODELL had a high opinion of the importance of Christian schools and colleges. He looked upon them as among the most valuable handmaids of the Church, and as contributing greatly to the welfare of our country. He deemed the influence of the Christian college vital to the welfare of the new West in shaping its moral character and future destiny. Hence his deep interest in Drury College. Its location in Southwest Missouri gave it a position and opportunity of great usefulness, if it was only equal to it. It might be a Pharos to throw a light into the vast, dark region beyond. It was his prayer that it might become such. He did all he could to make it such.

His services to Drury College are deserving of particular notice. Of the great importance of those services—that the very existence of the college was for a time dependent upon them—President Morrison is a sufficient witness. He says: “In considering the relation of Dr. Goodell to Drury College, it is not too much to say, that had he not been pastor of Pilgrim Church during the early years of the college, the college would never have been. He is one of the founders—a chief

factor in promoting whatever may come out of this college enterprise in all the time to come."

The following communication from President Morrison has an interest almost pathetic, both for its personal reminiscences of Dr. Goodell, and for the illustration it affords of the trials and struggles sometimes experienced by those who, like President Morrison, undertake to build up a college. The materials wrought into some of these colleges, in the process of building, have been cemented together, we might almost say, with the tears of those who toiled in anguish to rear them:

At the time of my first visit to the Southwest, November, 1872, Dr. Goodell had just been called to the pastorate of Pilgrim Church. With the prospect then that I might have connection with the proposed college for Southwest Missouri, I anticipated with much satisfaction, having the co-operation of Dr. Goodell on the Board of Trustees, as I had known him and his noble work at New Britain. Accordingly in March following, when the first Board of Trustees of the College was nominated, he was the first one selected outside of Springfield. By his counsel, Mr. S. M. Edgell was chosen as his St. Louis colleague.

Dr. Goodell gave himself with characteristic ardor to the service of the infant school. Within a few months after the opening, in September, 1873, he made a contribution in money, and took down from his own library nearly two hundred valuable books to be the beginning of our college library.* If this was

* "How full of the life principle and developing power this 'nucleus' gift was, is well attested by the nearly twenty thousand volumes to which the college collection has already grown. This first gift of books by Dr. Goodell has been followed by several others from him—one comprising a full set of the *Edinburgh Review*.

"And now this Christian pastor's library, intellectual fountain of instruction and stimulus to his people through a fruitful ministry of twenty-seven years—the rapt reader's eyes forever closed, the need of such earthly key to the wisdom of God forever ended—by the noble generosity of his equal companion in all these studies and benefactions, comes to be a perpetual benediction and inspi-

not the *first* gift of books to the college, it was among the very first.

At every quadrennial election of trustees, Dr. Goodell always received the unanimous vote of his colleagues for re-election, as a matter of course. In all the counsels of the Board his opinion always had paramount weight. If we knew how *he* felt in reference to any matter of business or policy, all the rest of us sought to achieve his wishes. How unremitting and munificent has been the interest of the Pilgrim pastor and people in this young school of Christian learning is shown in every annual report of benefactions to the college since its founding, in beneficiary scholarships, endowment and prize funds, and in the chief buildings of the college. When we have wanted a rousing sermon or lecture here, the hard-worked pastor has ever been ready to leave his home, traverse the long distance between the metropolis and this remote village on the hill-tops and respond to our call. When we have needed counsel, we have gone to No. 3006 Pine Street.

Just before sailing for England, in 1875, he asked me about the special needs of the college. I told him about the new boarding-hall for ladies—roofed, with basement done—but all unfinished above. We needed \$15,000 or more to complete the building. He said he was going to do good service in England for home missions and education in Southwest Missouri while across the sea.

After his return he told me that he had awakened a good deal of interest for our work among his friends abroad, but gave no distinct intimation of definite help.

In the following winter I was canvassing in St. Louis for means to keep the soul and the body of the college together, and with poor success. In the afternoon of a most dismal day, when I had toiled all day and gotten nothing but discouragement, I was walking up Fourth Street toward my lodgings through the gathering gloom, with my eyes bent on the pavement. All at once his presence and kindly voice wakened me from my reverie. He said, "I have something to say to you; can we not step into an office near by and be alone?" He led

ration to successive generations of students in this college." (From the Address of President Morrison upon the occasion of the Presentation to Drury College of a Portrait of the late Rev. C. L. Goodell, D.D., Oct. 20, 1886.)

me to the Mercantile Library, and there, in an alcove, told me that his brother-in-law, Charles Fairbanks, Esq., of London, had authorized him to tell the authorities of the college that he would give the \$15,000 required for the completion of the boarding-hall. The surprise and relief were so great that I at once broke down in an uncontrollable fit of weeping. We attracted not a little attention from librarian and visitors, who no doubt thought the well-known pastor was administering needed discipline to an erring member of his flock. Dr. Goodell's great service to the college in that crisis gave him a place in the esteem and affection of the people of Springfield such as perhaps no other man (certainly no non-resident) ever held.

In the winter of 1876-7, a period of great depression to the college, on my first visit to the seaboard for financial help, in bidding me good-bye at the door of his house, he said: "You are going East on an important but very difficult mission. May God bless you and give you strength and wisdom." The errand thus started upon with his benediction, resulted in securing the Stone Endowments, \$77,500 in all.

At the presentation of the portrait of Dr. Goodell to Drury College, October 20, 1886, already referred to, Mr. A. W. Benedict, of Pilgrim Church, who made the address accompanying the gift, gave this testimony concerning Dr. Goodell's interest and labors for the college:

From the hour when President Morrison and Samuel F. Drury, Esq., its honored founder, held their first interview with him in St. Louis, in 1873, to the morning of his exaltation to heavenly glory, he never ceased to plan, to pray, to give, to care for this institution. He saw in its founding the breaking forth of a great light out of the midst of darkness; a potent factor, not only of education, but evangelization, and he hailed it as from God; a great door of opportunity opening for all this mighty empire of the Southwest.

With the same spirit of consecration and self-sacrifice, and with the same generous confidence in ultimate success that marked the founders of Harvard and Yale and the earlier uni-

versities of the East, he committed himself to this enterprise; and although the pressure of an important and growing pastorate—the building of a great church—was upon him, and ceaseless calls upon his time and services from the various departments of Christian activity in the country at large, he never allowed anything to rob it of his full service, but loyally and patiently and hopefully held to this work as of paramount importance in shaping the future not only of the State, but of Congregationalism in the Southwest; and, while not neglecting other interests, freely gave to this his time, his money, his influence, and his prayers; and so has he wrought upon the lives around him, and set before them the present worth and importance of this work, that, as a memorial to him, and out of love for it, inspired largely by his example, has come a permanent financial and literary endowment that will live and work long after we shall have passed from earth.

He was a builder who, with faith in God and man, built with the materials at hand, and made the most of them. He did not despair because they were not of the highest order, and, in common with so many others, *do nothing*, because everything was not according to his mind; but despising not the day of small things, with energy, courage, and confidence: with the faithful men and women who have stood true to this enterprise, and had the wisdom to see the opportunity and the boldness to seize upon it; confronted the difficulties that stood in the way, and from them, and in spite of them, wrested the achievement that to-day marks its history.

But why should he have taken such a vital interest in the welfare of Drury College? Is it too much to say that he caught, as with prophetic spirit, a vision of the future, and realized at the beginning the mighty significance of the hour which led him to give instant heed to its irresistible demands and needs?

Unquestionably during the last quarter of this miracle of a nineteenth century, more than any period in history, is *time* valuable; and Drury College was founded none too soon. Short as has been its life in years, has it not more than vindicated, in what it has accomplished in the face of great obstacles, its right to be, and the wisdom of its existence?

Because of his known interest in the college, and his

frequent benefactions and great services to it, Dr. Goodell was very popular with the instructors and the students. His coming made a gala day to the college. His presence in its halls was proclaimed from mouth to mouth, and became the occasion of universal joy.

At the reception given to the friends of the college from St. Louis, when Dr. Goodell's portrait was presented, Professor C. D. Adams, speaking for the college, said :

Many times before, the friends of Drury have gathered in this social way, and always in such gatherings one face has been loved and honored most of all. Have we in other days met in congratulation over some onward step in this young enterprise, his hearty joy and sparkling humor have made us doubly glad. Have we met in some great crisis, worried and perplexed, this face has come so full of faith and cheer that we have thanked God and taken courage. Have we met to plan for the work of this young college, this face has been ever toward the future, quick to see its possibilities, to appreciate its opportunities.

In the communication from President Morrison, which has been quoted from, we have seen how greatly Dr. Goodell's friendly aid and sympathy assisted him. He was his sheet-anchor in times of raging storm, and repeatedly carried him and the college through in safety. The substantial assistance he gave, or was the means of procuring for the needs of the college, was no more valuable than the moral support afforded. This was, perhaps, the greatest help of all. Says President Morrison :

In his relations to me personally, he was always helpful in the highest degree. He did not always approve of my acts, and sometimes sharply criticised, but always in a most friendly spirit. He had a good habit of saying the right thing to people

in trouble and perplexity. On one occasion when my enemies were many and strong, and I was well-nigh overwhelmed with the difficulties in my way, he pointed my attention to the wonderful words in the vision of Ananias (Acts ix. 16) concerning Saul of Tarsus, "I will show him *how great things he must suffer* for my name's sake." I had already lately read the words with a new meaning, but his quotation and his tone and manner (implying that the words had special application to his own experiences) gave inspiration to my heart and purpose.

He rarely wrote me a business note (his letters were always brief), without including some word of encouragement or Christian counsel. Often he inclosed a printed motto, one of which I have carried for years in my diary: "Said I not unto thee, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the salvation of God?" and from this I have often derived fresh courage and faith for my work.

I was always impressed (by association with Dr. Goodell) with the fact that he was, in an exalted sense, a disciple of Christ in this, that he was always "about his Father's business." As a business man in St. Louis, not connected with Pilgrim Church, has said to me, "Dr. Goodell was always striving to make people happier and better. He never entered a house, or an office, without leaving a blessing by word or act behind him."

THOUGHTS FROM HIS NOTE-BOOK.

To reach Heaven, there is no gulf to cross.

To sing a song is not to live a life.

Love makes all things new, bears all burdens, forgives all sins, overlooks all faults.

Those who can find no time to pray must find time to die.

Other things fade out, but Christ never.

Every day will bring its opportunities; may we not be in such low moods as to miss them. What we need to do for this hard world, every day, is to put something of *Christ* into it. We cannot *give* what we have not *got*.

Just beyond the shores of time, the better years begin.

May we adorn the cross by faith and love and humility, and not make the cross hateful.

May we be happy as we go ; see the good in things daily, finding our joy in our duty and our work.

The only pleasure that never wears out is the pleasure of doing good.

What an arsenal of spiritual weapons we have ! What forces in command in Christ ! Use them.

A prayer-meeting is a place where the Christian is to be comforted and helped in the work and worry of life.

Nothing makes such cowards as unbelief.

If Paul and the apostles had done nothing but home-work, what kind of home-work should we be doing now ?

We are working on unparalleled altitudes ; in the Christian work we move along the heights. The wide spaces about us in work and effort are inspiring and grand.

Dr. Goodell, during all these years in St. Louis, was growing steadily in power, reputation, and influence. No pastor was more respected in the city where he lived, and he became most favorably known throughout the whole country. At the great religious meetings of his denomination he was a marked man, and his addresses on such occasions were much admired for their combined wit and wisdom. "Of all the ministers of his denomination in this country," says Dr. Simeon Gilbert, "not one was more generally and warmly loved." There was something in his personality which made all who saw and heard him feel very friendly toward him. The sentiment inspired by him was more than one of

good-will—it was one of love. Wherever and whenever he appeared—on the platform, or in the social gatherings common to such occasions—there was an expression of affectionate admiration for him visible in the faces of the people. Whatever honors others might receive, whatever compliments, the tribute of praise bestowed upon him had a flavor of personal regard which was specially noticeable.

What was the reason of it? No analysis of the man will wholly explain it; yet we may obtain some apprehension of how it was by the consideration of a few qualities that distinguished him.

He was a large-hearted man, generous, sympathetic, appreciative of the good in others, and singularly free from selfishness, jealousy, or suspicion. "We did not call him Mr. Greatheart," says Dr. Dexter, "but that is precisely what he was; what he was, not merely to his own people in Connecticut, where he wrought with such grand success for the church of his first love, and in St. Louis, and through the whole Southwest, but to a rare degree to the Congregational churches of the land."

He was a man of large faith, which nothing could daunt or quench. He believed in God, and he showed his faith by his works. God was his refuge and his strength, and such was the contagion of his example, the inspiring influence of his words and trustful demeanor, that others found strength in God also. He seemed continually to dwell in the secret presence of the Most High. His heart was therefore calm and at peace whatever disturbing circumstances existed. This was one of the strange things about him, that contradictory qualities were united in him, that he exhibited "on the one hand a boundless energy, and on the

other a profound repose." This strong faith gave him great courage. Appalling difficulties, seemingly insurmountable obstacles, often loomed up before him; but he was never frightened by them. He had the firmness of heart and the tranquil air of one whose mind is stayed on God. He was stout-hearted as well as great-hearted. This made him a source of good-cheer and inspiration to others. "Very few are the men in the ministry of our day," says one of his eulogists, "who have put more sunshine into the hearts of others. For doing this he possessed genius as well as abundant grace. . . . The upward glance of his faith in God was so clear, his courage for great things for God so full of the anticipations of triumph, and his own spirit of hope so contagious, that he could not help being a leader." And yet it was a peculiar kind of leadership. It was not a self-assertive, dominating leadership; but a leadership in impulse and enthusiasm for God's work, possessed by one whose devotion to that work inspired others to follow.

To the moral qualities just given he joined remarkable mental and physical advantages adapted to augment his influence. He had, with his fine personal presence, a warm, genial temperament. The thoughts of some men, it has been said, appear to "pass through a cold country" before they reach the lips. Such men have cold, lymphatic natures. Dr. Goodell had a sympathetic, kindly nature. His blood was warm, and his heart gave tone to his lips. His thoughts came to them through a bright, sunny country. Those lips possessed a rare felicity of speech. Few men have the art of putting their thought into such happy phrases. His addresses abounded in epigrammatic sentences and brilliant sallies, which were long remembered and much

quoted. He had a poet's imagination, and at times the orator's divine gift of heart-stirring, enchanting eloquence.

On the great occasions we are speaking of, he appeared at his best. He realized the value of a great object to call out enthusiasm. He himself felt its appeal, and had all the enthusiasm appropriate to it. This gave him a wonderful power to inspire others. He rarely failed to be equal to the task and the occasion given him. His addresses at the great meetings of the Congregational body, during the last few years of his life, were among the most notable things that occurred on those occasions. Those addresses have been preserved, so far as the printed language could preserve them; but, as usually happens, their chief power and interest were confined to the times in which they were given. They were due to the living presence and personality of the speaker. The charm of his voice and manner was unreportable. We cannot describe it. The glow of his radiant face is gone, or survives only in the memory of his friends. "Few faces," says one of those friends, "have ever had such power as this,—it looked once into your eyes and you were a friend for life; and when our strong men were met to take wise counsel for sending the Gospel across the continent, this face flamed with a prophetic fire that will for years illuminate the path of American Home Missions."

We would ask the reader to note, as we advance through the next few years of Dr. Goodell's life, how intense it was growing, and how crowded with multitudinous activity. Journeys of many hundreds of miles were taken in quick succession. In April, 1877, at the instance of "Father Paxon," he made a trip of ten days to Texas, to attend the Annual State Sunday school

Convention at Houston. He was greatly delighted with all that he saw and heard at the convention, and in his visit "among the cattle kings" of Texas. At the convention he met and heard the veteran Sunday-school worker, T. J. Pilgrim, who had acted as Spanish interpreter to the first American colony planted in Texas in 1821 by Moses Austin, and who had started the first Sunday-school in Texas, in Gonzales, forty years before.

Dr. Goodell was amazed at the vast herds of cattle he saw, and the various evidences of teeming wealth and the promise of future greatness in the State. He thus writes with enthusiasm: "There are cattle on a thousand prairies, and horses are so plenty that the beggars ride. The climate is a paradise of mildness and comfort. From St. Louis to Houston it seemed like a plunge from an April morning into the balm of June. Twenty thousand people live without shelter on the prairies of Texas, and camp nightly under the open heavens. All kinds of stock feed themselves entirely the year round. In April we had on the table green peas, onions, potatoes, strawberries and blackberries, fully ripe and in the greatest abundance. Magnolias, and oleanders larger than those by the Jordan, were in full bloom. The landscape is wonderfully finished and attractive. It is mostly open, rolling country, smooth and beautiful as a lawn. While the houses are new, the country looks old, like the parks of England. Level down Boston Common considerably, preserve the trees standing under-trimmed here and there, make it green as an emerald, and extend it to the size of four New Englands or more, and you have the appearance of a large portion of Texas. Her population is lost in so extended a garden lawn. In passing through

the State you hardly see more people than you see vessels in crossing the Atlantic, and you wonder where the people are. The sense of possible growth and productiveness is without parallel." The trip from St. Louis to the leading cities of the State covered 2,250 miles of railway travel, and was equal to a visit to Boston.

In May, 1877, Dr. Goodell gave the annual address to the graduating class of the Congregational Theological Seminary, Chicago. His theme was "Sources of the Preacher's Power." He speaks of four as of prime importance, viz. : A Sound Mind; Knowledge of the Scriptures; Acquaintance with God; The Anointing of the Holy Spirit.

In regard to "Knowledge of the Scriptures," he says:

. . . . The minister, like the plant, must draw more of his life from the skies than from the earth. The earth affords elements of soil suited to all plants; the Bible has elements for the enlargement and strengthening of every faculty of our being. It speaks to the whole man, calling to the deepest things in him, and gives effectiveness to all his life and work, when it is studied and received in its entirety and its full counsels are followed. Ministers sometimes fear the plain Word, and dare not stick to it, but nothing can take its place, as nothing can take the place of air and food. The Apostles were witnesses to a simple fact—Jesus and the resurrection. The Word grew as it was preached. It caught here and there in human hearts like seed. The character of the Apostles expanded and rounded through the ingrafted truth till they became among the grandest figures in human history. O how soon our locks of power are shorn and we become as other men when we lose vital connection with divine truth, and permit

any other book to rank the Bible! If our knowledge of the Scriptures is meagre, meagre will be the feast which we furnish, and unsatisfactory the result. No knowledge takes the place of Bible knowledge. . . . It is the volume of God. All libraries are in it, and all authors. The seeds of the world's harvest are there. . . . It takes you to the gates of light, and swings open the inner door that you may behold the King. . . .

Concerning "Acquaintance with God," he says:

. . . This inward sense of God revealed to us, knowing us, known of us, walking with us, imparting peace, joy, light, wisdom, guidance, inspiration, is a wonderful power. The preacher's piety, therefore, is the preacher's power. Much of the lack of power in modern preaching arises from the want of experimental acquaintance with God. Preachers know a great deal about Him, and the cunning of His hand, and about the silver trumpets of His priests, and the badger-skins of His tabernacle, and the hyssop of the wall; but they need to look oftener into eternity, a sight more frequently of the crown, an incoming of the great tides of redeeming love into their souls, God revealed to their inner consciousness in the fulness of His tenderness and grace. . . .

Of the "Anointing of the Holy Spirit," he says:

. . . This is the preacher's greatest power. . . . The Spirit has, among others, especially three functions. First, to convict of sin and cause the lost soul to cry out to God for help. Second, to take of the things of Christ and show them unto the believer, and give peace through the cleansing blood. A third office of the Spirit is to bestow power for testimony, enduing the soul with a holy boldness to witness for Christ before men. This mission of the Spirit is, unfortunately, too little recog-

nized by Christian preachers and teachers. If they have the joy of the Holy Ghost within for themselves, they frequently are content to rest there, and not seek special and definite empowerment from on high in the work of delivering their message. . . . The Spirit gives us power to become witnesses for Christ. I had preached two hundred sermons before I saw this truth. There was the sound of a going in them, but not much going. They brought some praise from men, but, alas ! scarcely a soul for God.

Dr. Goodell was present in October at the annual meeting of the American Board in Providence, R. I., and made a remarkable address upon the Missionary Work in the East. There is space only for one brief paragraph :

A new era of hope is inaugurated for Asia, the old homestead of the race. The Apostle John, on the Isle of Patmos, saw the angel standing with one foot on the land and one on the sea, but the outlook was through the gates of Hercules to the West, where the Gospel was to be borne. Eighteen centuries pass away, and now we see the angel standing one foot on the land and one on the sea, but the face is turned toward the East, and the uplifted finger points to Turkey, and India, and China.

One of the best remembered of Dr. Goodell's addresses was made before the National Council of the Congregational Churches at Detroit, Mich., in the same autumn of 1877, upon "Woman's Work as a Part of the Religious Movement of the Time." Its wit, vigor of thought, and good sense gave it great celebrity at the time. At the first sentence the grave and dignified

assembly was convulsed with laughter, and listened with pleased attention and warm approval to the end.

We have room only for the opening paragraph, which, however, has the key-note of the whole address:

I am set to grind in this mill of the woman question, concerning which the opinions of good men differ, while the Philistines look on and make sport. Public opinion on this subject is so sensitive I may bring down the house as Samson did. I desire to know the mind of the Spirit on this subject, and to get at the truth. We cannot afford to allow prejudice, or custom, or false conservatism, to bar out from the Lord's vineyard any helpfulness which Christian women can properly render. To carry on Christian work without their aid is like dragging the chariot of Israel with one wheel off.

XIV.

FRUITFUL JOURNEYS AND LABORS.

1877—1879.

“ And through thee I believe
In the noble and great who are gone;
Not like the men of the crowd,
But souls tempered with fire,
Fervent, heroic, and good,
Helpers and friends of mankind.”

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

“ Christians are like the several flowers in a garden that have each of them the dew of heaven, which, being shaken with the wind, they let fall at each other’s roots, whereby they are jointly nourished, and become nourishers of each other.”—BUNYAN.

CHAPTER XIV.

OUTSIDE WORK IN ATLANTA, GEORGIA; ST. PAUL, MINN.; OBERLIN, OHIO — VISIT TO PLYMOUTH ROCK—SIXTH ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS.

THE year 1877-8, from vacation to vacation, like the one preceding, was a crowded year. Among his papers we have found a record of the number of miles travelled this year in "outside work," *i. e.*, to attend ordinations, installations, anniversaries, and conventions of different kinds, where he had been invited to make addresses. The aggregate of distances thus travelled during the year was 8,275 miles.

It might be supposed that in responding to these calls from abroad he must of necessity have neglected his work at home. But he was never charged with such neglect. The home work advanced steadily forward with marvellous rapidity and success. Never once did it appear to halt. So well organized was the church, and so full of willing, efficient workers, that its work went continually forward, though the pastor occasionally was absent. His spirit remained behind whenever he went away; it filled his people, and animated them with his own untiring zeal.

In one way his people profited by these occasional journeys. He always brought back from them something: "grapes of Eshcol," as his observations by the way were sometimes called, for the delectation of his congregation. This was true of his vacation journeys

for health or pleasure as well as of those for business. His foreign tours were not entirely for self-gratification. They were made valuable to his people, since they afforded him an opportunity to study for their benefit various forms of Christian work in other lands. While in London he visited the Flower Mission, and brought back specimens of the text-cards used there for the improvement of the Flower Mission in St. Louis. He also visited the public schools of London, and inquired particularly in regard to the religious instruction given in them, and brought back, upon his return to St. Louis, a full account of it, to support his own views boldly urged upon the subject.

So, likewise, in his visits to the East, to Boston and New York, he visited the book-stores and examined their latest publications, and brought back the most useful and attractive of them, to extract their richness for the instruction of his people. Thus he kept abreast of the age, and informed himself and them of its needs, and of the best means and methods of meeting them.

These "spoils of travel" were oftenest displayed at the mid-week prayer-meeting; the familiar style of address employed there being most favorable for their production. There he brought forth the richest of the feast which he had enjoyed while away; and often his people were entertained and inspired by his reports of the great religious gatherings and scenes of interest he had attended. These reports were not mere dry summaries of what he had seen and heard. He had the faculty of briefly reproducing in picturesque, graphic language, the very spirit and essence of what he described. He possessed the artist's power of representation. He laid hold of what was most important, characteristic, and impressive, and at a single touch set

it before his hearers, so that they too shared his profit and pleasure.

In April, 1878, accompanied by Mrs. Goodell and "Father Paxson," the honored senior officer of Pilgrim Church, Dr. Goodell attended the International Sunday-school Convention, held at Atlanta, Georgia. It was a remarkable religious gathering. The Convention was composed of more than five hundred delegates, numbering among them some of the most active and eminent men of the different evangelical denominations of the country. It was ably presided over by Gov. A. H. Colquitt, of Georgia, and it lasted through three whole days, with three sessions a day. Many of the addresses were very eloquent, full of pith and power. New plans and methods, experiences in Sunday-school work of every phase, all kinds of help and counsel conceivable were given out hour after hour, the interest and enthusiasm growing to the end, when it seemed to culminate on the last evening in the farewell address of Gov. Colquitt, which moved the great assembly to rise and enter with him into a solemn act of reconsecration.

The address of Dr. Goodell on the occasion, was upon "Possibilities in the Future," a theme congenial to his large faith and hopeful spirit, and characteristically treated in a speech of great power. "Father Paxson" also made one of the speeches of the occasion. Rev. Stephen Paxson, the famous Sunday-school missionary of the American Sunday-school Union, was a man after Dr. Goodell's heart. The story of his labors in organizing Sunday-schools in Illinois and Missouri, and of his faithful horse "Robert Raikes," which carried his master more than 100,000 miles while doing that work, is familiar in all the West. He was a man of sparkling wit and spiritual power.

Dr. Goodell's note-book has the following hints and thoughts, under date of St. Louis, May 5, 1878, his 19th marriage anniversary. The list of eight virtues doubtless formed a self-reminder of what was due from husband and wife to each other in order to a happy marriage :

Kindness ; Affection ; Sympathy ; Gentleness ; Helpfulness ; Thoughtfulness for others ; Cheerfulness ; Meekness.

Domestic love and duty are the best security to all that is most dear to us on earth.

We wind our life about another life ; we hold it closer, dearer than our own.

It is a dear delight for the soul to trust in the fidelity of another.

There has nearly always been a good wife behind every great man ; and as a rule, a man can be no greater than his wife will let him.

I did not *fall* in love. I *rose*.

THINGS WHICH BEAUTIFY LIFE.

1. Love and fellowship. Love lightens burdens.
2. Patience and forbearance in trial. How few are those who can suffer and *be still*.
3. Painstaking in little things. Nature is beautiful in little things ; so is life.
4. Generous thought for others ; the overflowing of the Nile.
5. Trust and hope under sorrow in dark hours ; God has carried millions through.

Another long journey, taken by Dr. Goodell this year, was to St. Paul, May 8, to preach the installation sermon of his friend Dr. Dana, called to the Northwest from Norwich, Ct. The sermon, on "The Source of the Christian Worker's Strength," is spoken of as "characteristic of the man, not only fitting, but sparkling and stimulating."

On Sunday evening, June 9th, of anniversary week of Oberlin College, he gave the usual "Missionary Address." He chose for his subject, "The Missionary Spirit lost in the Dark Ages, now recovered to the Church." "The whole tone of the address," says one who heard it, "was most encouraging, exhibiting a faith large, clear, and firm. In all respects it was the best commencement missionary address ever heard in Oberlin."

Being unable on account of other engagements to attend the meeting of his class at Andover Theological Seminary on the twentieth anniversary of their graduation, which occurred this year, he wrote to Rev. E. P. Thwing, D.D., Brooklyn, N. Y., the class secretary, a brief account of his life and work since he left the seminary, to be read at their meeting. In it he said :

In the twenty busy years since we graduated, I have had two happy pastorates and scarcely an idle day. In these twenty years I have not been ill so as to be away from my pulpit more than five Sundays.

I thank God that He has been pleased greatly to bless my ministry in the salvation of souls and in the quickening and edifying of His people. In the last ten years the additions to the church have averaged over one hundred a year; and I have seen a stone church edifice erected and paid for in both of my parishes, at the cost of

about \$150,000 each, while the annual contributions to benevolence were not decreased.

I record these things to the glory of Him from whom all our mercies are. I love my work. I love my classmates every one. "I love Thy kingdom, Lord." I love God, Father, Son, and Holy Comforter, and I long to see Him in glory. My life, so broken and marred by sin in its early years, has been by the wondrous grace of God a blessed and joyous one.

His annual summer vacation was spent this year at the East, at St. Johnsbury, and in Boston and its vicinity. He loved the sight and sound of the sea, and spent a part of the time at the sea-shore. He preached during the summer at the Berkley Street Church in Boston, and in Chelsea.

A Vermont pastor, spending the Sunday in Boston, went to hear him, and in a subsequent letter to the *Vermont Chronicle*, gave a brief account of the sermon and his impressions of the preacher. The sermon was on the text, "It had been good for that man if he had not been born" (Matt. xxvi. 24). "'This text,' the preacher said, 'was the epitaph of Judas written by the Lord.' The sermon was a skillful analysis of the character of Judas, with the practical warnings ingeniously interwoven—a method of application with many advantages. A man does not have time to ward off the blow before he is hit.

"I think the most noticeable thing about Dr. Goodell's preaching is a certain affectionateness and gentleness of manner, a certain indefinable way of getting his audience into sympathy with him, perhaps because he is already in sympathy with them. His rhetoric is marked with poetical richness and fineness. He shows you the truth through the imagination rather than through the

logical faculty. You know it is the truth. It blushes with life and glows with beauty."

During his stay in Boston, he made an excursion to the "Old Colony," Plymouth, Mass., and spent a day exploring the curiosities and visiting the chief places of interest in the town. His comments upon such facts and objects as he particularly noted are flavored with sacred learning, humor, and thoughtfulness. Speaking of the distance of the old town from Boston, he says :

It is forty-three miles by rail down to Plymouth Rock, the birthplace of the American Republic—a little farther than from Jerusalem down to Abraham's oak at Mamre, in Hebron. But the country in either case looks about equally ancient.

In reference to the well-preserved condition of Plymouth, he says :

Happily it is small, and all the ancient landmarks may be clearly traced. They are not overlaid and covered up, as in Boston, by the accumulations of a great city. Nothing has so little respect for sacred places and relics as trade. Had it once fairly set its foot in this home of the Pilgrims, it would have made mortar-pestles of Forefathers' Rock, and used Cole's Hill for a circus.

Among the curiosities which he saw in "Pilgrim Hall," was a handkerchief worked by Lorea, the little daughter of Capt. Standish, with a verse worthy of being copied :

"Lord, guide my heart, that I may do Thy wil.,
And fill my hands with such convenient skill,
As may conduce to virtue void of shame,
And I will give the glory to Thy name."

At the Registry of Deeds, in the Court-House, he saw "the records of the colonists from the beginning of their enterprise, in perfect preservation. The records show that the Pilgrims were educated, intelligent, clear-headed business men. All their affairs were fully thought out and adjusted, and put in black and white for reference, like a successful enterprise of the present day; so there was no opportunity for misunderstanding or contention. Here is found Gov. Bradford's order for trial by jury, and the first revenue law. All the civil processes of the young Republic are here in germ."

Speaking of the early hardships and privations of the Pilgrims, he says:

The first cattle were brought over four years later. The milk of one cow was then divided among thirteen families. Think of the little children going four years without milk! They had the "sincere milk of the Word" instead.

To emphasize the tolerance of the Pilgrims and their descendants, he says:

In 1873, a Roman Catholic church, with parish school, was erected in the heart of the town without hindrance. Near by is a quiet rope-factory. Had the Pilgrims thus planted their institutions in any Catholic country, they would soon have been compelled to stretch the hemp of the cordage walks; but the Pilgrims give the liberty they ask, and trust their own cause to God and the truth.

Of the monuments of Burial Hill, where the dust of the Pilgrims reposes, he says:

The finest monument in the grounds has this inscrip-

tion: "Robert Cushman arrived here Nov. 9, 1621; preached Dec. 9 on the Danger of Self-Love and the Sweets of True Friendship; went back to England Dec. 13, 1621."

Besides the foregoing there was a sentence or two from the "Dedication" of the sermon referred to, which was carefully copied, as showing Robert Cushman to have been a man after his own heart:

"My loving friends, the adventurers to this plantation, as your care has been first to settle religion here, before either profit or popularity, so I pray you go on. I rejoice that you thus honor God with your riches, and I trust you shall be repaid again double and thribble in this world; yea, and the memory of this action shall never die."

On the sixth anniversary of his ministry in St. Louis, he reviewed, in an address to his people, the work done by the church since his coming to them. We give a few paragraphs from it:

After six years of effort, we praise His great and wondrous name for the benefits He has conferred. God has permitted us to see the objects of our desire a thousand times beyond our desert. You expressed a desire to see the church membership reach five hundred souls. It now numbers more than that. You wished to see the church finished and the debts paid; this has been done to the last dollar. You wished to see how this attractive auditorium would look filled with people; you have had that happy sight. You wanted to see souls saved, spiritual power manifest, unity and brotherhood supreme, and good work done for feebler churches, and the cen-

tres of Christian influence strengthened along the frontier; this, in some good degree, has been your privilege. I rejoice in your blessing, for I have sought to make the words of inspiration my motto. "Seest thou great things for thyself? seek them not": Jer. xlv. 5. "Seek that ye may excel to the edifying of the Church": 1 Cor. xiv. 12.

The growth has been sure and steady year by year, and not feverish and spasmodic. There has been one revival year; but the years, as a whole, have yielded simply the natural and legitimate fruit of constant prayer and effort in the regular appointed ways of church administration. Out of 551 members, 279 have joined on confession of faith, and 272 by certificate, or an average of 46½ per year by conversion. Of these, 123 were baptized on entrance into the church. This shows constant spiritual quickening, and a sound and healthy church life. These gains have been from both sexes, and of all ages and classes. Only one-third of the church members through the country, as a rule, are males. In this church, not greatly less than half are males—a large class of young men, as well as a great circle of adults. Hardly a family is there connected with the church, where one of the parents, at least, has not been brought to Christ in the last six years, or some of the young in them come into the fold.

This large ingathering is the fruit of God's blessing upon the faithful service of many devoted ones, continued in faith and courage steadily through summer's heat and winter's cold, year after year. Such a church must be stable and abiding so long as it abides in God. It is not a gourd grown up in a night around a great name, to perish in a night, except it forgets the source of its strength and trusts in its own wealth and wisdom and power; then a gourd itself is not so frail. We stand not in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God.

The preceding review of their work and its gratifying success, was used by him as a stimulus to still greater labors. This, we have seen, was his habit. His occasional exhibits to his people in such reviews of what God had wrought through them, were not for the gratification of vanity in himself or them, but to inspire them with new zeal and confidence. In conclusion he said :

Our forces are enlarged, our opportunities are increased. May we multiply our usefulness, as God has multiplied His blessings. Christ and His Church are worthy of all our love and labor.

In this spirit the work of that winter was entered upon and carried forward. Great blessings and much fruit were the result. In the year 1879 the reported additions to Pilgrim Church were 105, most of them on confession of faith, and the fruit of the winter of 1878-9.

He had a band of earnest, efficient helpers in the church. Every Sunday-school teacher aimed to be a winner of souls, which they brought to the Standing Committee with joy before each communion season. These teachers were pastors to their little flocks, watching over and laboring for their spiritual welfare with a faithfulness and ardor similar to that of the pastor of the church for the large congregation under his care. His spirit animated them all, or rather the Spirit of Christ inspired and actuated him and them alike.

Encouraged by the success of this year and the signs of promise visible, he came to his vacation in the summer of 1879 with the purpose of attempting larger things in the following autumn.

The vacation of 1879 was spent with Mrs. Goodell and their son, in travelling through Europe, visiting England, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and France.

To a young man about to be married, he writes:

ST. LOUIS, *September 30, 1879.*

I returned to the city after a summer abroad, and found your delightful letter awaiting me. I read it with real joy, and enter most heartily into your happiness. It was as fresh and fragrant as a daisy with the dew on it and the sunlight in it just from the meadows, in its present and anticipated joy through the love of one who is to be yours. I congratulate you. She is a Christian, intelligent, good, and loves you; that is a grand inventory of qualities, and comprehends all the essentials. I am glad you have chosen so wisely. Many a young man is foolishly caught with some taking ways, and gets the frosting to the cake, and finds, to his sorrow, that there is no cake under it. Then it is all dough with him the rest of his life.

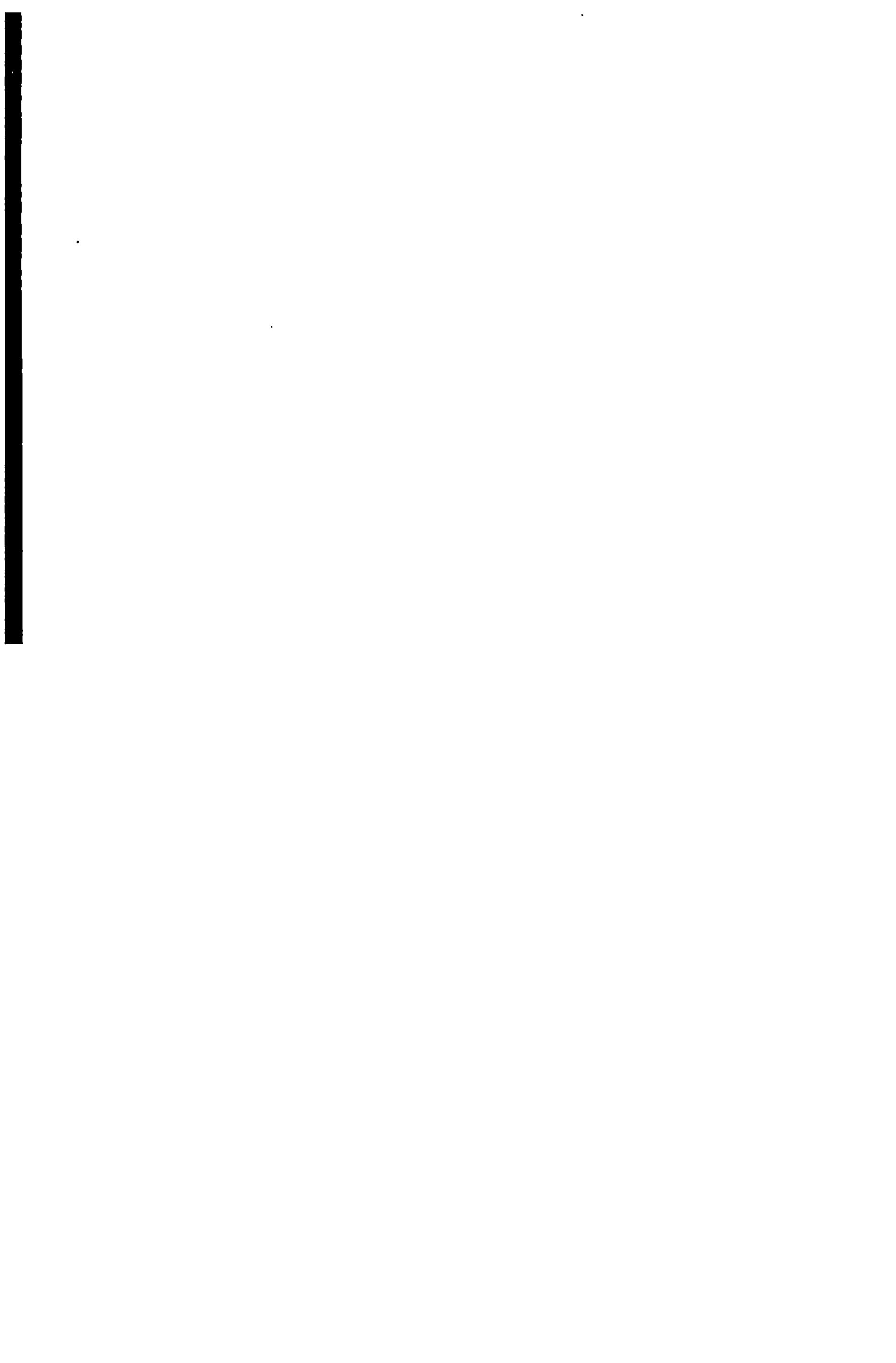
Not the least of her valuable qualities, in my mind, is that she is a clergyman's daughter. She is quite sure to be sensible, to know the worth of money, to be intelligent and cultured, and to preside with grace and dignity, and becoming ease and sweetness in her home. I know what it is to have my heart deeply enlisted, and to marry the girl I wanted, and to be happier and happier thereafter, and never repent for half a minute winning the best one in all the world. And so I am in condition to share your happiness with you, for you are doing just that thing exactly. It is a pure, elevating, inspiring, ennobling thing for a young man. It sets all his fine powers into play, makes him scorn all mean, low ways and aims, and leads him to be twice himself in manliness, in business capacity, and in moral and spiritual power. Next after the influence of

Christ upon the soul, stands the affection of a chaste, discreet, noble Christian woman, such as you are to wed. Cherish her as God's gift to you, and life will be a blessing and a benediction to you, and to many through you.

Mrs. Goodell unites in kindest regards and best wishes. We shall hope to see her some day, and her picture quite soon ; and even now venture to send her our salutations.

Sincerely yours,

C. L. GOODELL.



XV.

SEEKING TO SAVE.

1879—1880.

“Say what is prayer, when it is prayer indeed ?
The mighty utterance of a mighty need.”

—TRENCH.

“A great man is made up of qualities that meet or make great occasions.”—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

“ The man so eloquent of word,
Who swayed all spirits near him ;
Who did but touch the silver cord,
And men perforce must hear him.”

—THE BISHOP OF DERRY.

CHAPTER XV.

REVIVAL UNDER MOODY AND SANKEY — NATIONAL COUNCIL IN ST. LOUIS.

ON his return to his work in the fall of this year, Dr. Goodell united with the other pastors of the city in an invitation to Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey to come to St. Louis and spend the winter in evangelistic work with the churches of the city similar to that in which they had united under the leadership of Mr. Hammond, with such success, six years before. To this invitation a favorable reply was received, and the evangelists entered upon their work in the beginning of the winter, cordially welcomed to the city and efficiently supported during their stay of five months by the pastors of St. Louis.

The following account of the work, with various interesting particulars, is from the pen of Dr. Goodell. It was written in the fourth month of the work:

God has visited His people in this city through the coming of our beloved brethren, Moody and Sankey. Forty ministers met them in conference the day after their arrival. The city was divided into five districts, grouping the churches thus for a month's work in each district. No tabernacle was desired, the object being to work in and with the churches, and to quicken the

churches themselves into more active effort and higher spiritual life. The second service they held was blessed by the special presence of the Holy Spirit, and from that hour to this there has been no service in which there have not been inquirers and conversions in constantly increasing numbers. A great many cold Christians have been quickened. Persons formerly Christians in other places, but hiding the fact on coming here, and living apart from the Church, have appeared in great numbers, making confession of neglect and handing in their letters. They all bear testimony that their remaining outside, to save time and money, has resulted in loss only—loss of money and social enjoyments and, above all things, of their joy in the Lord. One man made the statement when he handed his letter to his pastor, that that letter had cost him \$35,000. "How can that be?" said the pastor. The answer was: "When I came to this city I was worth that sum, but I hid away from God and His people and service to make money. But I lost it all and became estranged from God, and very unhappy. I have the feeling that if I had taken my stand for God as I ought when I came here, I should have had money still, and the peace of God in my soul. Now I come to begin all over again, starting with God."

Mission work in the waste places and suburbs has been extended, and all kinds of Christian work in the city have been vitalized and multiplied many fold. The colored churches have received new life, and the great German population has become awakened and interested in personal religion as never before in the history of this city.

Early in the season the Germans got up a Moody and Sankey play. One, personating Mr. Sankey, sang; another, representing Mr. Moody, gave a side-splitting sermon. Then they had inquirers and a bevy of converts, and at that point Satan came in on the stage and carried

them all off and put an end to the scene, to the vast delight of the audience. But now all this is changed. A revival German preacher, once a famous infidel, but marvellously converted, Von Schluembach, is preaching every day to thousands of Germans, in their own tongue, with most gratifying results. The work of Gospel temperance is also very effective, and meetings are crowded nightly with drinking-men. A canvass has been begun of the whole city, every house being visited, and parents invited to attend church and children the Sunday-school.

The *Globe-Democrat*, having the largest circulation in the Mississippi Valley, prints every day a full report of the services and sermon, giving Mr. Moody an audience of a hundred thousand people, and the blessing resulting from this is most manifest.

Mr. Moody is discreet, courageous, effective, powerful; working day and night, month after month, with an energy and perseverance and wisdom only less remarkable than his love of souls, and his constantly fresh anointing from God for service. His work is marked for its spirituality, humility, modesty, and self-forgetfulness. Mr. Sankey maintains his part with equal ability and fitness. The singing draws very greatly, and impresses all it attracts. The evangelists are both the tools of God, tempered in His own fires of discipline and love, for the greatest work of this generation. I heard the evangelists five years ago, week after week, when the work was at its height in London, and I bear testimony that there has been a gain in them of breadth, condensed power of statement, exhaustiveness in presenting themes, and mellowness in Christian graces. There is the might of the tempest and the gentleness of the lamb; the awful power and earnestness of truth, as in Christ's discourse to the Pharisees, mingled with the moving tenderness of tears, as when Christ wept over Jerusalem.

I cannot do better than to give some specimens of the

work as it has fallen under my own eye. I found a man in the inquiry-room weeping in the bitterness of his soul. He said he had not spoken to one of his sisters for two years, and to another for fourteen years. I kneeled with him in prayer, and he said: "O God, pity me because I have been so mean as not to speak to my dear, gentle, loving sisters. O, take all this stubbornness out of me!" God did. That night he wrote penitent letters to both of them, and is now reconciled to them and to God. "My mother," he said, "used to put her hands on all our heads and pray together: but I have not prayed before for twenty years."

A man who had lost a beloved daughter found life an intolerable burden. He came eight hundred miles from Texas, that light might again come into his soul. The darkness was completely banished, and he went home full of the joy of the Lord.

I sat down by a man who was engaged in very solemn thought. He said: "My mother is eighty-four years old, and I am sixty. She has prayed for me ever since I was born, and I am a sinner still. I came two hundred and fifty miles to bid her good-bye forever, for she goes to Washington, and I shall never see her again. I cannot leave the city till I find her Saviour." We kneeled together in prayer, he making my words his own: "O Lord, I thank Thee for a praying mother. I bless Thee that Thou hast spared her eighty-four years to plead for me. Dear Lord, when I meet Thee in judgment, what excuse shall I give for holding back my heart from Thee!" In the last sentence his voice was choked with emotion, and I left him alone with God; but I soon learned that he had joy, and his mother had joy, and the angels in Heaven also.

Only a few seats away a boy of seventeen was in tears over a letter just received from a praying mother, and

then and there he consecrated his young life to God. Verily the mothers save more than the preachers.

Two wealthy men, brothers, owners of a large grain elevator, became Christians during the week—one leading the other like Andrew and Simon. On Saturday they sent round word to all the railway companies : "No unloading grain in our elevator hereafter on Sunday."

A leading business man went home from an evening meeting, and was sleepless all night. So, also, the second and third nights. The following day he sent back \$1,500, principal and interest, to a neighbor whom he had wronged, and that night he could hardly sleep for joy. The awful burden on his soul was removed, and rest came.

An evil man came into the meeting with a revolver in his pocket, hoping to find and shoot an enemy he had been following several days. An arrow from the quiver of the Almighty pierced his soul. He gave the pistol to Mr. Moody, and now he comes every day with a Bible instead. He would have taken the life of a brother, and lo, Christ the Elder Brother has given the new life to him.

At a crowded men's meeting, Mr. Moody asked all on the right side of the centre aisle to sing, and they did, faintly. Then he said to those on the left side : "Let us sing the same, and beat them," and they did clearly. "Now," he said, "let us all sing together, and beat ourselves." Then he gave out Greenville, and said : "I shall know whether you are church-goers or not by the way you sing this. If you can't make this ring, you have not been to church for fifteen years." In singing this the great congregation joined with wondrous zeal, and made a loud noise unto the Lord, and by this time the vast throng were won to Mr. Moody, and all alive for the sermon.

In an inquiry-meeting a blatant infidel arose and be-

gan to proclaim Ingersollism. Mr. Moody told him he had mistaken his place. He replied : "That is the way always ; you will not hear but one side, and are bound to have it all your own way." "I do propose to have it my way here," said Mr. Moody, "and men shall not blaspheme God in my presence if I can help it. And as to hearing but one side concerning the truth of the Bible, there is but one side to it. The Bible is God's Word, and God cannot lie." It was kindly spoken, but it was followed by a silence that could be felt.

The influence which Dr. Goodell exerted over men, through his well-known large-hearted sympathy with people in perilous and difficult situations, had a good illustration during this season of religious interest. At an inquiry-meeting in Pilgrim Church, a workman was found who had been drawn in because he had heard that when the spire of Pilgrim Church was being built, Dr. Goodell many times in his public prayers asked protection for the men employed in the perilous work. As he was one of them, he had been deeply touched by this sympathy.

In these revival scenes and labors Dr. Goodell was unusually active and efficient. "He had reduced the saving of souls," one of his colaborgers says, "almost to an exact science. To him the Bible-promises of blessing on wise efforts at soul capture were as sure as his own existence. He studied human beings with relation to the new birth and the Christian life."

With the departure of the evangelists and the close of the revival work, a new responsibility, that of caring for and training the converts won, devolved upon him and the other pastors of the city. The importance of this work is hardly second to the other. It is needful, in fact, to any permanent, considerable success from the

other. Wise pastor that he was, Dr. Goodell deeply felt this, and desired that all the Christian workers in the late revival should also feel and act upon it. He accordingly wrote and published at that time, in a religious paper of the city, an appropriate article upon the subject, entitled "Apollos Watered." Mark the wisdom of it: "After Paul, then came Apollos. Apollos came after him with a work just as essential, and without which there could be no harvest. His work was the development of the crop sprung up from the seed sown.

"It is much to plant, but the work is then only just begun. That is a short ministry. The watering requires the painstaking of years, and without it the best of planting comes to nothing. All our good churches have been made such by the watering of Apollos, and not alone by the brilliant services of Paul. The necessity and value of Apollos' service is not appreciated by the churches and in the ministry. The revivals of Paul, where multitudes are stirred and converted, come to much or little, according to the faithfulness and devotion of Apollos in his watering. Nothing planted ever so well, lives and thrives without this.

"Paul and his companion in song have been in our city through the winter planting, and God has given great increase. With the same fidelity let Apollos follow, watering all that has been planted, and God will give double increase.

"This pastor may be asked if the meetings did his church good? 'No,' he says. The reason is, he is not an Apollos, and did not water the plants. Ask another pastor near him the same question, and the answer will be: 'Yes, the meetings brought us great blessings.' He carefully watched over and watered

his plants. 'He that watereth shall also be watered himself.' "

As a result of the planting and watering of that winter, one hundred and fifty-five new members were received into Pilgrim Church during the year.

The summer vacation of 1880, following such a year of strenuous toil, was spent with Mrs. Goodell in California. For the recuperation of his strength and nervous power, he needed an entire change, and such diversion of thought and refreshment of mind as he was likely to find in that true 'wonder-land.' He visited while there the "Yosemite" and other places of interest, making San Francisco his point of departure. From the "Golden Gate" he looked over the great Pacific toward China and the "Isles of the Sea," and filled his heart with those thoughts of Christ's expanding kingdom, and the greatness of the present opportunity for the Christians of America, which gave such power and eloquence to his address to the National Council in the autumn, and his appeal for "A million dollars for Home Missions" a year later.

But he did not give the summer entirely to rest. He supplied, during his stay in California, the pulpit of the First Church, San Francisco, then without a pastor; and his ministrations were so acceptable to the congregation that he received an urgent invitation to become their pastor. He not only preached on the Sabbath, but conducted the prayer-meetings of the church, with the exception of that week in which he went to the Yosemite. The prayer-meetings of that summer under his leadership will long be remembered by the church as approaching the ideal of what such meetings should be.

In the autumn, after his return, arduous work awaited him. This was to prepare for the Fourth National

Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States, which was held in St. Louis this year, November 11th to 15th, 1880. Its meetings were held in Pilgrim Church, and upon that church and their pastor most of the labor involved in the entertainment of the large number of delegates, and in making the various arrangements required for the convenience and the facilitation of the business of the Council, necessarily fell. Everything was admirably planned and happily executed. The writer was a member of the Council, and he well remembers the admiration of its members at the completeness of the arrangements and the masterly way in which they were carried out. The genial urbanity and the genius for command exhibited by Dr. Goodell were remarked upon by all. He knew how to handle a large number of people, to direct or to control them, without the least suggestion of arrogance. One memorable instance will never be forgotten by the members of that Council. It was when the subject of "Ministerial Responsibility and Standing" was under consideration. In the discussion of this subject the Council became inextricably involved in what may be called a profitless wrangle, in which hour after hour was consumed to no purpose, except to show how foolish good men too fond of talking may sometimes appear, and to waste valuable time urgently needed for the consideration of important business. When at last the majority of the Council had become weary and disgusted with the vain discussion, but knew not how to stop it, several having tried unsuccessfully to do so, with the result of making the tangle of conflicting opinions more hopeless, Dr. Goodell arose, and with a few magical words dissolved the spell that had besotted and muddled the wits of the debaters, and liberated the assembly from their tedious contention.

"In a manner as quiet as that of the prayer-meeting," says one who witnessed it, "he brought the Council face to face with the grandeur of the topics as related to the kingdom of Christ they were there to discuss, and in the presence of those great truths the Council almost instantly broke away from the excitement of the vexatious debate, and turned its eyes toward the claims of Christ's kingdom, as they lay all the way across the continent from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate."

His prayer at the closing session of the Council indicated the possession of a still rarer power. Nothing like it has been heard in our great religious gatherings since the days of Dr. Edward Payson. It was referred to at the time by the editors and correspondents of our religious journals in their reports of the Council, as one of the most memorable and impressive incidents of the occasion.

A correspondent of the *Vermont Chronicle* thus speaks of the circumstances under which it was made, and of the impression it produced :

In the forenoon of the Sabbath the members had attended public worship in different parts of the city, according to their location or their choice; in the afternoon they celebrated the Lord's Supper in Pilgrim Church, and in the evening held a missionary meeting in the same house. Dr. Chamberlain, then of Norwich, Conn., now of Brooklyn, made a splendid address, about an hour long, and held the fixed attention of the audience. By this time I was greatly fatigued, as all the services of the day had been deeply interesting and, therefore, exhaustive of nervous energy.

Then the pastor of the church, Dr. Goodell, was called on to make the closing prayer, and such a prayer I have never heard before or since. I was listless when he began, but from the first sentence my attention was enchainied. He took me

and seemingly all in the vast assembly, right up to heaven and before the "great white throne." He poured forth his soul in thanks and confession and praise and adoration, as if he saw the invisible One. He was as a flame of fire. He seemed to be on wings,—the wings of faith and worship, and burning like a seraph with passionate and reverential love. I listened with wonder, and, I believe, partook in a measure of his spirit. I was absorbed entirely, except only a flitting fear that he would, as it were, fold his wings and drop to the earth, bringing us all down together; but the fear was vain, for when he had opened his heart to God, he descended quietly and devoutly, his soul still looking upward toward the throne, till the close. It seemed as if the air and the aroma of heaven came down with him, and as we retired we could all say, "We have been with God to-night."

"It was worth a journey to St. Louis," says Dr. Dexter of the *Congregationalist*, "to join with the gifted pastor of the Pilgrim Church in those petitions in which he led the Council up to heaven's gate. . . . In its tender recognition of the nearness of Christ to His people, and the vivid comprehension of the work now crowding upon them from all directions in building up His people, the prayer seemed to reach and move every heart present, and brought tears to many eyes."

His parting address to the Council was almost equally unique for its felicity and wisdom. In it, as Dr. Dexter says: "He voiced the culminating impulses of the hour, and compelled every one present to see and to feel that travelling toward the sunset from Plymouth Rock there is no 'frontier' to our responsibility to be thought of this side of the Golden Gate,—that it is 'bounded on the west by the day of judgment.'"

One paragraph of this address, which is all that we can give, is worthy to be framed and hung up as a "declaration of principles" in every church of the Congregational denomination in the country:

I want to see the Congregational Church national. I want to see it going from ocean to ocean. I want to feel that it sweeps the land. It has been sectional, it has been local long enough. All the doors are open north and south, east and west, over all the continent; let us enter through; let us take the land. We have been too much taken up with our own sort of people; as has been said, we have been looking after the lost sheep of the house of New England. And men come in from some of these fields and say: "I don't find any material for Congregationalism; I don't find anybody from New Hampshire, nobody from Rhode Island out here, hardly anybody from Maine, only three or four from Massachusetts." No material for Congregationalism! Are not human souls there—a multitude of people lost and needing salvation? Yes. Well, if that is not material for Congregationalism we had better stop housekeeping and shut up. Wherever there is a human soul to be saved, there the Congregational Church has a mission, and it is time to stop this talk about the lost sheep of the house of New England, and go for men that are out of Christ and need building up in the beauty and order of God, in the righteousness of Christ.

One of the incidents connected with the National Council in St. Louis was a free excursion at its close to Springfield, Mo., the seat of Drury College, to which the members of the Council were invited by President Morrison, that they might be present and assist in the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new chapel for the college, erected through the munificent gift of Mrs. Stone, of Malden, Mass. "At the last moment," says President Morrison, "a large number—larger than had been expected—decided to take the trip. Our three or four Pullman cars were crowded to overflow-

ing, and I found a larger job on my hands than I could well manage. Dr. Goodell exerted himself to entertain the visitors, and to make their trip as endurable as possible. At Springfield the excursionists found, instead of the 'Sunny South' which they had expected, a fierce norther raging, with driving snow. We could not lay the chapel corner-stone in the open air because of the driving storm. So the one hundred and fifty visitors, and as many townspeople, tried to get into a room 60 x 40 for the exercises. Dr. Goodell presided, and by his genial, joyful presence, and his unexpected words of cheer and welcome, raised the spirits of his audience from the zero-point to enthusiasm, and turned an impending defeat for the college into glorious victory. I think he never did me personally more signal service than that day. One secret of his power over men, and his splendid ability to achieve results, was there well illustrated—the ability to seize upon and control an exigency, to hold up before men the hopeful features of an undertaking or occasion, and make them forget the discouraging ones."

It is said of Dr. Horace Bushnell that "there were years all through his life when a high tide seemed to set in to every mental inlet, and his work in all directions was great." Something like this may be said of Dr. Goodell—though, of course, the greatness of his work was of a different sort from that of Dr. Bushnell. It was one of practical achievements in the ministry rather than of authorship or achievement in literature. This year of 1880, distinguished by such labors and successes, may be reckoned one of those tidal years, and so may the two years following. Perhaps it may be more truly said that this year of 1880 marks the beginning of a new period in Dr. Goodell's life. It was

a period of crowning success, of extraordinary enlargement, and of new enterprises. The benevolent contributions of the church, which in the year 1879 were \$9,318, this year rose to \$25,883; and, instead of soon falling back to their former figures, they remained undiminished, and even went higher in the subsequent years, showing a permanent advance. But the year is especially memorable as marking the entrance by Pilgrim Church and its pastor upon that remarkable work of church extension in St. Louis which signalized Dr. Goodell's pastorate. We judge that the movement grew out of the revival at the beginning of this year, under the labors of Mr. Moody, by which such a large addition of members was received into Pilgrim Church, greatly augmenting its working force, and by which also its evangelizing zeal was greatly quickened. Dr. Goodell, desirous to use that force and zeal to the best advantage, sent it forth in bands to capture and hold for Christ strategic points in different parts of the city. "Some pastors," says one of his people in explanation of his action, "gain great reputation by the building up of one large church, but his thought was to spread the Gospel by work at different points."

It was the fiftieth year of his age. Instead of marking "a dead line," it marks the fullness of his strength.

THOUGHTS FROM HIS NOTE-BOOK.

These days are bringing to some special opportunities, to some their best, to some their last. May they be improved.

If you expect to get to heaven, lift.

The changes needed do not begin with society, but with the individual. No regenerating society without regenerating the individual.

We cannot have Christian morality without the Christian religion.

Time, the test of character, test of faith, test of benevolence, test of faithfulness, test of self-sacrifice.

Matt. xiii. 21 : "but dureth for a little while."

The stoop of Love—how it gladdens the heart, as with Pharaoh's daughter looking into the cradle of bulrushes. Go to the river's side where the poor, lost child is, and be a father or mother to it, if you would be happy to your heart's core.

The truth taught me in childhood has stayed me in age. It came up to me in the hour of need, and held me and comforted me.

Evil rushes in like a flood ; but God stays it when He will, and His victories are sure. How quickly God, when He pleases, can make the change from darkness to light in the soul—in the world.

Satan shall be let loose for a season, but only for a season.

Satan has his outbreaks on the earth. He stings the brain.

Satan recruits his ranks from vagrants, Christ from the working poor.

It was not a question in Christ's time of getting the masses to church, but of carrying the church to the masses.

There are no little things in this life—no small meetings.

I like to be where God plants His armies, and where His banners fly.

Letting go of religious duty, little by little, has but

one result—that is, to take the soul steadily and certainly away from God.

The church of twenty years hence is in the Sabbath-school of to-day—in the home of to-day.

When a man ceases to learn, he ceases to teach.

Christians ought not to be walking on earth looking up, but walking above looking down.

Can they be classed as saints whose lives have no tendency to make a heaven of earth?

It is not you must, but you may—more privilege than duty.

An artist was asked : “Which is your best piece ?” “My next.” So one feels about his sermons.

The Talmud is what the Rabbins have to say about the Bible. So our human theology is the Christian’s Talmud.

The need of constant cleansing from constant soiling.

May we make the world better by living in it. We must hasten, for it will soon be too late.

It is wrong to pray, to be seen of men ; but equally wrong to conceal that we pray.



XVI.

THE WORLD FOR CHRIST.

1880—1882.

“If we suffer we shall also reign with Him.”

—ST. PAUL.

“These years of peaceful prosperity in which we are quietly developing a continent, are the pivot on which is turning the nation’s future.”—JOSIAH STRONG.

**“The faith that life on earth is being shaped
To glorious ends.”**

—GEORGE ELIOT.

CHAPTER XVI.

ASSAULT UPON HIS LIFE—HIS PLEA FOR HOME MISSIONS AT SARATOGA—AMERICAN BOARD MEETING IN ST. LOUIS.

WITHIN a month after the close of the National Council at St. Louis, Dr. Goodell was the victim of a savage and murderous assault, which came near to bringing his life, so rapidly increasing in power and influence, to an untimely and shocking close.

He was walking on Tenth Street, St. Louis, on his way from Arnot's stable, where he had just been on an errand of business, to Olive Street, to take the horse-car home, late one Friday afternoon near the middle of December, when two men rushed upon him out of an alley-way, and one attacking him from behind knocked him down. He received a hard blow on the back of the head from a bludgeon, and this was followed by a round of blows, swiftly dealt upon his head and face as he lay prostrate on the ground, with the evident purpose of rendering him insensible and robbing him. Fortunately he retained his senses, and was able to cry loudly for help. A workingman, who was passing on the opposite side of the street, hearing his cries, ran at once to his assistance, and the villains fled. Thus rescued, he was able to take a horse-car and proceed to his home alone; but when he reached there he was weak from loss of blood, and suffering severe pain from the injuries he had received. He was confined to the house by those injuries but a few days, and the wounds

he had received appeared soon to be healed, but it has been thought that he never really recovered from them ; that his brain received a hurt from the savage blows then given to his head which made him more susceptible to the stroke of apoplexy, from which he ultimately died.

He was able to occupy his pulpit the first Sabbath of the new year, and preached on "The Voices of the Year": text, 1 Chron. xxix. 15. "We are strangers before Thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers : our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding." When lying on the ground under the assassin's blows, he thought of death, and that his time to meet it might have then come. The sermon of the new year was prompted, perhaps, by the solemn vision of eternity which then, for a moment, flashed before his soul. In the closing words of the sermon he said :

Foreigners in a strange land live under the constant thought and expectation of return. They keep their affairs ready ; they are under no surprise when summoned ; they have but few preparations to make ; it is easy to close up and go.

Are we abiding here with such impressions and readiness ? Are we ready now ? We may go this week, this hour. Listen to the voice of the year, and be ready.

His thoughts at that time continued to dwell much upon the subject of death, and how Christ has deprived it of its terrors and made it a friend to those who believe in Him.

In the following month, February 24, 1881, he preached, by special invitation, the dedication sermon of the new North Church, St. Johnsbury, Vt., taking for his text the Scripture: "All things are yours—

whether life or death," etc. (1 Cor. iii. 21-22). When he died, the circle of friends in St. Johnsbury were reminded, for their comfort, of the passage in that sermon in which he had said:

Does death belong to the Christian's capital? Certainly. It has been conquered by the cross, and made a friend and subject of the Christian. . . . Death relieves the Christian from sorrow and pain and care, and conducts to Christ. It is the bright point in every Christian's history. It is the hand which translates him to the world of glory, and the occasion of his everlasting joy. He owes it to death that his eyes are to close on the ills of earth, and open on the fruitions of heaven. It performs the last earthly benefit by taking us to our eternal home.

He writes to Rev. Austin Hazen:

March 22, 1881.

Your letter was a joy to me. I thank you for your kind wishes. Not one pleasant memory has faded out of all our happy past, and often I long to see you and live over again the days gone by. When your great sorrow came, I deeply sorrowed with you; and in all your sweet and precious anticipations of the golden day dawning when we shall pass from the cross to the crown, I am in increasing sympathy with you. Heaven grows nearer, and Christ grows dearer, and the glory grows clearer. . . .

I have but one sorrow, and that is the years I spent away from God. And I thank you from my heart for all your kindness and patience and faithfulness to me in drawing me to Jesus.

The most notable thing in the life of Dr. Goodell during the year 1881, was his appearance at the annual

meeting of the American Home Missionary Society, May 8, 1881, and his delivery on that occasion of the remarkable address calling for "A Million Dollars a Year for Home Missions."

That address obtained great celebrity at the time. Dr. N. G. Clark says of it: "No public address has ever had such power on the popular mind of this country. It struck a chord that vibrated from the Aroostook to the Golden Gate." The enthusiasm it created at the time was not transient. "It was a high note he struck," says Dr. Dexter, "but it was a keynote, the strong vibration of which is sounding still in every Congregational church worthy of the name." The Home Missionary Society published it in immense numbers as a tract, and scattered it all over the land. And such was the spirit and life pervading it that the printed address stirred its readers almost as much as the address spoken by the voice of the preacher did those who heard him. It is instinct with life and power. The subject was one which Dr. Goodell had long and deeply pondered; his heart was full of it, and his address possessed all the qualities of discourse made under such conditions by a superior speaker.

As a literary production it will bear careful study. Its style is forcible, picturesque, elevated. We believe that, like most of his productions, it was rapidly written. It was not any worse, but all the better on that account. "Such swiftness of mere writing, after due energy of preparation," says Carlyle, "is doubtless the right method; the hot furnace having long worked and simmered, let the pure gold flow out at one gush." It is the work of a large-minded, earnest, gifted man, pleading eagerly for a great cause. The fire which burnt within his soul permeates it from beginning to

end. This breaks forth in almost every paragraph in flashes of wit, in brilliant epigrams, in splendid passages of flaming eloquence, in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

We are not able, for lack of room, to reprint the whole address. We can only cull from it a few specimen paragraphs, for the sake, especially, of those readers who never perused it, feeling sure that those who heard it and those who may have read it, will be glad to revive by means of them the quickening impulse which it first gave:

God sometimes calls the smallest countries to the front: Palestine, Greece, Switzerland, Great Britain. Now He chooses the largest nation, because He has largest uses for it. . . . Our country would make to-day 311 kingdoms as large as that over which David ruled from his throne in Jerusalem. . . . Take it from sea to sea, and from lakes to gulf, it is as fair a land as ever the sun shone on—sure to swarm with people in every part. Now we need to pierce all this golden air toward the Pacific, with rising church spires, and swing wide the doors of welcome to the work and worship of God.

The present and pressing wants of the field are at least a million a year. The American Home Missionary Society is national, and not sectional. . . . One million dollars a year to this Society would be a glorious offering to God out of our accumulating possessions. It would be as the dropping of feathers in the flight of our eagles toward the silver Pacific seas, marking the line of Christian empire; or as green olive sprigs from the doves gathering at our windows, set in plains wider than France, and Germany, and England, where scarcely a Sabbath-bell rings, or a tree of life casts its shade. . . . We want to plant the tree of life everywhere

throughout this glorious domain. It is the springtime in our history, when the Gospel will most easily take root and come fastest to fruitage.

This nation has the power which free institutions hold over the hearts of men. Its very name—free America, is invitation and promise to men. The hope that brings the multitudes here stirs in them a better life and lifts them to a higher manhood. As a rule, none come to this land whose hearts are dead in them, and where there are not the possibilities of better things. No nation on the globe has such hopes built into it, and to which so many look with eager expectation, and for which they pray with such heart-throb of affection. Wherever men are born, this soon becomes their native country.

Business has vast interests at stake in the Christianizing of this country. The nation has its life at stake, society its order, labor its reward, home its happiness, peace and prosperity its security. Let what will perish, let the nation be saved which carries the world's largest hope.

Many ask, why not found their own schools and churches? There must be a seed in order to a growth, and these people belong, as a rule, to that order of plants which have not the seed in themselves. Places which bear names like the following, really exist in back districts west of the Sierra Nevadas, some of which I have visited: Red Dog, Loafer Hill, Poker Flat, You Bet, Whiskey Gulch, Puppy Town, Gouge Eye, Yankee Doodle, Wildcat Bar, Greenhorn Cañon, Nutcake Camp, Seven-up Ravine, Fiddletown, and Pokerville. Imagine the denizens of these localities getting together and reading up Dexter on Congregationalism, and organizing a church, building a meeting-house, and sending to Prof. Park, of Andover, for a pastor! If a ministerial paper-reader should come along some Sunday, with his

manuscript, he would need to be lively in unrolling it—before his audience got at the game of poker, or broke for a drink.

Nothing is impossible to the American citizen. He knows no hindrances; he yields to no obstacles. It takes an earthquake to stop him. There should be no impossibilities to the American Christian. He is the anointed king and lawgiver to this nation. He has but to rise and walk to his throne and crown, and create the means under God as he goes.

Emigration moving Westward is the guide-post to duty, set up by God's own hand. Let the progress of our missionary work be equal to the march of events and the thickening necessities of the hour. God, in demanding the evangelization of this Republic, takes the long look, and we need to see from His view-point. He requires us to carry His Gospel through to the California shore, for the interests of His kingdom which lie beyond California in Japan, and China, and the islands of the sea. God is moving on Asia by the way of Plymouth Rock and the Golden Gate. He means in this, not good to the new world alone, but to the old as well. America for the sake of Asia.

The Pacific coast to-day is the supreme point of inspiration on this continent. Listening to the songs of this sounding, mighty sea, one rises nearest to God, and catches most of His thought and purpose in this new world. The Gospel that saves America has already gone far toward the redemption of the whole Orient. The work has begun. The pillar of cloud and fire which has led God's people forth to the new world rests above the glittering Sierra Nevadas, throwing its brilliance far out on the sea, and gilding the temples and pagodas of the most renowned paganism, in preparation for its fall. It points us to our way and work, and interprets to us God's wonderful ways of redemption in the earth.

During the summer vacation of 1881 Dr. Goodell went with his wife to Chautauqua. He often visited that famous summer resort, and frequented its assemblies, and sometimes his name appeared on its programmes among the corps of lecturers. When asked why he went there, he replied: "I go where the people go." He lost no opportunity to learn how to adapt truth to the common mind.

In the fall of the year 1881, the American Board of Foreign Missions held its annual meeting in St. Louis, occupying the spacious house of worship of Pilgrim Church as the principal place of assembly and business. The same generous hospitality and ample arrangements shown the preceding year to the National Council were now offered on a larger scale to the American Board. Nothing was lacking to complete the comfort of their guests, or the success of the meetings. The maps, showing the different fields occupied by the Board, and the appropriate mottoes, suspended from the galleries, formed an interesting adornment of the audience-room. Dr. Goodell, as the pastor of the church, and the leading representative of Congregationalism in the city, won the gratitude and admiration of the strangers from abroad by the courtesy with which he greeted them and labored for their comfort, and by the efficiency he exhibited in the conduct of those affairs upon which the progress of business depended. He was, as representing his church in its hospitality, an ideal host; and, as the head of the business committee, a marvel of executive ability. Dr. Alden, the Home Secretary of the Board, says that his manner of giving notices was so unique and felicitous, that they were reckoned among the most interesting events of the meeting. Whenever he appeared to make announcements of services

or special business, there was a hush of eager attention, in anticipation of the bright, happy comments with which they were accompanied.

His farewell address at the close of this meeting was as interesting as that given the year before at the close of the National Council. The following paragraphs formed a part of it:

Wordsworth has said that the sea-shell, though far inland, when placed to the ear sings of the sea. The American Board of Foreign Missions is a sea-shell singing to us inland the song of the great world's redemption—of continents and islands beyond our sight rescued by grace.

It is God who shapes all these events. A friend has pointed out, in a recent French edition of a German work on Columbus, the fact that when his little fleet was far on toward the west, a flock of birds passed before him toward the northeast. He turned his fleet in the direction whence they came and soon discovered San Salvador; otherwise his course would have led him to Virginia. So Spanish rule and greed and lust were turned away, and this vast territory of ours was left free to civil liberty and the Protestant faith. Was ever flight of birds more important in the results of history? But God is shaping all the currents of human affairs to the exaltation and glory of His dear Son.

It is very fitting that this meeting should occur in St. Louis. From Samuel J. Mills came the first conception of this Board. He was a leading spirit in all its earliest councils till organized. Then, with Rev. Daniel Smith, he rode over 1,200 miles on horseback through morass and jungle till he reached this city, where in 1814 he preached the first, or among the very first Protestant sermons. It was a little French town of mud and log

huts. The few Protestant families desired him to remain, but instead, Rev. Salmon Giddings, of Connecticut, came and organized the first Protestant church, and lived to organize a group of seventeen churches. So Protestantism, here, was born of the American Board. In coming here for this meeting, it is coming to its own. The cordial hospitality extended by these pastors and churches is the bread which the missionary Mills cast upon the waters, coming home after many days.

After the guests had all gone, he sat down and wrote to the *Advance*:

It is a blessed thing to have the American Board come to any city. The preparation for it is a loving labor. The presence of it is an inspiration, and the memory of it is a joy forever. . . . It is not a difficult and burdensome work to entertain the Board. There is no mountain about it, only "the mountain of the Lord's house," which Jehovah himself builds for the time; and the sense of weariness and care is lost in the delight in seeing the hosts of the Lord flow in, and the light and cloud of His presence on the summit. Some magnify the work, and say: It is a good thing to have had, but a great trial to have; like riding on a camel—a happy thing in retrospect, but fearful in the doing. I stoutly deny all this, and pity any soft soul that calls such toil for Christ and His people and His kingdom enduring hardness. It is a great privilege. . . .

The meetings steadily rose in elevation of thought and warmth of feeling to the last. The influence of the thirty-eight missionaries present from every land and the islands of the sea was very marked and precious. For nine successive sessions of three hours each, we were taken up into the high places of the earth, and granted a view of Christ's kingdom as wide as the

world, made to feel a righteousness deep as His throne, and to behold a vision of His glory lasting as eternity.

Such a meeting as that of the American Board cannot be gotten up to order, no matter what speakers are gathered for it. It is the blossom of more than half a century of prayers and consecrations and sacrifices for Christ. Its roots run down to the Rock of Ages. Its sheaves are garnered from every land. Its faith reaches to that within the veil: that is the secret of the wonderful spiritual power and uplift of its feasts.

THOUGHTS FROM HIS NOTE-BOOK.

I am thankful we live in this greatest missionary century since the world began.

David never complains in the Psalms because he is not praised, not appreciated, not made enough of. It is real grievances that trouble him.

Each generation must be trained. Our children will be no better than we make them.

The man that enjoys a thing owns it.

Expect the faults of Christians, and do not be surprised, but help them.

Think of the work going on here in God's kingdom; see the examples of faith and love and consecration, and prayer answered, and sacrifices made, and sins forgiven, and money bestowed, and temptations resisted, and work done, and deep communions of soul with God.

Freedom in religion is not freedom from religion.

Our young men; what can we do for them?

1. Love them: "Jesus loved him."
2. Speak to them.
3. Pray for them.
4. Make them feel they are wanted.
5. Put them into service.
6. Load them with responsibility, and give them a chance to learn by failure and

success. It is the only way they can grow and mature, to put them in and let them try their hand. 7. Expend for them time and money. 8. Be on the watch for them.

In turn, let the young men avoid bad associates, and make friends of nature, health, Providence, God, angels, books, good people, Bible, Sabbath day—all good forces and intelligences and powers.

One true Christian life will do more to prove the divine origin of Christianity than many evidences addressed to the reason.

Believers have a life which death can never touch.

May we keep our eyes on God, not on our difficulties. The glory of the end will cause us to forget the roughness of the way. It is cheering to think of the place we are going to.

No nation is ever greater than its religion.

Self-made Christians are very apt to worship their maker.

Every door of the heart must open on the inside.

Fiery trials make golden Christians. God perfects His children in the school of suffering.

Preach morality and not Christ, some say ; but Christ is the source of all true morality. The man who comes to Christ stops drinking, stops cheating and lying and swearing.

No Christian has a right to reckon his contributions to the cause of Christ as among his optional or superfluous duties.

Lager-beer is the devil's kindling-wood.

Man never does anything while he carries a heart of lead.

Let three doors be open here : the door of the church, the door of the pew, the door of the heart.

XVII.

HOW TO BUILD A CHURCH.

1882—1883.

“ Who from no task of Christ soe'er,
True soldier, sought indulgence;
To him it wore so grand an air,
Was lit with such effulgence.”

—THE BISHOP OF DERRY.

“ The soil out of which such men as he are made is good to be born on, good to die for, and good to be buried in.”—J. R. LOWELL.

“ He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best; and he whose heart beats the quickest lives the longest.”
—JAMES MARTINEAU.

CHAPTER XVII.

SUMMER VACATION OF 1882—A. M. A. ANNIVERSARY, CLEVELAND—TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS SETTLEMENT—FESTIVAL OF SONS OF VERMONT, CHICAGO—HOME MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARY OF 1883, SARATOGA—ADDRESS AT ANNIVERSARY OF THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, ANDOVER.

THE summer vacation of 1882 was spent where most of his vacations were, in the East. In the course of it he visited St. Johnsbury, Boston, Chautauqua, etc.

While in Boston he was invited to address the Congregational Ministers' meeting in regard to their denominational work, as it appeared to him from his point of view in St. Louis. As usual, his address was eagerly listened to, and made a profound impression. The *Congregationalist* of that week said of it:

Dr. Goodell, with voice as sweet as an *Æolian* harp, but words weighty and full of fire, spoke for above half an hour on the outlook from St. Louis. "We have a great mission, and a great mission makes great men. The Christian ought to be a king to-day," etc. He also emphasized the need of giving.

At Chautauqua he gave a series of addresses upon Methods of Christian Work. From there he writes to Mrs. Goodell:

CHAUTAUQUA, *August, 1882.*

MY DEAR WIFE:—It is Sunday, P.M., in beautiful Chautauqua, cool and lovely. The multitudes are here. I passed by our old door here at the hotel, and felt lonesome. How sweet it would be to have you here. I

have done all my work, and one address more, and God has helped me. Prof. Churchill, of Andover, sits with me at table. John B. Gough, Bishop Simpson, Dr. Hopkins, Anthony Comstock, Frank Beard, and a multitude of friends are here. All send love to you. I am praying mightily for —. My heart of hearts is yours. I recognize the great work you are doing, and esteem it as for Christ's sake. I shall be happy when I see you. My joy in life is in being with you. I shall find a letter from you at the Congregational House, Boston.

Ever, ever yours,

C.

In October of this year, 1882, Dr. Goodell preached the opening sermon at the annual meeting of the A. M. A. at Cleveland, Ohio. His subject was, "More Power from Christ for the World's larger Needs."

After announcing his subject, he said :

I am here to say that nothing can take the place of this Gospel power; neither the machinery of societies, nor any human method; neither philanthropy nor eras of good feeling. These are as moonlight unto sunlight. We must have new life in the soul.

The following passage contains, in brief, the substance of the discourse :

Our work lacks momentum because our piety has too little spiritual force to carry it. It is under-weight. We shall make progress in work as we make progress in grace, and wrestle out victories in our own souls on our knees. . . . Every addition to Christian character is enlargement on the field. More of Christ in the heart, more missionaries and teachers and money. Greater the power from God, greater the triumph over opposing forces all along the line. The

opposition is mostly in our own hearts and exchequer, not with African, Indian, or Mongolian. . . . The delay is not because of miasmatic fevers and Chinese walls, but because of the unreadiness within: spiritual force is spent. The next era of advance must be by invigorating our Christian love and zeal. American missionary work was born through wide-spread revivals. Revivals are needed for its continuance and expansion. Shafts of Christian life must be sunk deeper into the Rock of Ages. Our wells of salvation must be lowered where spiritual drouth never comes. We must so live in Christ that the water shall be ever flowing. . . .

“Some use Christ as a medicine to cure their diseases,” said an ancient disciple. “Christ should be the soul’s food.” When Christ is the feast of the soul, and not its medicine, the heart leaps mightily to its work, and takes in the world as love’s trophy for the Lord. This is the power needed for service.

November 27, 1882, was celebrated by Pilgrim Church as the tenth anniversary of Dr. Goodell’s settlement with them as their pastor. The occasion was one of great interest and pleasure to the church, and the numerous friends and invited guests that participated in it. It was memorable for the size and brilliancy of the congregation assembled, the beauty and appropriateness of the floral decorations, the high character of the speeches and other literary exercises, and especially for the summary exhibited of the work achieved by the church during the ten years that Dr. Goodell had been with them. This summary was presented in an interesting address by Judge Warren Currier, the principal speaker of the evening. Most of the facts and items which entered into it have been set before the readers of this volume in the progress of the narrative to this point;

we need not repeat them. Two or three statements found in it may, however, be given:

The little church of 115 has grown to 810, its small Sunday-school to 710, and its Sabbath congregation, as recently reported by the *Globe-Democrat*, to be the largest in the city.

The record shows that the Pilgrim Church and people have raised and distributed in the aggregate, in the last ten years, for religious, educational, and charitable purposes external to itself, the sum of \$138,218.65.

The following transcript from the "record" will exhibit, in detail, the charitable work of this period, and its increase and variation from year to year:

Year.	Home Mis-sions.	Foreign Mis-sions.	Church Building.	Christian Educa-tion.	Sabbath Schools.	Commu-ni-ty Collec-tions.	Miscel-la-neous.	Total.
1873	\$7,666 30	\$711 33	\$271 99	\$730 49	\$298 66	\$165 06	\$1,052 26	\$4,896 09
1874	2,102 90	769 40	954 50	1,997 78	728 69	308 25	1,682 32	8,543 84
1875	1,720 01	576 90	49 73	3,772 90	558 33	303 21	3,450 20	6,971 28
1876	3,778 80	809 25	375 00	5,830 00	701 00	312 18	527 43	12,632 96
1877	3,400 93	792 70	475 00	1,842 00	803 72	356 55	684 42	8,355 32
1878	1,737 02	602 36	106 70	1,445 10	723 97	276 53	481 67	5,405 35
1879	1,830 10	432 15	1,215 39	3,889 85	687 80	296 25	966 34	9,317 68
1880	4,491 80	1,134 44	1,000 00	480 00	1,604 94	406 16	17,313 53	25,884 87
1881	4,698 20	1,657 23	9,715 97	2,548 37	504 10	520 14	399 84	16,638 85
1882	11,295 20	1,436 90	3,585 00	5,091 50	914 25	442 61	4,085 29	26,850 65

Appropriate speeches were also made by other members of Pilgrim Church, by Dr. Simeon Gilbert, and Rev. Robert West of Chicago, and by several of the pastors of the city, present as invited guests. Letters were read from President Morrison of Drury College, Dr. H. M. Dexter of Boston, President Sturtevant, and others. In President Morrison's letter were these words: "The anniversary that you joyously keep belongs to us also. Without Pilgrim Church, and without Dr. and Mrs. Goodell to serve that church in the Gospel, Drury College probably had never been."

Poetry and song lent their charms to the occasion—an original hymn set to appropriate music, and an original poem, by members of the congregation, serving to express their united gladness and grateful appreciation of the work of their pastor. The following lines from the poem are worthy of being preserved for their truthful characterization of the pastor and his ministry to them :

“Oh, pastor! friend! to whom we bring
This greeting from our hearts to-night;
Yours was the face, the hand, the voice,
That gave our life its happiest light.

“You’ve helped us all our burdens bear,
And never wearied night or day;
You’ve turned our thoughts and hearts aside
From earth and pain to heaven away.”

To the various encomiums bestowed upon him and his work, Dr. Goodell made happy reply :

“To my brethren in the ministry,” he said, “for their generous recognition of service rendered, I return the thanks of my heart. How you can say what you have and keep a clear conscience I leave to you. You have been measuring the work of this church, but I do not forget that God will weigh it in His balance, and that in spite of its fair seeming it will in many ways be poor and unworthy in His sight.”

Referring to a saying of Bishop Wilberforce, that when he saw a minister who had preached to one people ten years he took off his hat to him, he said to his people :

When I see a flock that has been content to be fed and led by one shepherd ten years, I take off my hat to them.

They have certainly the virtues of patience and forbearance. I have found it hard to bear with myself these years. . . . My life in your service has been a joyous one. . . . That pulpit is to me the grandest spot on earth. How often is my soul thrilled by the majesty and power of God's book! If a Christian man, with a happy home, a library of choice books, a circle of true, intelligent friends, and work enough to do for God and humanity, cannot be happy, he has no place in the ministry. . . . There has been unity and cordial fellowship here. We have never been left without the converting and comforting presence of the Holy Spirit, . . . here is our hope for the future. . . . Our closing word, he said, as we look back on the record of the decade behind us, shall be a prayer from the Psalter of David: "Strengthen, O God, that which Thou hast wrought for us." . . .

Such occasions, when observed in a right spirit, are profitable to pastor and people and all concerned.

It was so in this case, and the hope expressed by Judge Currier at the close of his address, "that these exercises and this anniversary and the memories they awaken may impel us onward to a higher, more consecrated, more heroic future," was fulfilled. The good of it appeared in many ways. It cemented the congregation more firmly than ever together; every department of church work received a new impulse, the work of church extension continued to go energetically forward, the love of the church and congregation for the pastor was deepened, and his influence over them for good was strengthened.

One other result came from it, of great profit to a multitude of pastors and churches in this land, for which they will always be grateful. Rev. Robert West

of the *Advance*, said to Dr. Goodell, as he left to go home to Chicago:

Write a series of articles for the *Advance* on "How to Build a Church." It has been given you to see two churches built up widely apart, one in the conservative and solid East, and the other in the progressive and swiftly moving West. I believe it will do good to tell in the *Advance* how it has been done.

The proposal thus made was acted upon. "The articles were undertaken, and written by snatches in the busiest of winters, amidst ever-pressing duties and cares within the church and without." Such is the account of their origin which Dr. Goodell gives in the Preface of the little book, "How to Build a Church," which was published in 1883. The articles thus written and first published in the *Advance* were gathered up, and to them were added three others on kindred subjects that had been previously contributed to the *Congregationalist* by Mrs. Goodell, and the sheaf so formed made the suggestive volume above referred to.

Dr. Goodell's part in the volume consists of seven brief chapters and a Preface, covering in all a little more than fifty pages. "The pages," says their author, "contain only hints and suggestions, and are, of course, very limited and incomplete." But notwithstanding this they contain the substance of an extended treatise on Pastoral Theology. We, therefore, recommend the book to all pastors who wish to learn the secret of "How to Build a Church." It is not to be treated as light reading if one would get much good from it. Any one of its seven chapters may be quickly read, in ten or fifteen minutes. But he who so reads it will receive only a small fraction of the instruction that is in it, and probably lay down the book in disappointment. It needs

to be studied and pondered, sentence by sentence. Often in one sentence the substance of a full paragraph or chapter is condensed. The heat and pressure under which they were written allowed only what was essential to be in them. They are like crystals formed by fires so intense and under conditions so rigid, that every non-essential particle has been eliminated.

In reading the book the Preface should not be skipped. It contains some of the most important matter. The following sentences are samples:

It is important to see that our failure, when we fail, lies in our own want of faith in God. What will succeed in one place will, as a rule, in another. The failure is not so often from want of ability or learning or right location as it is from the want of deep, believing piety. Many workers often comfort themselves too easily. . . . Little matter, they say, about success ; that is God's part,—the great thing is faithfulness. . . . The faithfulness which God rewards is that which is not content till it brings results to pass. It is never satisfied to tread the old rut, year after year, making it deeper, while the churches are gradually decaying and dying under it. The truth is, faithfulness is success. It never stops with routine. . . . It stands knocking until Christ comes in and unveils His beauty, and fills the parish with a sense of divine power, making all things new.

There were three public occasions in the year 1883, at which Dr. Goodell appeared in prominent parts. They were the annual festival of the Sons of Vermont, at Chicago, January 17; the annual meeting of the American Home Missionary Society, at Saratoga, in the first week of June; and the anniversary of the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass., the second week of June.

Of the first we have an interesting account, written for the *Congregationalist* by Dr. Simeon Gilbert, himself a son of Vermont. He writes:

The annual banquet of the Sons of Vermont has come to be one of the notable institutions of Chicago. There is no other similar gathering here which comes near it in representative interest. The one held Wednesday evening, January 17, at the Palmer House, was the sixth reunion of the "Illinois Association of the Sons of Vermont." Over three hundred gentlemen and ladies were present. Any one at all curious to examine and see how it is that these imperial commonwealths of the interior and West have come by their fundamental strain of character, and tendency and leadership, could find nothing more instructive than such a gathering as this. Vermont is a little State, and has considerably less population than this city (of Chicago); and yet it is a pretty big school, a kind of normal school—a universal seminary. Education has been its forte.

The speech of the evening was made by Dr. C. L. Goodell, of St. Louis. Of course it was immensely felicitous: but, of course, too, it was a speech with a purpose. "Vermont," he said, "was widening out every way majestically. The capital of Vermont was Chicago. The principal cities of Vermont were Boston, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Albany, and Cleveland, and its metropolis was St. Louis. On Mt. Mansfield, last week, the wind blew at the rate of 144 miles an hour, which was pretty good time to regulate a Chicago business man."

"But life is not all pleasant. We live in an age when great privileges are ours. We are called upon as no other generation has been called upon, to use our privileges. Important and weighty duties rest upon us all in this age."

"God has placed us in positions where we can be of great good to our kind, and to the world. Back in Vermont a mother taught me to honor God, and to be thankful for the many gifts that surround us. There is one spirit that should manifest itself in all our actions, and that is that the world may be better by our having lived in it."

"Vermont is the home of schools and colleges. Paul, on his way to Damascus, received light that has been illuminating the

world during all these centuries. In this country our brick colleges are shedding light which reaches around the world. It penetrates every community, and with the joy and peace of a Christian life, radiates the whole land."

Dr. Goodell's personal testimony to his supreme loyalty to Christ was as bold and manly as it was graceful and impressive.

The Home Missionary Anniversary for the year 1883 was memorable for the proposal then made of an "Emergency Fund" of \$100,000, in addition to the \$400,000 demanded for ordinary uses, for the purpose of strengthening and extending the Society's work, especially in the Southwest. Dr. Goodell supported the proposition in a speech at the meeting, and, that the greatness of the emergency might be better understood by the churches of our faith and the Christians of the land, advocated the publication of a pamphlet or book upon the subject.

In his speech, as reported in one of the religious papers of the time, Dr. Goodell said:

These are years of destiny. We are making history. The first century of Christianity was proved by miracles. This latest century of Christianity is proved by achievements. We must work faster or we shall go down. God has planted this nation and given Christianity here its greatest opportunity. The money must come to us before we can accomplish under God what we desire. When we have a good thing we want to show it. If you want more grain, plant wider. The way to bring more money to this Society is to plant wider. You must publish accounts of the work. You must fill the land with publications of your Home Missionary Society. My church pledges a thousand dollars to this printed work. . . . When God wants a great nation He loads it with responsibility. The money must come or the

missionaries cannot go out. We want men equal to the work. We want strong, earnest men. God is here working out the problem of the ages with us. If we trust in the Lord God omnipotent, all will be well.

By reason of the pledge of \$1,000 thus made, the officers of the American Home Missionary Society selected Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., to prepare a work on the subject spoken of; and the result was that remarkable book of Dr. Strong's, "Our Country," which has produced such a profound impression throughout the land, its sale already having reached the number of 70,000 copies. If Dr. Goodell had done no other service to the Christian world than to encourage, through his pledge on behalf of his church, the preparation and publication of that work, which was first issued as a pamphlet by the Home Missionary Society, he would have earned its gratitude.

At the anniversary of the Theological Seminary in Andover, Mass., Dr. Goodell read a paper before the alumni upon "The Preaching Required for the Times." It was a stirring production and elicited a lively discussion. After characterizing the preaching in vogue, and commending it for certain good qualities, as dealing faithfully with the sins of the time, caring for children and youth, urging to a large benevolence, pleading for the planting and endowing of Christian institutions, and presenting enlarged conceptions of duty and service to the world, he points out certain grave defects. There are four, in particular, specified by him:

1. A lack of converting power.—The gains in many places are not equal to the losses. The mill runs on, but little comes of it. Revivals are seldom. In those portions of the country where means and opportunities

for saving souls are greatest, conversions are fewest. . . . It is a terrible impeachment of our preaching. . . . Where is the old passion for souls? How few call on the mighty God, the God that answereth by fire!

2. Failure to reach the masses.—The world waxes powerful and pours past the church doors every Sabbath a vast, restless throng untouched. Our churches mainly give up, and do not try to reach them. The ministers are educated often away from the masses, and keep away. . . . The bulk of the people in the great train thunder on, and the church rides in a dainty parlor-car behind. Christianity ought to be conductor of the train. . . . Under our preaching unbelief thrives and discontent increases.

3. Lack of effort to reach foreigners.—The tide of foreign life is rising around us every day higher. We go on . . . preaching and conducting church affairs as if these people did not exist. Seven million Germans among us, . . . yet what minister has saved a German? Who has really cast his net in on that side? . . . We discourse to one small class, on one phase of thought, and scarcely make any impression on these raging millions who imagine a vain thing, and in whose hands are the destinies of the republic and the Church of God.

4. The pulpit of the day does not call young men to the ministry as it ought.—There is some note wanting in the voice of the ministry where this is true. There is a judgment-seat in every young man's soul. Roll the facts of his duty on him; show him man's sin and Christ's salvation, and no work for him will be like work for Christ.

The following are some of his "religious meditations for the closing year":

Many lights go out, but the one Light abides.

Our prayers have too often come and gone with our necessities.

The sweetest flowers of Paradise God gives to His people on their knees.

There is not a promise but of which every child of God may say : It is mine.

May we enjoy the blessings of this day, and have strength to bear its crosses.

Our hearts these days are altars, whereon gratitude and thanksgiving are rising as incense to Thee day and night.

God had one Son without sin, but none without sorrow.

May we all be mindful of our influence.

We may fail in many of our desires, but if we trust, we shall not fail of Heaven.

A candle will not light the world, neither will earthly hopes light the soul.

The plow of sorrow turns up our poverty to show us possibilities of wealth.

The sun does not go to its grave, but disappears as if into the earth ; so does the man who dies.

The anchor does not hold the ship still, but it holds it fast.

The needle trembles, but does not turn from the pole.

We have death before us ; what advantage have they who have it behind !

Let the loved and lost mold us and bless us more in their dying than in their living.

May life broaden and deepen to us as we go toward eternity.

The lost sheep is nearest the shepherd's heart.

The springs we would drink from are not frozen by the cold of winter, nor dried up by the heat of summer. How happy my soul to be led by such springs.

If we live with Jesus and for Jesus, then shall we grow like Jesus.

A face without smiles is a garden without flowers.

The sun is set and the day is done. Soon shall we exchange the midnight for the morning.

Let us remember it is step by step, and not a hundred days at a time.

Bless those who are hungering for the bread of life.

The house of God is a refuge from public, domestic, and private care.

Let us move our altars to those who will not come to us.

We pray for those left alone ; the sons and daughters of parents passed into the skies.

XVIII.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

“Be filled with the Spirit; speaking one to another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody with your heart to the Lord; giving thanks always for all things in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ to God, even the Father.”—ST. PAUL.

“Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make,
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take.

• • • • •
We kneel how weak; we rise how full of power.
Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong
Or others, that we are not always strong?”

—TRENCH.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

I HAVE incidentally referred to the ways in which he often made the prayer-meeting of Pilgrim Church interesting; it may be well here to speak at more length of this meeting of the church. In the history of his ministry in New Britain, the opinion of one of his people: "I think his best work was done in the prayer-meeting," was quoted. Similar opinions are held by many of his St. Louis people. Many said during his life among them, that they would rather miss all the other services of the week than this one, so helpful and interesting was it to them.

The following description of his prayer-meeting and of his manner of conducting it has been received from one of the most intelligent and most constant in his attendance upon it, of the officers of his church:

It would be difficult to describe the prayer-meeting of Pilgrim Church under Dr. Goodell, because each was unlike any other. In this was one of the great charms of the meeting, for it could never be said of it, as has often been said of the prayer-meetings of some churches, that one knew beforehand just about what it would be—who would participate in its exercises, and what they would say.

Dr. Goodell strove to make the prayer-meeting, in the first place, a family gathering. He reminded his people that they were, in fact, one family in Christ, and that there, through communion with Him and with one another, they would receive mutual help and strength for life's needs; and easily they came

to learn that their thoughts and desires were common, and that they did obtain great help there. The members of his church, therefore, look back upon those prayer-meetings with great delight. We remember how carefully and skillfully he planned them. They were not allowed to run in a rut as to their order, and they were never without plan and special purpose. Many times they were prepared for weeks beforehand with special care. Not unfrequently subjects were selected, and topics relating to them were written out and handed to different persons, with the request that they would speak on those specific points, or severally bring a passage of Scripture or a verse of a hymn appropriate to the topic assigned. Such meetings, so planned, were very interesting, and brought an up-lift to all, and especial profit to those who took part in them; while the planning and selection were so successfully done that the meetings seldom made the disagreeable impression of formality from having been too elaborately prearranged.

On one occasion the announcement was made from the pulpit with the other notices for the week, that the meeting on Wednesday evening would be the prayer-meeting of A.D. 1900. Many were the conjectures as to what the meeting was to be, but the puzzle was not solved until the people came together on the night of the meeting, when it flashed upon them with a pleasant surprise at the discovery that the young people were there in force to conduct it. It was a delightful meeting. The notice from the pulpit concerning the prayer-meeting, as in the instance just referred to, was an invitation of such varying character that interest in it was quickened from the moment it was heard.

It seemed as though Dr. Goodell loved to bring to his people there at that mid-week hour the best he had. The meeting could not fail to be helpful, for there his people learned of his experiences on the mount, and the deepest desires of his heart; and there, in prayer, he took them with him to the mount also. With the variety which characterized the meetings, there was always a special fitness for the time. The topics, and his treatment of them, were timely. He was very happy, in his use of the experiences of his people, in showing God's hand in them. Occasions of joy or sorrow to their hearts and homes were turned to the greatest profit. Here, too, at the prayer-

meeting, he brought items of the work of the denomination in St. Louis and the State, as well as the whole country, thus constantly enlisting the sympathy and interest of his people in other churches and the work at large.

The meeting nearest to the "Annual Thanksgiving" was usually a praise-meeting. Many will recall with great pleasure those meetings. What helpfulness in the passages of Scripture then brought by different ones! How small the trials and burdens grew as God's mercies were recounted in words glowing with love to Him who giveth to all liberally!

To the preceding description we subjoin the following account, taken from a letter to the *Advance*, by Robert West, who, while superintendent of the Home Missionary work in the Southwest, was often in St. Louis, and an occasional attendant upon the prayer-meetings of Pilgrim Church:

The whole life of a church hinges on its prayer-meetings, and the prayer-meeting depends on the leader. I know of a prayer-meeting which is never chill, never drags, and where, so far as I have seen, the Holy Spirit is present always in unmistakable power—sweet, tender, deep. But the leader prepares for that meeting as faithfully as he ever prepared for his pulpit. I never heard him say as much, but it is evident to all. And his greatest preparation is in solemn communion with the Most High. He comes down from the mount of God, and his face shines as the face of an angel. There is no such thing as counterfeiting the Spirit's work. If the life of the minister were careless, or unclean, or selfish, he could not come with the dew of God's grace upon him, and so speak as to melt us all into a loving mood, and move the multitude as by a breath from the gates of heaven. When we have a consecrated, trained ministry, we shall have done with pompous sermons, dreary theological philosophy, cant, and skepticism.

You say, "Who is this ideal minister?" No matter now, as his name is written in the Book of Life, and will not be overlooked at the last great day. That he is a good man you need

not doubt. It might be good Mr. A. or good Mr. B., and it might be simply good L.

To make our description of his prayer-meetings complete, that the readers of this book may obtain something like an adequate conception of them, we add to the foregoing accounts some thoughts of his own taken from the chapter entitled "The Pastor in the Prayer-Meeting," in his little book, "How to Build a Church."

Upon the importance of the prayer-meeting, he says :

The prayer-meeting is the most important circle that gathers in the church, both in its influence on Christians and on the world. The Church of Christ was born in a ten days' prayer-meeting, and it must still be found in the place of prayer. Above all other services is the prayer service. The believer that is always there receives and gives a blessing which will hardly be exceeded by any other work he ever does.

He thinks the prayer-meeting should be led by the pastor :

There may be scores of godly and able members, but he stands at the centre, and none can understand the needs and fitnesses, and bring out the gifts and graces as he can. He is to the prayer-meeting what the engine is to the steamship, its "heart of fire giving direction and movement."

The staple of the prayer-meeting is its spirituality. It is not a sociable, though it is social. It is not a talking and singing meeting, though men talk and sing with the heart. It is not a solemn rehearsal of prayer-meeting prayers ; nor is it a weekly lecture by the pastor, made up of what is left over ;—such a meeting is the poppy among the flowers in the garden of plants. You cannot have a soul-moving prayer-meeting without

soul-moving piety. The one thing that makes the hour of prayer blessed is the light of the living God in the souls of His communing children. If our prayer-meetings are poor it is because our piety is shallow. Nothing will make them powerful and profitable like more godliness. Deepen the consecration and you deepen the interest and helpfulness.

Concerning the specific benefits of the prayer-meeting, he says:

Miracles are done in it. When the disciples were praying, the Holy Spirit descended. When the Church was praying at John Mark's house, Peter was let out of prison by an angel. When the Church prays now, there is answer in India and China and Africa. While Christians pray, there is fresh anointing from on high. Less time with men, and more with God.

The prayer circle is a place of instruction. The word of truth is unfolded there. What we learn on our knees we never unlearn. The place of prayer is a place of rest after toil, of comfort in perplexity and trouble. It is a place of fellowship. Next to the joy of heaven is the gladness of hearts gathered together in prayer. It is a place for conversion of souls. Of how many it shall be written: "They were born there." It is a place for replenishing the daily losses of the heart, and enthroning God again at the seat of the soul. A Christian is always helped by his association with other Christians.

Among the practical suggestions he gives for making a good prayer-meeting are the following:

A definite object is desirable, toward which the current of the meeting presses, gathering force as it goes. Variety is important; sameness is tameness. The tree

of life bears twelve manner of fruit, a great diversity ; and it sheds its leaves every prayer-meeting hour for the healing of God's children. Make it a praise-meeting now and then : sing sometimes through the entire hour, alternating after each verse with prayer.

Have a conference on such subjects as Sabbath-keeping, family worship, training of children, amusements, and so on.

Let any ask for prayers.

Write out a covenant, each one, and resolutions, and let them be presented.

Have a Scripture reading, all taking part.

For a Bible lesson, at the opening, let each one repeat a verse, and so read the Scriptures from the tablet of memory. There should be a great deal of Bible in the prayer-meeting.

Give out the subject from the pulpit Sunday.

Be on the watch for fresh experience of God's love and goodness ; of promises fulfilled ; of aid rendered and prayers answered, and new conversions, and let the facts be spoken to the praise of God.

At the beginning of a meeting give out a living topic, and name six brethren before you to speak on it, three minutes each, and after singing and prayer call on them.

If the meeting refuses to go at any time, turn it into a conversation, all rising and greeting the next neighbor : they will soon find their tongues.

Sit in silence a little time now and then with God and your own thoughts.

Let all bow sometimes, and one after another utter a sentence of prayer that most presses on the heart, without rising.

Take much pains with the music.

Talk about the prayer-meeting through the week.

Never scold or tease or worry the members. Make it the happiest hour in the week, and make the hour so

profitable to the inner life that they cannot afford to stay away. You cannot drive the bees with a whip, but plant a clover field and you will get them, and they will fill the hive with honey.

Whether a prayer-meeting is profitable or not depends upon the leader's ability to bring there and set forth with power and interest the lessons of God's Word. He needs to know the Bible and how to expound it. Dr. Goodell had this qualification to a remarkable degree.

Dr. Lamson, in his commemorative discourse, says of him :

This preacher was a man of one book, the one book of the world—the Holy Scriptures. His thought, his conversation, as well as his preaching, were always Scriptural. His nature was saturated with the sentences and facts of the Word as Gideon's fleece was saturated with the dew. He could give you nothing of himself without at the same time giving you something of the Bible. With him Scriptures were not learned nor quoted, nor used with a purpose, they came forth so spontaneously that you were made to feel sometimes that they were the speaker, and that they used him and his lips with a purpose.

He had a remarkable insight of the meaning and force of the Scriptures. It might be truly said of him that his eyes were open to "behold wondrous things" therein. His spiritual insight and power of bringing rich, suggestive thoughts out of God's Word remind one of Archbishop Leighton or of Bengel. His notebooks are very interesting and delightful on this account. There we often find significant texts written down with the emphasis so marked as to give a new, richer, more suggestive meaning to the words. We give a few examples: "Hear, for I will speak of *excellent* things,"

Prov. viii. 6. "That in *everything* ye were *enriched* in Him," 1 Cor. i. 5. "I was envious at the *foolish*," etc., Ps. lxxiii. 3. "The *Almighty* shall be thy *gold*" (margin), Job xxii. 25.

He searched the Bible for hid treasures, and found them in abundance, so that to him they were inexhaustible. He never lacked good texts to preach upon, or fruitful topics of discourse for the prayer-meeting. His exposition of the Scriptures gave his people constant surprises, and the pleasure that comes from the discovery of unexpected wealth and beauty. He evidently loved the Bible; delighted in the reading of it, fed his soul daily upon its teachings,—could truly say with the Psalmist: "More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb."

He was often heard to say, that he was thankful that he had been led to choose the ministry for his profession—his life-work, for it made it his business to study the Bible. In this study he found great profit and blessing. It was a precious privilege that he did not at first realize. Others took time from business or other occupations for Bible study, but his business was in this line, and he gave glad testimony to the elevating, enlarging, ennobling, purifying influence of constant Bible study year after year. He had builded for himself better than he knew when he chose to be a minister of the Gospel.

It was this sympathetic love for the Bible that enabled him to discover its treasures. The Bible, like a human being, discloses its best qualities, its wealth of beauty and value, only to those who love it. It may be said of his power of insight into God's Word what Lowell says of the sympathetic and penetrative imag-

ination of Coleridge: "This was the lifted torch that bade the starry walls of passages, dark before to the apprehension of even the most intelligent reader, sparkle with a lustre, latent in them to be sure, but not all their own."

His severe sickness seemed to be greatly blessed to him in opening his eyes to the meaning of texts that had been previously hid or not enough appreciated. During his convalescence he said, "God hides His promises in strange places—some in sickness, and we never get the promise till we get there and find it, *e. g.* 'In the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion.' 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee.' 'He doth execute the judgment of the fatherless and the widow.' We have to go to these places to get the promise. The spiritual jewels are found in the darkest places of suffering." This experience from sickness led him to say, "The rod is a part of the Christian's wealth. I know I have a peace and love and submission in me I never had before, also a sense of God's goodness and mercy."

PRAYERS FROM NOTE-BOOK.

We bless Thee that there are no heart-aches beyond the shining shore.

Thou takest away one blessing and dost bring a hundred.

Speak so we shall know it is to us.

We thank Thee for a restful and quiet mind.

In our strife Thou dost want our ear, that Thou mayest impart some secret of love and grace. We might have more of Thee if we would pause oftener. Thou dost never ask such labor as keeps us away from Thee.

May this chapter from Thy Word be to us as a loaf of the bread of life, greatly multiply in the breaking, and nourish and refresh us in the eating.

Thy light is brightest in the dark.

Bless all who feel there are none to care for their souls.

Thou wilt never be nearer to us than in our griefs.

A web of many threads is life ; let them all be in Thy hand.

Thoughts of Thee, O God, are sweet as sound of evening bells.

May our hearts not be as wells left empty.

We thank Thee for the world of rest.

We love to come to Thee often.

The hearts that are open to receive are the hearts that Thou wilt bless.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHTS FROM HIS NOTE-BOOK.

God knows our hearts without our words, but not our words without our hearts.

Our lives should be like the day, more beautiful toward the evening.

May the memory of those who were with us, but are not now, make us feel kindly to the living.

May we not watch for the shadows, but for the light.

Blessed are the joy-makers.

The lark never sings turning downward.

Time has established Christianity. It has the wisdom of the ages. All departure from that is retrograde.

The young do not appreciate what institutions have cost, how much they are indebted to them, and what

desolation comes in their overthrow. So they pull down public good, and the nation mourns.

Our parish is the republic; not the State, but the nation; not our kindred, but all men; not our children, but humanity.

The person who begins to pull out his gray hairs as they come is on a long road, and will find no place to stop until his last hair is gone.

Starch is good, but it is the last thing to be desired in a church of Christ.

The contradiction of saints is much worse to bear than the contradiction of sinners.

Taking the pilot on board, the captain then rests; so when we give up our own struggle and take on Christ.

When you trust the Lord's promises there are no ifs in the way.

I am glad so many of you are rain-proof.

How many try to correct evil with a spirit worse than the evil.

We shall find this year what we seek.

Keep up hope in bad times; we have the same sun and sky and stars; the same God and heaven and truth; the same duties and the same helpers. Hope thou in God.

We may derive good from the death of them that die, as truly as from the life of them that live.

When we pray alone we have God all to ourselves.

Paul was to be an apostle only after he had seen the Lord.

The most startling fact I ever confront is the faith of my child in me.

The Bible is among books what Christ is among men.

Many men hold the Bible in their hands and read and get no more out of it than the sparrow does of the message in the wire she sits on.

It is so much easier for men to do to be saved than to trust. They will work at their religion when believers are all discouraged.

Who are responsible for keeping up church service?

Affliction is the great Musician tightening up the strings.

The prodigal lost everything—home, work, food, reputation ; everything but his father's love.

Machinery is good only as a means to an end ; we want the life.

How can you bring a child to appreciate his privileges ?

XIX.

FEASTS FOR THE SOUL.

“ I love a prophet of the soul.”

—EMERSON.

**“ Hail, Sacred Feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood !
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.”**

—DODDRIDGE.

**“ The man is praying, who doth press with might
Out of his darkness into God’s own light.”**

—TRENCH.

CHAPTER XIX.

HIS SABBATH MINISTRATIONS—COMMUNION SERVICES.

THE public services of the Lord's day at Pilgrim Church, during the ministry of Dr. Goodell, claim from us special consideration. The large congregation which usually filled the spacious house of worship, was evidence that those services were pleasant and profitable to the people who frequented them. An unusual number of young business men, with keen eyes and intelligent faces, were constant members of this congregation. Such men do not attend church Sabbath after Sabbath, for months and years, for nothing ; or except they obtain some clear, palpable good. Their regular attendance, their earnest attention, above all their Christian characters, formed after the noblest pattern, afford convincing proof of the real value of the ministrations of religion which they receive. This proof of its merit was never wanting to the ministry of Dr. Goodell. He was successful to a remarkable degree in winning to the Christian faith and life the men that joined his congregation. They did not, as in many congregations, float for a while within reach of his influence, and then drift away. They were laid hold of by him with a strong, persuasive hand, and fastened to the church, and made happy, useful servants of Christ. Men and women who never knew what it was to have a definite purpose respecting religion and its duties until they came under his ministry, received from it that blessing

with all its transforming results. He was instrumental by his preaching in waking up to newness of life many thoughtless people. In the hearts of the worldly he touched springs of motives which changed for them the whole current of thought and feeling. Those who had been selfish became unselfish, and consecrated themselves to the service of God and their fellow-men. "The only thing worth living for is the glory of Christ," was a saying that was often upon his lips. At first it was not understood, perhaps; or it may have seemed the unmeaning jargon of religious fanaticism. But hearing it often repeated, and perceiving that it had a meaning which irradiated his life with heavenly light, they at length accepted it as a motto for themselves, and tried to live in the spirit and power of it.

How shall we describe those services of the sanctuary, which many found so helpful and so inspiring? We will suppose one a stranger in St. Louis in the time of Dr. Goodell's ministry, and that he spent the Sabbath in the city. When he came down to breakfast at the hotel Sabbath morning, he found on his plate at the table, or there was handed to him as he came forth from the dining-room after breakfast, an invitation in a neat envelope to Pilgrim Church, corner of Washington and Ewing Avenues. If he was stopping at the Lindell, he was told that the horse-cars which run past the hotel would take him to the church door. The subjects of the sermons for the day were given also in the invitation. The cordial warmth of the invitation would have favorably impressed him, and he was drawn by it to the church.

Such a stranger in St. Louis was Col. C. H. Howard, one Sabbath in the winter of 1881-2, and he has given us a description of some things which he heard and saw,

which will help us in our endeavor to give some conception of the Sabbath services at Pilgrim Church.

"As a stranger," he says, "I entered the vestibule of Pilgrim Church; but as a Christian stranger was I cordially welcomed there by an usher, and shown to a good seat in one of the well-filled pews. All the people were requested to rise and join in the singing—and, what is better, they did so. The welcoming and heart-inspiring mottoes, put up for the American Board meeting, are still there. Do you wonder that there was little of the stranger feeling left when Dr. Goodell's familiar voice was heard in asking all present to pray for him, and for a divine blessing on all the exercises of the day?"

What may be called the atmosphere of the church has much to do with a stranger's enjoyment of public worship. The atmosphere of Pilgrim Church was and is so genial and friendly that strangers are quickly made to feel at home there.

The devotional part of the public services of the Sabbath, as conducted by Dr. Goodell, were always very striking and uplifting. His prayer at the National Council, which so impressed those from abroad, was no new or surprising thing to his own people. They were accustomed to hear such prayers from him frequently. They were probably the richest portion of his pulpit ministrations—more prized than his sermons even by the spiritual members of his congregation. "Unquestionably," says one of them, "the powers of his whole being—mind, heart, and soul—found their highest and grandest exercise in prayer." A stranger visiting Portland, Me., after the death of Dr. Payson, and being shown through the church where that saintly minister preached so long, had the pulpit pointed out to him as "the place

where he prayed." So the people of Pilgrim Church now think of the pulpit of their house of worship as the place where their former beloved pastor prayed. They fondly remember his prayers, and the memory of them often quickens their religious affections. Every approach he made to the throne of grace was a real entrance into the secret presence of the Most High. For the following description of his manner in the devotional services of the sanctuary we are indebted to one of his most intimate friends, a prominent member and officer of Pilgrim Church:

The invocation at the opening of the morning service was an outburst of thanksgiving and praise to God, which brought every one of his hearers at once into an appreciation of the fact that God was indeed present in the house, and that this was none other than the house of God and the very gate of heaven. The day might be stormy, the audience disappointing, heavy burdens pressing upon him, circumstances adverse; no matter: when he arose in the sacred desk to lead the people in prayer, his thought at one bound reached up to God, and in an instant all external surroundings were forgotten as with mighty faith he led all hearts to rest themselves upon the promises of God, and to expect His blessing. These invocations were very brief—less than a minute in delivery—yet at the close the audience seemed to have been lifted into another world. But this service, grand and inspiring as it was, was only as the touching of the chords in the prelude to the majestic oratorio to follow.

His public prayers came from secret communion with God, and with his intense sympathy with humanity. They gave evidence of most careful thought. He evidently treasured up during the week special things for which to bring thanksgiving, praise, confession, or supplication. To him prayer was no mere intellectual rhapsody or emotional ecstasy; it was the mighty power that moved the arm of Omnipotence; the outpouring of a soul that touched the heart of Omniscience, the outgoing of a faith that was boundless as Omnipresence, for it

had its origin and root in God himself. To him God was all-knowing, all-loving, all-present ; and, therefore, how could he better honor God than to bring to Him in public prayer every interest of humanity and of Christ's kingdom ? And so he would spread out before God, specifically one at a time, the special needs and interests of his people in all their relations to home, business, social, and religious life—private and public. Homes, cities, governments, public schools, seminaries, colleges, universities, Sunday-schools, churches, and religious work among all denominations, institutions of charity or correction, the great societies for the evangelization of the world, special occurrences of the time, newspapers secular and religious, the printing press, the mighty interests of commerce and trade, parents, children, teachers, tradesmen, railroad men, sailors, professional men, governors, and those in positions of public trust and authority, he brought them all to God, not of course in any single prayer, but from time to time, until he had swept the whole world with his thoughts, embracing in his great loving heart everything that touched the heart of his brother, of whatever race or color.

His faith never quailed in the darkest hour ; it was shaken by no conflict however dire, or emergency however forbidding, but was supremely confident of the final coming of the kingdom of Christ in all the earth.

His prayers, although ever diversified and novel, always partook largely of praise and thanksgiving. The review of the love and the mercies of God stirred his soul to its profoundest depths, awakening in him the intensest emotions of gratitude and praise, which, in their expression, rose from height to height until they seemed to mingle with the songs of the redeemed in the presence of the Lamb.

His supplications partook more of the nature of worship than entreaty. On his lips they were, or seemed to be, only the interpretations of the divine will—just a talking with God as a man would pour out his heart to his dearest friend. At times he would be carried along by the sweep of his emotions, as the visions of Christ's coming and glory unfolded themselves to him, until he seemed to be ensphered in the glow of the celestial city, and to see the New Jerusalem descending as a bride out of heaven, and to hear the glad acclaim : " Behold the

tabernacle of God is with men, and He shall dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

His magnificent voice interpreted with wonderful power and accuracy the thought swelling from his heart, now rising in majestic volume like the triumphant shout of the victor, now sinking away into the moan of the penitent, but ever resonant and sweet as the tones of the organ.

His prayers were usually short, rarely exceeding seven minutes, and often not more than five. A stranger said one day, "That was the most comprehensive prayer I ever heard put into the space of seven minutes."

His prayers were always hopeful, courageous, inspiring. In all the thirteen years of his ministry in St. Louis, I never heard from his lips in prayer a note of discouragement or hesitancy or doubt. To him his mission was always clear, and he bore his people on his heart to God as Moses bore upon his shoulders the names of the twelve tribes of Israel. To me he was ever the impersonation of Elijah upon Mount Carmel, never of Elijah under the juniper-tree.

Parts of the public services, which most ministers slightly pass over as of small account, or evils that detract from its enjoyment, were invested by Dr. Goodell with singular interest and dignity. For example, the notices from the pulpit were given in such a way as always to interest the congregation. "We all thought," says a hearer, "that they were matters of some importance to ourselves and the pastor, and worth remembering and acting upon." It was well to make the people think so. As those notices announced the work of the church for the coming week they were important, and the congregation ought, if possible, to have been made to feel it. To hurry over them, or to read them in a

careless manner, as if of small moment, would have been to throw contempt on the work of the church.

The Sunday Col. Howard attended Pilgrim Church, in the winter of 1881-2, was marked by the introduction of a telephone into the church, connecting it with the sick-chamber of an invalid lady, and thus enabling her to enjoy the ministrations of the sanctuary. "Dr. Goodell said it was to him the best illustration of prayer that science had yet furnished. If this copper wire could convey our utterances to the human ear so far away, how easily conceivable that this universe, threaded with unseen chords, were but a vast sounding-chamber to receive the prayers of God's people, and whisper them to His listening ear."

Of the sermon Col. Howard heard, he says:

It is not possible to put it upon paper, not, at least, with anything of the power it had upon that living, thrilled, responsive audience. . . . There is wanting the sympathetic and varying tones of the voice; the expressive face, more eloquent than words, and the entire "action" which Demosthenes made a synonym of eloquence. The text was Hebrews vii. 16: "Who is made, not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life."

The old covenant was shown to relate largely to the physical wants of man; the new, to man's immortality. "An endless life in man, dependent and needy, and an eternal Saviour and helper in Christ fitted to administer to all his requirements. . . . There are no dead. The blow which releases the spirit from the body does not end the spirit's life. In every soul is there the power of God unto endless being. You who listen are henceforth eternal, in some realm, under some sky, beneath God's smile, or beneath God's frown."

"When the eloquent Bossuet was called to preach the funeral oration of Condé in the presence of the king and the vast weeping assembly in the splendid cathedral of Notre Dame, in the solemn hush he rose and said, 'God only is great,' and then

bowed down and buried his face in his hands. . . . It is the lesson of our text. This life passes away; the shadows we chase flit; the things that pertain to the life to come, these alone are abiding. Before this truth we bow and stand in awe of ourselves. Man never interprets his destiny and comes to his poise till he sees this, and acts upon it, sitting at the feet of Him who has the power of an endless life, and can forgive sin, and aid the soul in all its necessities." The closest attention of the large audience was held to the end, in elaborating and illustrating the noble theme. One unique illustration is too good to lose: "You cannot light a candle with an extinguisher, and unbelief is the extinguisher of the soul." We make room also for the concluding words: "You are out on a great and wide sea, without chart and compass, drifting, and no shore in sight, and the sound of the breakers solemn and awful in your ear. Will you not pray this prayer to-day? 'I sail the ocean of eternity darkened and alone. O Christ, Thou who dost walk the waves to rescue those in need, come to my frail ship. The winds are up, and the waves contrary and sounding as for storm. Come to my ship; still the storm; calm the sea, and bring peace and hope. Come, O come to my poor ship, and sail with me till we reach the farther shore.'"

The services at Pilgrim Church on communion Sabbaths were usually of special interest. A hearer says:

They were always singularly appropriate and helpful to those participating in them. First came the baptism of children, and if the day was fine there was likely to be a considerable number of them. The communions of May and October were especially signalized by the presence of the little ones for the reception of this precious rite of our church. Dr. Goodell entered into this service with a heart aglow with personal and parental interest. In his address to the parents he reminded them of the blessings promised to them and their children, and so assured them of the faithfulness of God to His covenant, that they were inspired with courage and comfort, while at the same time their sense of responsibility was deepened. In the administration of the rite his voice was tremulous with tender emotion, but sweet and expressive of the deepest interest in each

case for the parents and the child. In the prayer of consecration that followed, parents and children were borne upon its petitions even to the very footstool of God's throne, and left there in blessed trust and sweet repose upon the faithfulness of the God of Israel.

Next came the reception of new members. During his pastorate of thirteen years and a quarter, there were some,—often many, of these at every communion, except one, previous to which he had been absent on his summer vacation, and so unable to bring forward any by pastoral effort. Concerning them he seemed to be filled with the idea that they were truly the children of God, and that they were now coming into the household of faith. His words to them were well chosen, and set forth not only the joy of sonship with God, but also the privilege of discipleship to Christ, and of living in His service. Many have testified to the blessing that came to them through this exaltation of the act of uniting with the church; and the impressions thus received were deep and lasting.

To each one, when admitted to the church, he gave the right hand of fellowship, accompanying it with an appropriate text of Scripture. This was done with such cordiality and aptness in the selection of the texts given, that the ceremony was delightful both to the new members and the church. The singular felicity of the text with which Mrs. Goodell was received at the time she united with the church, is remembered to this day. It was, "I commend unto you Phebe, our sister who is a servant of the church which is at Cenchrea, that ye receive her in the Lord as becometh saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you; for she hath been a succorer of many, and of myself also" (Rom. xvi. 1-2). The church appreciated its applicability to her, and heeded the charge contained in it for themselves.

His "Sacramental Meditations," spoken as he stood behind the communion-table, before the breaking of the bread, were very happy and most edifying. They were filled with the very essence of the Gospel, and made the service a real communion of the believer with Christ. "It seemed, indeed," says one of his people, "as if Christ was in the midst, present to forgive, to strengthen, to comfort, to save, filling every heart with His

gracious power. On these occasions the pastor's faith, always strong, and restful, and abiding, seemed to know no bounds, and to acknowledge no limitations. To him Christ was 'present at the feast,' communing in blessed tenderness with every participant."

The following petitions and ascriptions of praise are believed, some of them, to have formed parts of the devotional service at the sacramental table:

The hearts that receive Thee are the hearts which Thou wilt fill and bless.

Spread Thy table in our hearts to-day and feed us with Thy love and grace.

Our best thoughts we bring to Thee ; to Thee we sing our sweetest songs.

Comfort the inner solitudes of the soul in which at times we all walk. Come into the secret chambers of our being and let Thy light shine.

Give us strength to meet the great exigencies in life, sickness, temptation, death.

We bless Thee for the mercies of the past. Memory of happy days is a paradise out of which we cannot be driven.

We hear Thy footsteps from afar, the footsteps of the King.

Thy seat is in the upper calm. Thy feet are on all the storms of earth.

Thou art waiting for the kingdom of all human hearts.

Faith is the road along which we go to Thee.

Help us to love to do the duties that are not pleasant.

There are reasons why we should love Thee ; but why shouldst Thou love us ?

We cannot light our own fires, but Thou hast a live coal. May we light our lamps against the day of sorrow.

In the restful silences of this holy day in which God is audible, we come for Thee to minister to that part of our nature which the world does not reach.

May our hearts open to Thee as a flower of prayer.

May those who love Thee let in no doubts and fears ; the question with them is closed.

We thank Thee that in our day-dreams we do see at times the delectable mountains.

The church is Thy body ; may we not tear and rend it, but think kindly of it in all its branches, and love it for Thy sake.

Enlarge the mansion of our souls ; make the place more fit for Thee, and enter in, O glorious King, and make Thy throne there.

How many of the good and wise art Thou taking. What society of the good is gathering in Heaven.

Thou dost send the sun to visit every eye on the earth once in twenty-four hours ; yet Thou art better than the sun, Thou dost never leave us.

Help us to sing in sweeter and diviner strains till the melodies of earth are lost in the hallelujahs of Heaven.



XX.'

A HELPFUL MINISTRY.

“I think no man ever lived who was so pleasant to so many people. We visited him as we visit a clearer sky and a warmer day.”—J. R. LOWELL of Dean Stanley.

“Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.”—MME. DE STAËL.

“A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.”—ISAIAH.

CHAPTER XX.

REMINISCENCES ILLUSTRATING HIS PASTORAL QUALITIES AND EFFICIENCY.

IT was chiefly by his pastoral qualities and labors that Dr. Goodell achieved his great success. Through these he drew men irresistibly to Christ and His Church, and shaped their lives and characters according to the truth of the Gospel. The remark of his life-long friend, Rev. Lewis Francis, "He seemed to me an ideal minister, and I have never known a pastor whose success seemed equal to his," may sound to some like the exaggerated praise of friendship, but after long and much study of the various testimonies received from his people, they seem to express but the sober truth. Certainly the flocks ministered to by him, and especially the poorer and humbler people in them, would abate nothing from the praise of his early friend. He was and ever will remain in their thought an "ideal minister."

An intelligent Christian lady, a member of his church in St. Louis, says:

As a pastor he was first a good man;—if he ever came short of his own high ideal of Christian character it was a grief to him. He was recognized as peculiarly a man of prayer and of faith. He knew all his sheep by name—the lambs too. He cared for them, became acquainted with them, and helped all of them as he could find opportunity, giving most time and care to those who needed him most.

He had great sympathy for young men just beginning their business or professional life in a strange city like St. Louis. He understood the peculiar discouragements and trials of their situation—how wearisome the waiting for patronage, and how disheartening to their eager, impatient spirits the delay in its coming. His friendship and words of cheer to such were very helpful in sustaining hope and inspiring confidence. With prophetic imagination he lifted for them the veil which hid the future, and showed them pictures of coming prosperity which stimulated their diligence, and made them patient with the assurance of ultimate success.

A lawyer, now in good practice in St. Louis, says :

When he first met me, coming as I did to a large and strange city to practice law, he said: "Your clients are coming from every direction—north, south, east, and west, by boat and train—they are surely coming; be cheerful, be patient." In an acquaintance of more than seven years I never heard him express a dismal view of things; but he was always looking to the bright side, always seeing the silver lining of the cloud, always sure of the goodness and loving-kindness of the God he loved and served, and always giving words of cheer and hope and faith and love.

His power of sympathetic imagination, and his quick discernment of characters and faces, enabled him seemingly to tell at a glance how the case was with any one who attracted his notice. If the person noticed was a stranger, he surmised from his appearance the substance of his past history and his present purpose, and in the kindness of his heart he inquired within himself: "What can I do for you?"

The following instance is related to us by a member of Pilgrim Church :

On a very hot day in July, I sent a telephone message from a hospital in South St. Louis to Dr. Goodell, asking him to meet me at an undertaker's on South Fourth Street, and go with me to Bellefontaine to bury a stranger. I was not then a member of his church, and had no claim upon him other than the claim which every distressed man always had upon his time. He came at once in answer to my message, and standing by the open coffin I said to him: "I do not suppose you remember this young man?" He looked upon the dead face, emaciated by fever, and said: "Yes, I do remember him. He came into the prayer-meeting with you about a month ago." "It was more than six weeks ago," I replied. "He has been ill over a month." "I remember him very well," he said; "for I said to myself when you came into the room with him, 'There is a young man fresh from some New England village. I am glad that he has found his way here.'"

This incident (says our informant) made a strong impression on me at the time. I said to myself: "How seldom would a city pastor notice a young man, a stranger, entering his prayer-meeting for the first time, and not only notice him, but conjecture in his own mind his condition—'There is a young man fresh from some New England village'—and be able to recognize in the dead face, seen six weeks later, the stranger who came within his gates."

Dr. Goodell had many strong characteristics, but his care for and interest in the stranger drew me closer to him than perhaps anything else.

His interest in and thoughtfulness for "the stranger" was always manifest in his public prayers for the congregation on the Sabbath. He never failed to make mention of "the stranger," and so appropriately as often to elicit expressions of gratitude from such. He once received at the close of a morning service the following note, written in pencil on the back of a telegram-blank, and sent by the hand of one of the ushers with whom it was left: "God bless you for your prayer for the stranger present. Three of us, and many miles

from home. God bless us all! Excuse the pencil and paper."—Signed, "An Operator."

He contrived to make his people share his own feeling of interest in and cordiality toward strangers. They were genially hospitable and courteous to them. It was not possible for one to attend Pilgrim Church many times and remain a stranger. The quick eye of the pastor noted him, and there were not a few watchful Christian men and women on the look-out for him. However shrinking, diffident, and reserved a person he might be, he was soon caught and made to feel at home. His name and residence were ascertained, and he was promptly called upon. The injunction of the apostle, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers," was often on the lips of the pastor, and the blessing coupled with it was many times given as a reward to his people. The church was constantly enriched and strengthened by the accession of men and women who, if not angels entertained unawares, were destined to be "equal unto the angels." In this way the church was greatly built up. The pastor, whose attention was given to the smallest matters as well as to the largest, had a directing hand in it all. When he learned from the gentlemen who acted as ushers, and with whom he was in frequent communication, of the appearance of a newcomer in the congregation, the efficient visiting committee were notified by him, and quickly induced to perform their assigned duty of visiting and welcoming the stranger. These helpers were usually rewarded by receiving his personal thanks for the service done. The following note, written on a postal-card to one of his ushers, is an actual example:

The day after you made the request that Mrs. B. should

call on Mrs. A. B. H., who sits near her in church, it was done, and several other ladies also have since called. I thank you for a thousand kind things done.

All who knew him, says one of his people, will recall the expression which was most common upon his lips, "I thank you," almost always repeated. They were the last words he spoke to any one outside of his own family.

He was very helpful, by his counsel and example, to such as were troubled by the infirmity of a hot temper and similar faults. It may seem almost incredible to some that one of his unvarying sweetness of disposition and imperturbable serenity of temper should ever have had a fault of this kind. But according to his own testimony, such was the case. The sweet, invincible temper he possessed did not spring unassisted from inborn goodness, and it rarely ever does in any one; but it was the result, as is usually the case, of persistent and conscientious self-control directed by religious faith. On this account he was able to succor those who were tempted.

A gentleman of intelligence and influence in Pilgrim Church informs us that he long hesitated to make a profession of religion, because of the infirmity of a fiery temper and an unruly tongue. He feared that he should dishonor the name of Christ if he made such a profession, and frankly told Dr. Goodell so. Dr. Goodell urged him not to falter on that account, but rather to go forward that he might be assisted, as he himself had been, by the stronger motives and divine help thus called to his aid. "Dr. Goodell told me he had prayed and worked, and was daily praying for grace and strength to overcome himself, to bridle his tongue and to abso-

lutely control his temper. The impression made by his statements, and his wise practical advice, remain to-day stronger than ever, and have always been the starting-point to which I retreat when tongue and temper try me most. 'Count one hundred before you speak,' he said, 'and then remember that what is once spoken can never be recalled'; 'that it is better to say nothing about a man unless you say something in his favor.' That advice I received kindly, and have had occasion to recall it a great many times. To him I owe all for any desire to start anew and try to be a Christian. Numerous spiritual lifts he gave me; but the lift of all most important was when, on his request, I took that step and became Christ's disciple."

Dr. Goodell was eminent as a peace-maker. If any member of his congregation was offended or grieved with another, or with the church because of anything that had been done in it, he spared no pains to heal the wound and bring about a reconciliation. In this he was successful to an extraordinary degree. It rarely happened that he failed. Seldom did a root of bitterness spring up within his church to trouble it. An undisturbed harmony usually prevailed within it which it was good to dwell in. It was indeed a hard and unreasonable soul which could resist his efforts to pacify it. He had such a command over the higher Christian sentiments; he knew so well how to appeal to the higher motives of conduct; he made envy and suspicion and resentment appear so mean and unworthy, and forbearance and forgiveness and magnanimity appear so noble, that a sullen, implacable spirit was soon vanquished, or hid itself and remained quiet for very shame.

If a case of unappeasable resentment did occur, he

knew how to deal with it, and how to characterize it. He believed that there was a limit to the effort to be used in such cases. We are told of one instance where a family belonging to his church had become estranged for some trivial reason, so that they discontinued their attendance upon its meetings. He made every effort required by Christian kindness and patience to heal their wounds and bring them back. He repeatedly called upon them himself, and had others call upon them, in the endeavor to soothe their distempered spirits. It was all to no effect. Then, after consultation with the friends of the disaffected family, he came to the conclusion that enough had been done, and he would cease from further effort in this direction. It was not right nor just to expend on such people a disproportionate amount of time and labor with so little prospect of good. "It would not do," he pithily said, "to spend the whole summer hoeing around one hill of corn."

He was an example of peaceable behavior to his people. He had secret and open enemies. His great success excited envy in some, and his sensitive nature suffered keenly from their malice. But to their bitter, cruel speeches and malignant flings he never uttered a word in reply. The only allusion he was ever known to make to them, or to enemies of any sort, was at the celebration of the tenth anniversary of his settlement in St. Louis, when he said:

If I have enemies in this city—and no man seeking to do a positive good in the world can be without them—I pray God for grace most heartily to forgive them, as I hope to be forgiven. I trust God's promises: "Where no wood is, the fire goeth out." "When a man's ways

please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

Mothers received great encouragement and help from him. He appreciated, as few men do, the power of a mother's influence, and the importance of faithful, self-denying effort on her part to rightly bring up her children. His conscious debt to his own mother led him to emphasize these points. "When my children were young," says an intelligent lady of his congregation, "I took much care of them myself, although we employed several servants. I kept the children with me in the house, and when they went out of doors I went with them and remained with them. One day I was with them on the pavement near our house, drawing one in his little carriage. Dr. and Mrs. Goodell were making calls on the street, and had just gone up the steps of a parishioner's house and rung the bell and were waiting for the door to open, when he turned around and saw me with my children. Instantly he ran down the steps to greet me, and said, 'The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world'; and then went up the steps again to make the intended call. It was a simple incident, but I was much impressed and cheered by it; for I had felt that my care of my children made me appear singular in a city where it is the custom to commit children to the care of a nurse. I felt that Dr. Goodell appreciated my motives and approved them, and I was grateful for his sympathy. It strengthened me to continue my effort to be a faithful mother."

He was ready to co-operate with the mothers of his congregation in every way possible, in their efforts to bring their children to Christ. In this he displayed much tact. When a mother talked with him about her

son for whom she was anxious, he would arrange to have her send the boy to his house at an appointed time to borrow a book, or for some other errand. Then he would see the boy, as if accidentally, and have a talk with him. This often occurred. He knew how to draw out such a boy, to so entertain him and win his confidence as to disarm him of his shyness and lead him to talk freely of his religious feeling and difficulties. They liked him, and this because he so evidently was interested in them. He held with the old Latin author, "*Maxima debetur pueris reverentia*," and his manner toward such children and his treatment of them accorded with it.

One of the mothers of his congregation sent her little son of nine years, one day, with a note to Mrs. Goodell, telling him that he was to bring back an answer. When he returned it was with a radiant face, and this glowing, artless child's tribute of praise for his pastor: "I am so glad Dr. Goodell is my pastor! He's just the right kind of a man for a pastor; don't you think so, mamma? You see, I had to wait for an answer, and Dr. Goodell came down into the parlor to see me. He said he came down, because notes took a good while, and I might get tired. I think he is the most beautiful man I ever saw. He's a big man, but he don't make you think about it. Don't you think, mamma, he has a very nice way of making little boys feel comfortable?" Note the felicitous precision of the little boy's language. Could the art of beguiling a bashful boy of his awkward diffidence be more happily or exactly described than by the words, "a very nice way of making little boys feel comfortable"? But more impressive still is the gracious pastoral kindness thus described. The little boy's mother adds: "It was not a

little thing to take those moments from pressing work to talk with a boy nine years old. But he never lost an opportunity, and we Pilgrim mothers thanked God daily for his wonderful influence over our children, an influence that will reach far on into the future."

As a pastor he was very helpful to his people through his practical suggestions and advice in regard to the various homely affairs of life. As an example of this, he once said to the women: "It is time for house-cleaning. It must be done, but let it be done as speedily as possible, that the household may suffer discomfort for only a short time; and be on your guard not to be irritable and lose your temper." He realized how heavy the burdens of business are. He tried to mitigate them by application of the truths of religion to the needs of business men. He loved to bring the great helpful truths of Christianity home to the hearts of men so that they might feel day by day the strength and comfort contained in them.

One day a member of his congregation suffered quite a heavy loss from fire, by which his place of business was seriously damaged. The fire occurred in the middle of the day, in the midst of business hours. As the man was looking with anxiety and dismay upon the destruction of his property, he received a telegram sent to him from the remote part of the city where his pastor lived, with a message of comfort and good cheer, and before long, as soon as the horse-cars could bring him to the spot, the pastor himself appeared with a countenance so full of kindly sunshine, and with such words of hope, that every cloud which darkened his parishioner's mind was dispelled. That evening, which was the evening of the church prayer-meeting, the pastor completed the work of consolation, and braced up

the man's heart to the strength requisite to bear his loss with fortitude and meet the future with new courage, by nominating a committee of good Christian brethren to go to him then with a message of sympathy from the church. Such a manifestation of Christian kindness from the pastor and people of Pilgrim Church was worth all the man lost. The pecuniary loss was converted into a treasure of the heart; a precious memory of friendship and brotherliness, that will give him joy to think of forever.

It was helpful to his people to know that they had his sympathy and his prayers, when they were passing through times of peculiar difficulty and trial. They were assured of this. Nothing which deeply affected any member of his flock was ever a matter of indifference to him. This was manifest to all. His personal interest in them, his words of sympathy and counsel, his public prayers, his habit of stepping in when most needed, as if by chance, and yet so opportunely and with such effect to lift them up and strengthen them with his cheerful words and strong faith, that it seemed to be done from design, or because the instinct of pastoral love divining the needs of his people had prompted him to come,—all these things made his people confident of his solicitude for their welfare. This pastoral interest began with their first coming under his ministerial care, and continued to the last. "The first incident I recall in connection with my membership in Pilgrim Church," says one of its younger officers, "is the touching manner in which Dr. Goodell extended to me the right hand of fellowship when I, then quite a young man, united with the church. He was always happy in his remarks and use of Scripture texts on such occasions. When he came to me at that

time he said, 'And Jesus loved the young man.' God gives us interpretations of His Word suited to our needs, and that Scripture thus given has been a comfort to me in all the years since. I felt that not only would the pastor assure me of Jesus' love, but of his own for me also; and all through the years of his remaining life I had constant evidence of his love, and that it was even a growing love up to the day of his translation.

"A time came when I felt that I not only needed the counsel and advice of friends who had wisdom in earthly matters, but that help also which comes through prayer. As Dr. Goodell made it easy to his people to tell him of their affairs, and sought to know them that he might help, I told him of my plans and what I hoped to accomplish. I well remember the excellent advice he gave me, how he told me to be firm in my purpose, and withal to commit my ways unto God. Months later, when matters had become settled, and the results of my plans were all that I could have hoped for, I told him of what I had been able to do. 'I knew it would be so,' he said. 'For many days I went to the Throne of Grace for you in those matters, and God does hear and answer prayer.'"

At his funeral, Rev. George C. Adams said: "We have all gone to him. We have found him a source of courage and help. His people have gone to him with their trials and their burdens. They carried their burdens to him, and he always took their burdens and carried them, but they never knew his own."

He believed in a divine grace adequate to every need. He said, therefore, to his men of business, "I do not desire that you should have fewer burdens to bear, but that you should have more grace." His preaching and his conversation were calculated to make them believe

in, desire, and seek the help to be derived from this supernatural grace. In doing this he preached no new Gospel, but he successfully brought the vital truths of the old Gospel within the clearer apprehension of all. To him these truths were living, and they had power, and by the contagion of his faith, others were made to feel their living truth and power likewise. This is the ministry of the Gospel which the world needs. It is a ministry that gives to men what has been called "a realizing sense of God's truth," and this, when they are vexed with cares and disturbed by life's hard experiences, has power "to allay the perturbations of the mind and set the affections in right tune."

The influence of true vital religion on men's minds is analogous to that of poetry. "Poetry," says Emerson, "is the consolation of mortal men." But religion, more than poetry, is fitted to console men. The sorrows, trials, and vexations of life, united with the disgust they produce in the mind, often make life a dreary possession. It is like a shell whose exterior is rough, corrugated, weather-stained, of which one may say, "There is no beauty in it that we should desire it." But as such a shell may be lined with pearl tinted with the colors of the sunset, and its concave appear like an image of the sky, so life has a hidden under-side that may yield something like heavenly delight; and it is the work of religion far more than of poetry to discover that beauteous, better side of life, and turn it to the view of men and make them superior or insensible, through the inspiration and joy it gives, to the unlovely, repulsive side. How many illustrations we have of this in the Bible, and in the constant experience of God's people. When Elisha and his servant were encompassed by a hostile host, with horses and chariots,

at Dothan, the servant cried, "Alas! what shall we do?" "Fear not," the tranquil prophet said, "for they that be with us are more than they that be with them"; and when at his prayer the Lord opened the young man's eyes, he too became calm, seeing the "mountain full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." "We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen," the Apostle Paul says. Therefore he could say, "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." Christ made a little child the type of a Christian disciple. His disciples, from their faith in God's love and providence, have "The vision and the faculty divine" characteristic of children. We have all observed with wonder how happy little children are in the midst of the most forbidding circumstances. Their homes may be cheerless and poverty-stricken; they may be clothed in rags, and have scarcely anything bright and pleasant in their surroundings, and yet they are usually happy. They do not live in the actual world about them, but in an ideal realm. Observe the occasional dreamy look that is on their faces. Their eyes are fixed upon things dark and repulsive, but it is as if they saw them not. They seem to look through them to some glory beyond. Through this imaginative religious faculty and their hopefulness, they rise superior to the dreariest situations, and live in a world of light and beauty. So with those who wait on God. By their faith in His promises and their enjoyment of His beatitudes, they are transported out of themselves and away from their troubles. It was one of the distinctions of Dr. Goodell, as a pastor and preacher, that he had the prophet's faith to make him

cheerful and tranquil, and that in his ministry he had the prophet's power of opening men's eyes to spiritual realities, and of calming their fears and disquietude in the midst of life's worry. He made the truths of the Bible seem very real. Heaven seemed as much a reality as Chicago or London when he was talking of it.

He was characterized by remarkable Christian sagacity. This was happily exhibited in his method of dealing with the vexed question of amusements. He relied upon the power of right religious affections to drive out from the church the things that are detrimental to its spiritual life and work. Naturally averse to conflict and the antagonism resulting from it, he preferred, therefore, to settle debatable questions that might arise there by the operation of the truth of the Gospel upon the hearts of his people. Instead of saying to them, "Don't do this," and "Don't do that," he sought to kindle within them such a faith in Christ, and such love and consecration to His service as would leave no room for anything that was not in harmony with them. At his death it was said, "He did not preach against dancing and theatre-going and kindred things, but his church is singularly free from them all." How did he achieve what many strive in vain to accomplish, though they fulminate continually from the pulpit against such amusements, with no other result than to create opposition and divisions in the church, and increase their own heart-ache? The following communication from one of his people will show: "For a considerable time previous to Dr. Goodell's assumption of the pastorate of Pilgrim Church, a dancing club called 'Pilgrim Circle,' had been in active operation, and was composed largely of attendants at the then little Pilgrim Church. Soon after his arrival, Dr. Goodell

was asked by a member of the circle to give his views on the amusement to which the club was dedicated. His reply, accompanied with a genial smile and cordial grasp of the hand, which betokened no censure, was, 'It is not for me now to say that your diversions are sinful. You can easily determine for yourself whether or not they are good. If they make you better and more Christ-like, they are certainly good.' The question was then asked, 'Do you not indicate to the young what amusements you regard as proper, and what have evil tendencies?' He replied, 'When the sun rises the stars fade from sight, and the mists disappear as the world is flooded with light. Jesus is the light of the world. When the heart is filled with His light and love, there is no room for evil there. The best way to find what is evil in the heart and banish it is to fill it so full of Christ's love and a desire for His service that there will be no place for anything wrong. I know the demand of the young for social amusements, which must be satisfied; but my way to check an evil tendency would be to try to furnish something better for the heart. I will tell you all about that.' There was no opportunity for discussion. He went to the root of the matter, turning upon the subject the light of Christian experience, and leaving it for the inquirer to read the answer to his question in his own heart. The club, though meeting with no opposition from the new pastor, soon dissolved from view like the mist he spoke of, but most of its members, by the increasing warmth of Christian fellowship and love, soon found interests in the growing church much dearer than they had felt before, and soon nearly all their names were enrolled among the followers of Christ in Pilgrim Church."

That was his way of dealing with such questions. He would not have said there is no other way, nor criticised those who chose to adopt another way.

As a pastor he had remarkable administrative ability. He accomplished so much because he knew how to persuade his people to work, and how best to organize them for work. "He had a genius in arranging forces and in giving every element in his church some work to do." He thus multiplied himself through the great company of his helpers in the church, whom he inspired with his own spirit and aims, and wisely directed. His organization was designed to cover, with its ample size, the entire church, so that each and all, old and young, might be included in its scope of opportunity to manifest love for Christ by some definite service done for His sake. It was like an admirable piece of mechanism of many wheels and parts, each for a purpose. "He saw to it," we are told, "that each talent had an adapted work assigned it; and then he did not leave the organization to run itself, but looked after each detail, and, by his ubiquitous cheer and enthusiasm, put gladness and force into all."

In speaking of the qualities which made him a powerful and thrilling speaker and preacher on anniversary occasions, his idealizing faculty, the "poet's imagination," was specified. The same faculty, combined with his religious faith, was helpful to him everywhere in the whole wide range of his varied activity. Indeed it was a pervasive element of his life, and shed a transfiguring light upon it, imparting a glory and a dignity to it which were hid from common people. In his note-book we find this sentence, seemingly a prayer expressive of the faith and desire of his soul: "We have filled the jars with water, now make it wine."

This thought illustrates the operation of the imaginative faculty in him. It changed the common into the uncommon, or rather the commonplace into the rare and precious. His mind continually overleaped the narrow boundaries of sense, within which ordinary men move, and roamed exultingly through God's great universe. One of his familiar sayings was, "We are born on the earth, but we live in the universe," and his notebooks repeatedly allude to "the great in common life." In this use of the idealizing faculty he resembled the late Canon Mozley, of whom one says: "He had a keen and constant sense of the vast wonderfulness of the familiar things of life and the world,—the great strangeness of its good, the great strangeness of its evil."

The imagination is often thought of and disparaged as a mischievous faculty, because, as is alleged, it makes men visionary and unpractical; incapable of adapting themselves to the realities of life, on account of their roamings in the ideal world to which it introduces them. But it is obvious that the possession of this faculty was no disadvantage to Dr. Goodell. He united with it good, hard common sense. Thus associated, and because it was combined with his religious faith, it was a power for good in him. It was a means of spiritual emancipation. It enabled him to live, and work, and pray "with his chamber windows open toward Jerusalem." Therefore he was courageous and cheerful and hopeful, where others lived in a dreary captivity to fear or despondency. Other ways in which it was an "unspeakable advantage" are particularized by Dr. Simeon Gilbert in his appreciative estimate of him:

It helped him to idealize his mission and his ministry. It gave freedom to the wings of his thought, grandeur to his plans, ardor to his zeal, the sense of reality to the evidences of

things not seen, a glow as of glory to his Christian hope. It taught him to follow the angel, who was seen in the vision of the Apocalypse "standing in the sun," whence all kingdoms and dominions could be seen subject to the Lord of all. Moreover, in all manner of gentler and more private ministries, as pastor and friend, this sanctified gift of imagination was perpetually putting both himself and others at their happiest.

By reason of this imaginative faculty, and the idealizing habit cultivated by him, he was a most delightful companion. "Those who travelled with him through Palestine," says his friend Dr. Dwinell, "were charmed by the perpetual jubilate about the Scriptural incidents and life which leaped from his lips as they passed among the scenes made illustrious in sacred story." Nothing was more characteristic of him than the jubilant spirit and tone above referred to by Dr. Dwinell. His life was a perpetual strain of praise and thanksgiving. It was, we think, because, on account of this idealizing faculty, he saw more to be thankful for than most people, and because he deliberately cherished this spirit of praise. He remembered that whoso offereth praise glorifieth God; he felt that praise is due to God, and that it is grateful to Him; that we are too apt to think of our wants and our trials, and not enough of our rich blessings. "Through the whole of his ministry with us," says one of his people, "we have had before us a living example of gratitude to God and to men. It was an inspiration to many a selfish heart. If we have not caught something of this spirit we are past hope."

His love for his work was stimulated by the same faculty. Helping him, as Dr. Gilbert says, "to idealize his mission and his ministry," it invested it with an attractiveness and importance otherwise unfelt. Few

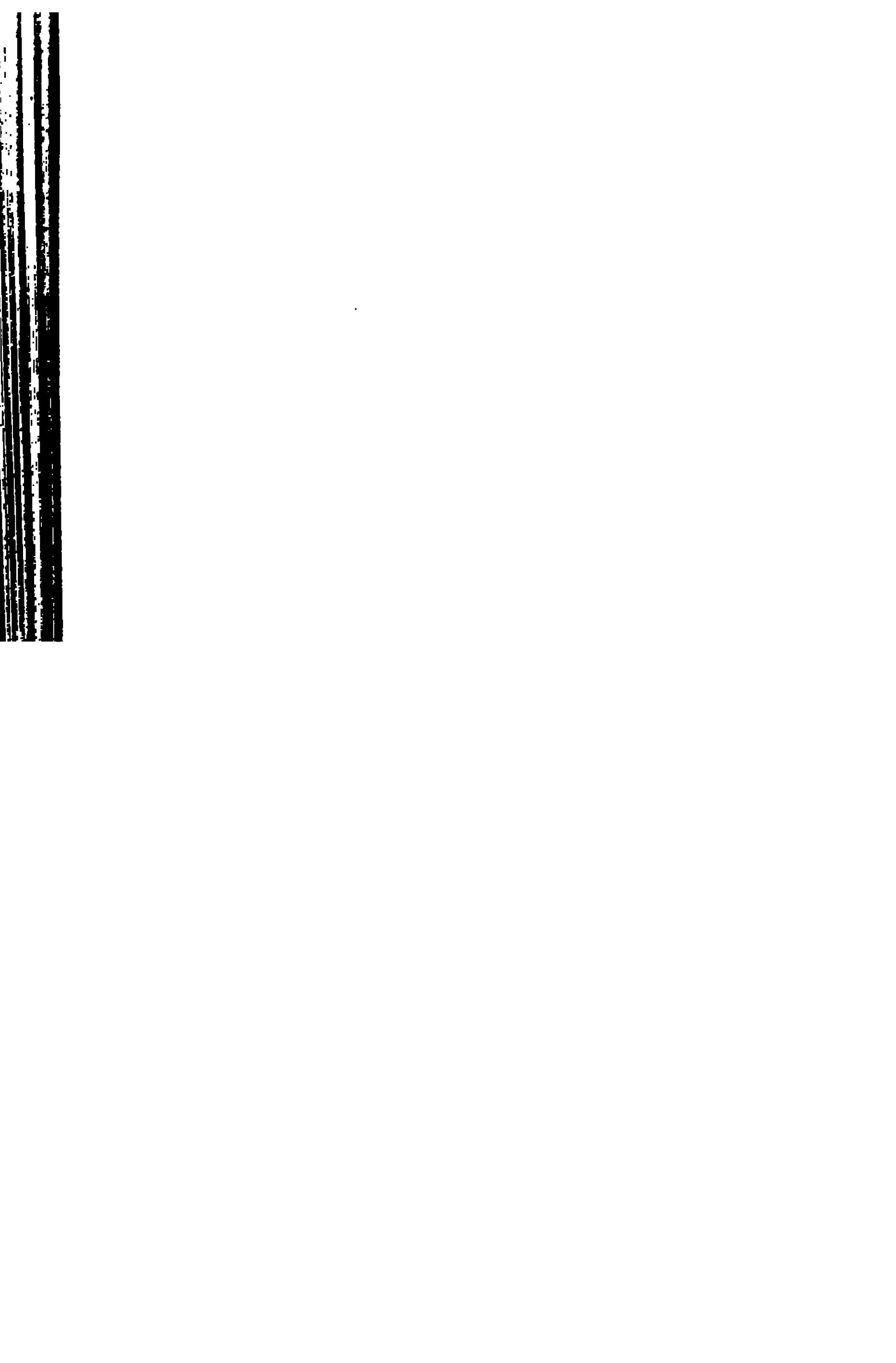
men, therefore, delighted in God's service as he did. After his great sickness abroad in 1884, he said on his return, upon his resumption of his work, which his people feared was too soon, and sought to persuade him to postpone awhile: "No king ever went to his coronation with greater joy than I come to my work." There was nothing irksome in it that should have made him reluctant to take it up. He came to it eagerly, with the satisfaction of a real enjoyment of it. His enjoyment of it was so great that he loved to think of it as, in one form or another, the employment of heaven. Upon the text, "And they serve Him day and night," etc. (Rev. vii. 15), he made the comment: "When a child of God dies, it is only changing the place of service. It is a joy to think we serve Him still."

This satisfaction with his work suffused his life like an atmosphere, and imparted to it that tone of gladness which characterized him. When he came into the ministers' meetings Monday mornings, the joy of the Sabbath labors, and not its weariness, gave the expression to his face, and he was apt to say in his own hearty manner: "This is a beautiful world; a good world to live in; what grand opportunities for work; was there ever such an age for usefulness?"

Dr. C. M. Lamson was not more felicitous than just, therefore, when, in his fine commemorative sermon on the death of Dr. Goodell, he placed this quality of hopeful, constant cheerfulness the last, as most characteristic and crowning the rest. It was his highest distinction as pastor and preacher. Dr. Lamson says:

That which this preacher has taught us most clearly, and is teaching us, is the power and reasonableness of the hopeful soul. His eyes were always toward the dawn, as if he knew that the earth at its darkest midnight was yet rolling on

to the glory of a new day. "Let the Christian," he said, "be glad and let him turn his face to the light that all, looking where he turns his face, may see also the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." He taught us that they who are glad from a deep joy are the most useful; all men confess the sweet reasonableness of the argument of sunshine. Whatever burdens he carried, he walked in the light, and made his life a psalm.



XXI.

**PASTORAL GUIDANCE AND
COMFORT.**

“ If in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing—to us thou wast still
Cheerful and helpful and firm !
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself ;
And, at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd ! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.”

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

CHAPTER XXI.

HIS MINISTRY TO RELIGIOUS INQUIRERS AND TO THE AFFLICTED.

PERHAPS he was the most helpful, and showed at his best, or did his best as a pastor, in what may be specifically termed religious conversation. By this we mean conversation for the purpose of winning unbelieving souls to faith in Christ, or of instructing and edifying the souls of Christians so as to confirm their faith and promote their sanctification.

This is an important ministerial accomplishment. For lack of it many ministers who are able preachers fail of success. In the life of a successful pastor it is an indispensable supplement to the work of the pulpit. It is needed to clear up difficulties which the sermon does not touch. "I am daily forced to admit," says Richard Baxter, "how lamentably ignorant many of my people are that have been constant hearers of me. In one hour's familiar instruction of them in private they seem to understand more and to better entertain it than in all their lives before."

It is needed also to finish what the sermon only half performs. As Dr. Goodell says in his little book, "How to Build a Church": "To sit down beside a man and open to him the gates of light, and let all you know of Christ's mercy and goodness pass before him, setting forth the love and grace that wait for his acceptance, as you have tasted them in your own soul, Christ's image shining in you, and the accents of His love blend-

ing with yours, is to gain that man for Christ." For lack of such a personal wrestling with them as a conversation like this permits the pastor to have, many "almost persuaded" to come to Christ are never actually gained. Dr. Goodell had great skill and success in this kind of effort. It was noticed by all who came in contact with him, and, saint or sinner, no one could be long with him without being profited by him.

"He had," says his friend, Dr. George Washburn, of Robert College, "a wonderful power and tact in strictly religious conversation. This impressed me more than anything else the last time he was in Constantinople, for it is a rare gift. There was nothing forced about it. There was no cant. It was as simple and natural as the prattle of a child. It did one a great deal of good. It seemed to me as though I had been talking with a man such as Archbishop Leighton must have been."

His religious conversation was so simple, so natural, and so profitable, because it was the simple outflow of the religious faith and piety within him. He spoke thus because he thus believed and felt. He never was embarrassed or hindered in his speech by doubts as to the propriety of religious conversation, or fears that it might not be agreeable. "A pastor," he says, "mistakes if he thinks by being worldly in conversation or bearing he will be more attractive. The ideal gentleman, according to Sir Philip Sidney, is a Christian gentleman. He wins because of 'high thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy.' The pastor that is filled with the spirit of his Master will be welcome everywhere. He is all the more loved and sought because he is a living, serving Christian. Instead of putting aside Christ to make himself more acceptable, he ought to

know that it is the Christ-likeness he bears that makes his coming a joy."

That he was correct in this opinion his experience proved. He rarely received a rebuff, and most generally his conversation upon religious subjects was welcomed and enjoyed. In his ability to influence individuals by private interviews of this kind he had few superiors. It was not that he tried to dominate their minds by force of will or the power of his own personality. He never tried to do that. We are told by one who knew him well that he never relied upon his own merit or ability to make the truths he uttered influence others, but upon the truth itself that underlay his words. He trusted to the prevailing power of truth to convince them. He believed that if he could get this fairly before their minds they would recognize God's voice in it, and in yielding submit to God rather than to his own persuasion.

He knew when to press earnestly and urgently forward, and he knew also when to slacken his endeavors and wait. But while he waited he also watched. "He could plan to win a soul for his Master," we are told, "and wait five years, if necessary, to do it; but he was all the time seeking for just the argument or particular presentation of truth that would be blessed by the Holy Spirit."

His chief reliance in all this ministry of instruction was the Word of God. How to make its meaning clear, and bring home to the heart its teaching, by appropriate illustration and argument, was his constant study. Thus, if his object was to convert to Christ the person talked with, this person was more likely to be truly converted by "the power of God unto salvation." If his aim was to revive the drooping faith, and quicken

with holy aspiration some halting Christian, it was achieved by reminding him of the divine help within his reach:

"Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?"

"By his help," says one thus benefited, "our thoughts have been elevated, and our aims and purposes in life ennobled."

"There are six classes," Dr. Goodell says in his little volume "How to Build a Church," "of which the pastor will be always mindful: the sick, those in trouble and affliction, children, the aged and infirm, the strangers in the gates, and souls seeking salvation. Others are reached as time permits. Opportunities like these are like angels encamping round about the pastor. Timely visits make gains for eternity. We can never draw souls to Christ as when trial comes. Then, if ever, a man wants to see his pastor, and his heart is open to the best he can give."

A woman in straitened circumstances, with young children dependent on her, went to one of the "Hammond meetings" in the early part of Dr. Goodell's ministry in St. Louis, in the hope of obtaining comfort and help. "I was comparatively a stranger in St. Louis," she says, "and had never heard of Dr. Goodell or Pilgrim Congregational Church. There were between thirty and forty ministers on the platform, many of whom either talked or prayed, Dr. Goodell among the number. I was greatly drawn to him. It seemed as if he came directly from God's presence, bearing good tidings for us all. I wondered who he was. I

was sure that he knew my Saviour well, and I felt anxious to speak with him. At the inquiry-meeting which followed I found an opportunity to do so. His talk was full of God's love to us—to all. Before we separated he asked for my name and address. Sickness and death came to our home. Dr. Goodell was often there helping and comforting in his own peculiar, Christ-like way. He seldom left without this word, 'Remember it is strength for to-day you want, that is all. Just for to-day. God loves us so much; and He knows our needs. He will give you the strength for to-day, for He has promised it.' In all the years that followed, again and again would he give me that message, and so I was taught to live, day by day, looking unto God for help, with a prayerful heart. Had Dr. Goodell owned the whole world, could he have left any friend a better legacy?"

He had a quick, sure insight into the heart troubles of those he met, and equal skill in applying the remedies required to cure them. A lady of his congregation says, that whenever she met him he always discerned the mood she happened to be in, whether happy, sad, or fretful, and though he uttered but a sentence, it was always just the word necessary to make her the happiest, give her the best thoughts, and, as she expressed it, "bring out the best that is in me."

"In my day of great trouble," says another grateful parishioner, "when the way seemed dark indeed, his words were to me a comfort and a blessing."

In sickness and in death, in which the sorrow and sadness of life are most frequently felt, he was especially helpful. In the account given of his ministry in New Britain, his manner and method at such times were fully described, and this description need not be

repeated. But this may be said, that in his St. Louis pastorate there was a ripeness and efficiency of method surpassing that of the previous pastorate. In it he exhibited the fullness and perfection of his pastoral wisdom and skill. He was more mature, more assiduous in his work, and the spirit displayed in it was larger and more benignant. The habit, formed in New Britain, of addressing letters to his people on various occasions, and for the various purposes of giving comfort, reminding of duty, and inspiring to new effort, was still kept up with increasing benefit. Some of his letters of consolation are models of tenderness and pastoral wisdom. The following is an actual example:

3006 PINE STREET, *September 23.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—Permit me to express my deep and sincere sympathy for you in your bereavement. Many sad and sorrowful hours must come to you as you think of the loved one passed away from the scenes of earth and time forever. But great mercies and blessings still remain to you, and I trust you may be able to say by God's grace, "Thy will be done. Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

"My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me."

We must all go home to our Father's house, and the time which He appoints is best, though it often leaves the friends behind in loneliness and tears.

But out of these darker hours some of our best thoughts and purposes come, and we are lifted to holier and better things, and are led to walk more closely with God, and to render better service for Him.

"Oh, deem not they are blessed alone,
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;

For God who pities man hath shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep."

Very sincerely, YOUR PASTOR.

Dr. Goodell was most happy in his funeral services. We do not think he was ever surpassed in the appropriateness of his words on such occasions.

In this varied work of Christian nurture, consolation, spiritual guidance, and of winning souls to Christ, Dr. Goodell made much use of tracts and religious books. He early learned the value of these silent teachers in questions of interest. When a student in college he had been strongly impressed and much benefited by one then put into his hands, and thus realized the power of such companions of their solitude to affect thoughtful persons. He had resolved to supplement his personal influence by a wise use of printed matter of this kind. In his study he had a case with numerous compartments, in which tracts upon various subjects were kept for use as required. He took pains to inform himself in regard to publications of this sort—where they could be obtained, what was their scope and value,—and such leaflets as he deemed best for his purpose he kept always on hand. When he sought to direct an anxious inquirer, or to comfort one in affliction, or to stimulate a person to Christian activity, or to give a mother counsel and encouragement in regard to the religious training of her children, he had a tract that was adapted to the purpose.

It is remembered that on one occasion, at a State Association we think, when the work of the Tract Society was under consideration, an address was made in its behalf, and its publications were commended to pastors and Christian workers as valuable helps. In

the discussion which followed, one of the ministers present said he hoped that they were not expected to leave the great work, to which they were set apart, to become book-peddlers and colporteurs. Dr. Goodell then arose and said, that "for many years he had been a book-peddler and a colporteur—if these were the terms to apply to a minister who often distributed the tracts and commended the religious books of the Tract Society. He did not regard it as a degradation of himself or of his office to do so. Nothing was too small for him to do, if any good was to be accomplished by it." That was characteristic of him. The humblest work, the lowliest duties were cheerfully and joyfully performed for the Gospel's sake. He would have been willing, like his divine Master, to wash men's feet, could he have seen any hope of good in it; and instead of injuring his dignity by the service, he would have done it in such a way as "makes that and the action fine."

BRIEF PRAYERS.

We bless Thee for one more sunrise in this weary world.

The children of God in the olden time had a song to God for every act of goodness and love; help us to sing Thy goodness.

May our sorrow come from the world, and our gladness have its spring in Thee.

We enter Thy house in weariness, as travellers enter the wayside inn.

Fit us personally for our dying hour.

Bless all those who are tried and perplexed with business; may they see in it all God's hand, leading to something higher and better in the plan of their lives.

We thank Thee that we may praise Thee in our business and with our substance.

Richly bless all who are planning and laboring and sacrificing for this church.

When Thou dost look down upon Thy churches, count this one, and be well pleased.

Eternal water-brooks, fed by no rains, by no earthly dews, my spirit turns to you.

We gather themes for praise all along the past ; not always gladness and earthly prosperity at Thy hand, but always goodness.

Open the hearts of Thy people to the poor, and may we not hear only those who are loud in their complaints, but those also who keep silence and suffer more.

Keep those whose faith is tried by a severer test than that of sorrow—the test of happy, successful years.

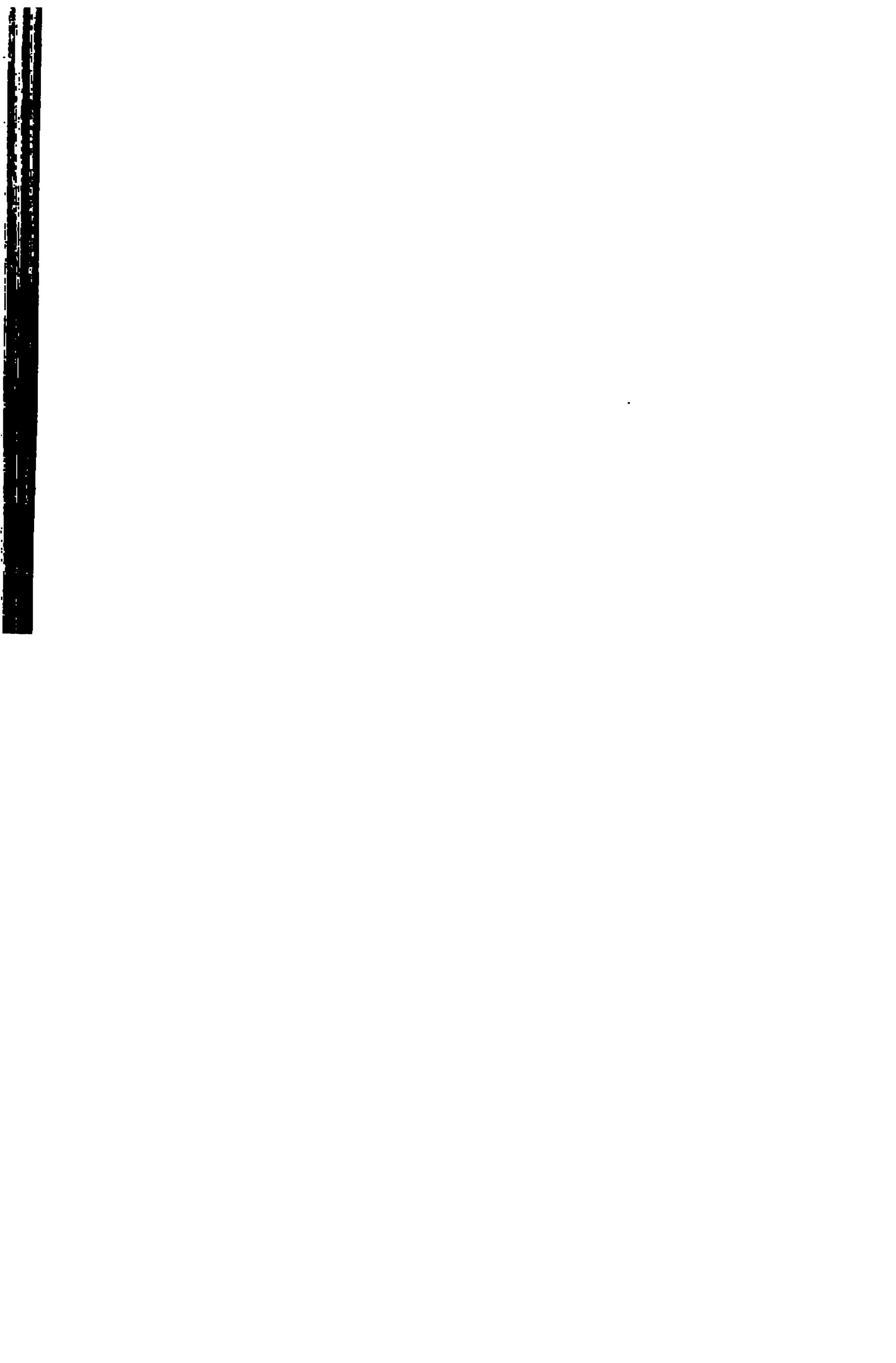
We bear Thy name, O Christ ; help us to bear Thy image.

What flowers are sleeping still to bloom ; what fruit lies in embryo yet to come out ; so of our graces under Thy sun.

The more truly we become children, the more fully wilt Thou be a Father.

Thou dost set the solitary in families, and make them solitary again. Bless them.

Ah, who would meet Thee, bearing only withered leaves !



XXII.

THE CHILDREN IN THE CHURCH.

“Where children are, there is the golden age.”—NOVALIS.

“The smallest children are nearest to God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun.”—RICHTER.

“A man of hope and forward-looking mind.”—WORDSWORTH.

“The golden beams of truth and the silken cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence whether they will or not.”—CUDWORTH.

CHAPTER XXII.

HIS MINISTRY TO THE CHILDREN—CHURCH EXTENSION.

ONE of the best and most valuable chapters in the little volume, "How to Build a Church," is that entitled "The Pastor among the Youth." In it Dr. Goodell describes the principles and methods which he followed in his successful ministry to the children.

Probably his labors among, and for, the young of his pastoral charge were as remarkable and important as any part of his ministerial work. To them was due no small portion of his success in building up his own churches, and making them the centres of power and influence which they became in the communities about them. His churches were full of young life. At every service their bright faces appeared. At every communion they usually formed a considerable fraction of the number received into church membership. He believed in child-piety. He dwelt much upon the importance and the wisdom of cultivating it, and he was continually studying how to do so. How supremely important it is, his own words best declare. He says:

He who builds the church must save the children. If we save the children, we save the world. The world is most easily and effectively saved in childhood. . . . The generation which takes the most children along with it for Christ will do most to build His kingdom, and to thin the ranks of the opposition. . . . Shepherds in-

crease their flocks by carefully nursing the lambs ; so pastors enlarge their folds by caring for the young. . . . Seek the children early, seek them faithfully. The pastor's best work will be in giving direction to their life at the start. The pointing of the gun determines the entire course of the ball.

These pithy sentences contain in their condensed form the substance of whole volumes upon the subject of Christian nurture. It was a subject upon which he had read much and thought much. And the result of all his reading and thinking was a clear conviction that the pastor who overlooks the children, or waits to have them grow older before endeavoring to reach them in his ministry, overlooks the most promising field for labor, and misses, never to find again, his most precious opportunity with those whose early years he thus suffers to slip away unregarded by him.

He believed that the church needs the presence of children in its fellowship for its own best health and enjoyment and interior attractiveness. They are as necessary to the complete life of the church as they are to the home. It is likely to be a sombre and somewhat cheerless place without them. If not this, at least it will give the feeling of something lacking. "The Holy Land," he said, "is a barren, shadeless land for the want of fresh young trees. The church without the young ingathered and trained is a deserted field. Though aged palms are found in the courts of the Lord's house, we need, as well, the straight and beautiful rods of youth there."

It was his opinion, also, that the best Christians, those most devoted to Christ, and most efficient and successful in promoting His kingdom in the earth, are

usually examples of early piety. Most of the great preachers and leaders of the Church in the past were instructed and trained in the knowledge of God in childhood by devout parents and teachers. The highest powers of sacred eloquence, and the greatest wisdom in leadership, were the ripe fruits of a faith that began and flourished in the dew of youth. "The best Christian workers are largely taken and consecrated to lives of benevolence and sacrifice and service from circles of Christian youth." "Out of well-trained children we are to rear the strongest defences of Christianity,—a soldiery of godly souls, true to the great Captain."

That religious culture is needful for children, and that no one should be so misled by their natural sweetness and innocence as to suppose that they are good enough without it, he did not hesitate emphatically to declare and teach. He looked upon religion as necessary to the completing of the human soul, in man or child; and the earlier it is planted in the soul, the more it will bless it and preserve it from the sin of the world. "The charm and beauty of Eden," he said, "still cling to the children, yet they possess a sinful nature, and must have a new heart from above. Selfishness and disobedience and anger stain the sparkling fountain of youth, except the Spirit of God renew and redeem their lives. . . . The beginnings of the divine life must be put in their hearts before the world gets in."

The ways and methods by which Dr. Goodell sought to put these "beginnings of the divine life" into the hearts of the children were many and various. He let no opportunity slip. He was always on the watch for souls. But his main reliance was upon the methods ordained of God, the "stated means of grace" found in home religion, the religious teaching of the sanctu-

ary, and the special pastoral instruction and training of the young with which the Christian ministry in every age of the Church has felt itself charged.

Upon the importance of home religion he often dwelt. The mother is the child's first teacher, and the first teacher's instructions are most impressive, and remembered the longest. The child's heart is "wax to receive and marble to retain." It is peculiarly susceptible to religion. Faith in all things good, in God, in angels, in prayer, in supernatural grace and help, in the love and friendship of Jesus, is easy to the child. It receives without question and with joyful readiness what the man "dead in trespasses and sins" is slow to believe. It is not ashamed to own and talk of the Lord. It is in the spiritual spring-time when the seeds of divine truth find a congenial soil and atmosphere, and quickly spring up into life.

The chief condition of early piety is therefore genuine religion in the home. Christian parents are likely to have believing children if they are faithful in their religious teaching and training. Dr. Goodell often spoke of the responsibility of parents for their children. He made it a ground of appeal to them to come to Christ, and live in union with Him, that they might bring their children to Him also. He longed to have, and labored to have, every home in his parish a Christian home, to "secure," he said, "the conditions of a successful start in the Christian life among the children. They will bear the marks of the home through life." He had pondered much over the lasting nature of early impressions, by reason of which each home becomes, according to its kind, a mould of character. The habits, dispositions, affections formed there are permanent. Therefore, make the mould as perfect as you can.

Then "reverence for God and His Word and day and house, faith in Christ, regard for the truth, love of right-doing, sorrow for sin, true manliness, desire for usefulness, self-sacrifice for others, and every excellence desirable in the Christian, will be planted in the child."

He made it his care and duty to assist the parents of his church in their efforts to give a religious training to their children. A signal and never-to-be-forgotten instance of this was given during the last year of his life, when he sent to every child, by name, in his congregation a beautiful morning prayer to be learned and daily repeated at the moment of waking. The following is an exact copy of one of these little missives:

A MORNING PRAYER.

To my little friend Maud:

The morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep ;
Father, I own
Thy love alone,
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide ;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Dear Jesus, near Thy side.

Your affectionate Pastor,

C. L. GOODELL.

Who can measure the influence of this little prayer, diligently learned and conscientiously repeated, for their

pastor's sake, by hundreds of children! It is, doubtless, the golden cord by which some of them will be tied to the throne of God, and kept religious, who otherwise might go astray.

For the Bible-school, as a means of religious teaching and training, he had a high appreciation. He was careful to define its true place among the agencies for promoting child-piety. It was not, on the one hand, a substitute for home religious instruction; the parent could not shift her responsibility for the religious teaching of her child upon its Sunday-school teacher; nor was it a substitute for the church service and the pastor's ministry, that the children might be safely excused from attendance upon the church service, and the pastor wash his hands of all responsibility for them. He greatly deplored this common error, and believed it fraught with the gravest mischief. "The Sunday-school," he said, "is not the children's church, but it is the church and pastor mingling with the children, and laying out all their experience and wisdom and spiritual power on them for their instruction in righteousness."

He believed that the pastor should always be in the Sunday-school. Thus he would become familiar with their faces, and be better acquainted with them. Thus they would learn to know him better, and come to regard him with friendliness and affection, so that his influence over them would be stronger for the love they had for him. Dr. Goodell was as constant in his attendance upon his Sunday-school as the superintendent himself. In this way he won their confidence and favor. He could not pass them on the street without receiving from them a smile and a greeting. They extolled him to their playmates until these shared their admiration for him. And thus it happened that when

he died, a little boy, of another church and Sunday-school, ran home and said to his mother, "Oh, mamma, the children's friend is dead!"

Another reason for his constant attendance upon the Sunday-school was, because his presence drew in the adult members of the congregation, and the older scholars were more likely to be retained. That great and widening gulf between adults and children, so harmful to each, is in this way prevented.

He valued the Bible-school as enlarging the range of religious instruction given to the children, and increasing the amount of attention and spiritual oversight they receive; as a good field of Christian service for the church, and as bringing the old and young into a blessed union for worship and mutual religious benefit. "The Bible-school," he says, "places an acting-pastor in the person of the teacher over each circle of youth. It affords a work to do which blesses both teacher and pupil. It keeps the heart warm in service, and prepares the whole church for usefulness. . . . The young worship with the parents, the adults study God's Word with the young, and all grow up together homogeneous."

Dr. Goodell laid great stress upon the value of the regular church service to the children. He insisted that it was important they should be there, and that spiritual disaster would surely come to the church unless their presence there was maintained. "They must be made to feel," he said, "that they have a place in the service, and a part in the worship; that their presence is desirable, and their absence regretted. Suffer them to be absent because they go to Sunday-school and there is danger of their falling into practical heathenism; that they will neglect religion entirely. The

Sunday-school scholar does not necessarily ripen into a church-goer. He is not likely to do so unless at the same time taken to church. As a rule, no person will be a regular church-goer and useful working Christian who does not form the habit of church-going young. The habit must be ingrained from childhood. A scholar in the Sunday-school, with no fixed rule of church attendance, will soon wander away and be lost to both. He is too big for Sunday-school, and has not been brought up to have an interest in the church, so he disappears."

Such has been the history of thousands in the last thirty years, who have left the Sunday-school to swell the ranks of the non-church-goers.

Dr. Goodell, having perceived this disastrous result of neglect to bring the children to the house of God, labored zealously to correct the fault. He employed various incentives to bring them to the church service. Text-books were furnished them, in which to record the text and the subject of the sermon. These the Sunday-school teachers were asked to examine, and if found correct to add their signatures and approval to each Sabbath's record. This brought the teachers, with the pupils, more regularly to the Sabbath worship. It linked the Sunday-school and the preaching service together. It gave the teacher an opportunity to press the truth of the sermon home to the hearts of the scholars. It aided the parents in securing to the children church-going habits. It bound the church and school in one bundle of life, and afforded a motive for them to work together.

He did not hesitate to say that, if necessary, parents should compel their children to go to church. It was too important a matter to be left to their free choice.

It is an indispensable part of a parent's duty to direct and control the choices of his incompetent children. "Let the parents," he said, "use the same influence on their children in securing their attendance on church service on Sunday that they do all through the week in sending them to business and to day-school. . . . The moral training of children is not less important than the mental, and the church service added to the Bible-school makes no longer session, altogether, than one of the two sessions of the day-school, which is not thought too hard. In many Christian homes there is not enough back-bone manifested in this matter of religious nurture."

Dr. Goodell, on his part, spared no pains to make the church service attractive to the children. "An entire sermon to the young," he says, "is good now and then. So is a five minutes' talk, if it be fit and good for adults also." He was always on the lookout for subjects, illustrations, and other materials that might furnish him with striking object-lessons for these sermons and talks, and he displayed great skill and felicity in his use of them. Once, when down-town, a fire broke out in the Lindell Hotel, and being near, he watched the progress of the flames and the firemen in their efforts to extinguish them. Amid the hurry and rush and roar about him, he observed a little canary in one of the windows of the highest story, which, in the panic created by the fire, had been forgotten, and left, perhaps, to perish. Upon that incident of the fire he based a short discourse about God's care for His creatures, small as well as great, that made a children's sermon long to be remembered.

One Saturday morning, when Mrs. Goodell was sick, a member of his church called to see if he could render

the pastor any help. After a delightful talk, by which he seemed much cheered, he said: "You have offered to help me, and I want your help. I am going to preach a five minutes' sermon to the children to-morrow morning on the word 'Jesus.' It must have five heads, one for each letter of the name. I have four of them ready; give me one for the second letter." The caller suggested "Eternal Life." "That is just the thing," he said. "That shall be your part of the sermon." And the next day his sermon on the name "Jesus" had the five divisions: 1. Jesus the Joy-bringer; 2. Jesus the Eternal Life-giver; 3. Jesus the Sin-bearer; 4. Jesus the Uplifter; 5. Jesus the Saviour.

These efforts to bring the children to church were crowned with great success. His Sabbath congregations contained a great number of them. Their presence gave animation and a home-like aspect to the public worship. The participation of the children in it made it more delightful and blessed for all. Dr. Goodell aimed, and was successful in his aim, to make the church service of real spiritual benefit to them. Whatever part of it was specially given to them was designed to secure their conversion or religious nurture, and not merely their diversion. He would have thought himself lacking in some essential ministerial quality if his pulpit ministrations had failed to bring them this benefit. "Given a pulpit to stand in, he said, and a Bible, and a Saviour, and the Holy Spirit, and a group of bright immortals fresh from the hand of God, with the sunny gleam of heaven still on their faces every Lord's day in the year, and if the minister does not lead many of them to Christ as the days go on, God have mercy on his soul! He has not yet taken his stand on the heights from which he can see eternity."

As a pastor he recognized the fact that the children had a claim upon him for special pastoral instruction additional to what they received from the pulpit, the prayer-meetings, or from his occasional addresses to them in the Bible-school. He knew well how little and inadequate was the instruction often given in the Sabbath-school and in the home, and that unless this was supplemented by special teaching of his own, more than he could give them in his sermons and talks, many of them would have but a vague and insufficient knowledge of Christian truth. He, therefore, met them occasionally, and "expounded" to them "the way of God more perfectly," laying down "the great landmarks of Christian truth," and seeing that they were "established firmly on the Rock of Ages, and duly warned against the pitfalls and dangers of this present evil world."

He appreciated the value to the church of such an organization as Rev. F. E. Clark instituted in the "Society of Christian Endeavor," and in the Introduction he was invited to furnish to the little volume, "The Children and the Church," in which the author describes how that organization had its rise and its constitution and work, he sets forth admirably the need of such work in the churches and the reward it receives. Pilgrim Church, at his instance, was one of the first in the land to adopt the model presented in that volume, and to start "A Society of Christian Endeavor" among its young people, that they might be trained to be workers in the church, by the habit of taking part in religious meetings, the practice of benevolent giving, and of the art of gathering in the straying. He stimulated them to the study of missions and other Christian activities, and he sought to enlist every one of them in

some definite kind of religious work, believing that in this way only could they develop a strong and stable Christian character.

Such an earnest ministry to the young had its reward. Pilgrim Church became a young people's church. They thronged every service; they came into its membership in large numbers; parents and teachers coming forward at almost every communion, bringing them with them, and saying, "Here, Lord, am I, and the children Thou hast given me."

A church in which this is the case is happy among the households of faith.

PRAYERS FROM NOTE-BOOK.

We thank Thee for children, the beating of whose hearts is the music of our homes; and the brightness of whose faces is the benediction on our daily bread.

We thank Thee for the day which Thou pourest out of Thy golden urn, and the light with which Thou baptizest the world anew every morning.

Tired with the world's journey, we stoop down, as in childhood, to drink out of Thy springs the living water.

Bless the harvests. Upon wheat-field and orchard set the benediction of sun and shower.

Fill us, O God, with Thyself, and we shall have no room for trouble and care.

Bless the feet that walk amid sunshine and flowers, and bless those that walk in storm and shadow.

Through all the track of our mortal years, may we wear the white flower of a blameless life.

The way is growing dim. Turn upon our darkened paths the light from Thy heavenly windows.

Help men to keep their good resolutions with which they began the year.

Bless the Sunday-school teachers. May they lead the children through the gates of life.

O Lord, we should make fewer mistakes if we went oftener to Thee for counsel. Our troubles, too, are so different when we take them to Thee.

The peace Thou canst give all the world cannot disturb.

Thou wilt keep sorrow from the heart, but not from the house.

Wherever there are mourners there are comforters.

O how rare it is to find a soul willing to be still, and to hear Thee speak.

I have alluded to the work of "Church Extension" in St. Louis during the ministry of Dr. Goodell. By reason of it the Congregational churches of the city were increased in number from four to twelve. For how much of this work should he be credited? His part was that of a wise and efficient leader. One of his ministerial brethren, referring to this work, says: "Some one may say, 'He did not do it all.' Aye, but it was in the inspiration and courage that came from his life and leadership that it was done. Take him out of these last fourteen years and it would not have been done; it could not have been done."

Under his leadership and training Pilgrim Church became the potent organization for Christian work it is. He found it small and comparatively feeble. Under his ministry it developed and gathered to itself great spiritual force and many new elements of strength. Thus it became an instrument of mighty power. He

had the ability to use this instrument so as to accomplish the great objects which God put it into his heart to strive for. He could not have done this work without such a church behind him. No more could the church have done without him, or another leader of equal ability, to go before and direct its force. The finest force without a leader is idle or ineffective.

Of course, it will not be supposed that Dr. Goodell exercised a despotic sway over his church. He never exhibited anything like a spirit of domination. His influence and authority were only such as superior wisdom always gives. It was an evidence of his wisdom that he never sought to carry a point in the face of opposition by the force of his own opinion or personal wishes. If the time for doing a thing was not propitious, or if his advisory council, composed of his Board of Deacons and the standing committee, before which such matters were discussed, were not disposed to favor a project proposed, he knew how to wait, and thought it best to wait, until the topic was ripe for consideration. In the discussion of subjects, as they came up for consideration, so cautious was he about obtruding his opinions upon others, lest they should vote merely to please him, that it was sometimes difficult to know before a matter was decided by vote, on which side the pastor's preferences leaned.

Usually his own views were finally adopted. But when adopted, they were sympathetically and cordially approved. The discussion, in which he participated with the rest, and to which he contributed his appropriate share, usually had the effect of enlarging their views of the work proposed and quickening their interest. He infused his own exalted feeling into the rest, and what that feeling was is expressed by a re-

mark which one of his deacons remembers to have heard on one occasion, when he said: "I never get so close to the beating heart of Christ as in a meeting when we come together to plan and pray for the extension of the kingdom of Christ." This is why those business meetings "were," as one often present says, "always occasions of spiritual elevation and strengthening." Those there associated with him were brought "close to the beating heart of Christ" also, and entered with their pastor into His divine thought and joy, and calm assurance concerning the interests of His kingdom.

With the high spiritual tone so characteristic of him there as everywhere, he exhibited at those meetings the wisdom and sagacity which belong to good, hard sense. The extraordinary success which attended all the projects proposed by him is proof of this. "Dr. Goodell," we are told, "was a general in church work, a man of exceptional executive ability. So entire was the confidence in his judgment, that it was always practicable in Pilgrim Church to raise money in liberal sums to prosecute any religious or educational enterprise that was known to have his endorsement. He was a man of broad views and remarkable foresight, and seemed intuitively to perceive the strategic points it was necessary to seize and hold in St. Louis and the Southwest for the future strength and success of his own denomination, and of the cause of Christ generally. At these meetings Dr. Goodell came before his officers with a programme of subjects for consideration systematically arranged. His plans were always well considered and carefully thought out. In unfolding those plans he exhibited great skill and remarkable powers of lucid statement."

It is by no means affirmed that in the work of Church

Extension the churches formed were the sole creation of Pilgrim Church and its pastor. In every instance the Christian people of the neighborhood had an important share in the work. Other churches of the same faith and their pastors also, co-operated with Pilgrim Church to some extent, and more especially the ministers who took hold of the new enterprises. From the latter, great courage and consecration were demanded and displayed. But every one of them received inestimable help and strength from Dr. Goodell's encouragement.

The experience of Rev. Geo. C. Adams is illustrative of that of others. He says :

Dr. Goodell had asked me to come down from Alton, and look over the field where my church now is, with reference to coming here and starting it. There was a Sunday-school and a prayer-meeting, nothing more. The Presbyterians had had a church here for thirteen years, and had then been compelled to disband it. The neighborhood was rank with infidelity. The building was old and dingy and forbidding ; there was not one inviting feature about it ; all the prospect of a church lay in the fact that a few members of Pilgrim Church (including its pastor) wanted one. Dr. Goodell saw that I was repelled and made doubtful by the surroundings. He laid his hand on my shoulder as we stood in the centre of the abandoned building, and said : "Here is your field ; the people are all about you : God calls you to this parish ; there are people now on the way from every State in the Union and from across the seas to join your church."

At the same time he guaranteed his salary for three years. He actually paid one-third of it himself.

This incident beautifully illustrates the faith and courage of Dr. Goodell. "Faith," he said in his famous address before the American Home Missionary Society in 1881, "is a marvelous builder." He was a

good example of the truth of that saying. He had the faith of an apostle.

Dr. Goodell did not limit his interest in these new and feeble churches to the times of their beginning and establishment under pastors of their own. He continued to cherish for them as long as he lived a fostering care. He was especially sympathetic and helpful to their pastors. In a brotherly, unobtrusive way he sought to do them good by giving them the benefit of his larger experience. "It was worth ten years in the life of any young minister," says one of those pastors, "to be associated with Dr. Goodell in Christian work. He was a whole theological faculty in himself."

There were three reasons why he was particularly helpful to his brethren with whom he was associated in this work of Church Extension. In the first place, he was accessible to them when needed. He was never too busy to leave his work and talk for any length of time with them about plans and methods.

In the second place, he respected their right of judgment, and never wounded their self-respect by any attempt to interfere with or overrule them in the course they thought best to adopt in their own fields. "He was always glad," says one of those pastors, "to have each choose his own method, and was not disposed to dictate about it. When my work was just beginning here I was very anxious to use the free-seat system. I had heard him strongly defend pew-rentals; so I went to him and consulted him as to the method to be adopted. His reply was: 'No divine way has been revealed; the way that succeeds is the proper one to use.'"

In the third place, he had the courage of his religious faith, of his unfaltering trust in God. This made him the natural leader he was to his brethren—a torch-

bearer to them in dark times and places. Mr. Adams, of the Fifth Church, has given us an interesting account of the way in which Dr. Goodell encouraged and assisted them, as the time drew near, in the history of their mission on Compton Hill, for them to arise and build. "Some of us met," he says, "in the rooms of the mission to discuss the project of buying a lot there on which to erect a chapel later. The workers were few, and there was only the hope of being able to raise enough money then to pay one-third cash for the lot. While all wanted to buy it, it seemed questionable whether it could be done. Dr. Goodell rose, and got every one in good humor, and then offered to give \$25 for every foot the pastor of the church was high. By generous measurement, he called his height six feet, and pledged \$150, which gave the people courage to go ahead."

Since the death of Dr. Goodell the Fifth Church has decided, for good reasons, to remove to Compton Hill. When this is done the mission will be incorporated with the mother church, and a beautiful new stone edifice already under way will stand—not on the lot the story of whose purchase has just been told, but on another, larger, better located one, into which the value of the first when sold will enter as part of the purchase price. The money of good men given for such purposes draws other money after it. It is seed which grows to a large harvest. Thus has it been with that gift made by Dr. Goodell on the occasion referred to. It has increased until the lot purchased has all been paid for; a goodly sum is in hand for the new church edifice, and the hope encouraged that it may be dedicated without a dollar of debt resting upon it. That gift appeals from the ground it consecrates that the work thus begun may be worthily finished to the glory of God.

He habitually looked on the bright side of things. He was rarely or never heard to utter a gloomy or desponding thought in regard to Christian work. And such was his power that he inspired others with his bright and hopeful view of it. "He always brought sunshine when he came," one tells us, "and when he was gone you felt as if an angel had looked in upon you. His firm faith in his Saviour lifted him above the petty ills of this life. He used often to say: 'The truth is sure to win.'"

What he was to his brethren is beautifully suggested by an incident related by Rev. George C. Adams at his funeral: "He recently came to my house just after dark. I was away, and when I came home I found him in the study playing with the little ones, my children, clustered about him. He wanted to talk with me on important matters in our work, and we chatted for half an hour, when he rose to go. I went with him as far as the gate. He had gone up the walk a short distance, and I had started back to my door to enter the house, when I heard him call. I turned and beheld him standing in front of the next door, his face toward me. The moon shone full upon him, and his face was lighted up as if it had been the face of an angel, and he said: 'The very God of peace be with you!' I did not know it at the time, but it was his parting benediction to me, and I bless God for it." Thus his brethren, with whom he worked to plant and build up those churches, now think of him, as one in whose face there was the light of heaven, and whose influence upon them was a benediction.



XXIII.

**THE LAST VISIT TO THE HOLY
LAND.**

1884.

“Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone;
And Morning opes with haste her lids
To gaze upon the Pyramids.”

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

“Blest land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng.”

—J. G. WHITTIER.

“Bless the Lord, O my soul who healeth all thy diseases.”—DAVID.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TRAVELS IN EUROPE AND THE HOLY LAND—PROTRACTED ILLNESS AND RECOVERY.

IN the last of January, 1884, Dr. Goodell, leaving his church in charge of Rev. Zachary Eddy, D.D., of Detroit, Mich., started with Mrs. Goodell upon his fifth and last trip abroad—purposing to visit England, France, Italy, Greece, Egypt, Turkey, and the Holy Land. “He had become worn,” he told a friend, “and exhausted by a long service of giving of the deepest and best in him, and felt, if he could stop work and go to the fountain-land of Christian faith, it might give him ten years more of Christian work in the ministry.”

It being in mid-winter, he left home in the midst of a heavy snow-storm, which pursued him all the way to the seaboard and across the ocean. But the thought of the long vacation before him so elated his spirits that he felt no oppression from the gloom of the storm. From Liverpool he writes to the friends left behind:

Four thousand miles along the highway of the storm king in mid-winter; this has been an exhilaration and delight. Our Lord says, “Pray that your flight be not in winter,” but that was before sleeping-coaches and palatial steamships. A thousand miles from the Father of Waters to New York, and three thousand miles across the tempestuous Atlantic, without cold or hunger or fatigue, is one of the miracles of comfort in our modern life.

He has left us the following graphic description of his journey over that "winter storm-track." His spirits were those of a happy school-boy just released from school, and anticipating a good long season of play:

The winter had been tightened on St. Louis for six weeks. The time of departure was at hand. The Pullman sleeper bore us through the tunnel in gloom. The long train took us over the bridge in storm, and wind and snow reveled on the track to Oberlin, where a day brought no abatement of the winter's rigor. . . .

In the train again and still snow-bound, running through a tunnel of dark and heavy storm. Cleveland and Buffalo and Albany under cover. New York is struggling with storm. Talmage is preaching on "Who can stand before His cold?" A tempest lay upon him, and some were saying, "Who can stand before his blast?" His platform is what Homer might call a "wind-loved nook." At Broadway Tabernacle Dr. Taylor shows us how our lives may be all sunshine in the sweetness of our Lord. No touch of winter has reached his congregation.

Out on the deck of the swift *Arizona*, still in cloud and mist, and wind and cold, with only a gleam of sunlight as we leave our native land, the storm pipes up its favorite furies for a frolic on the broad Atlantic. They shout and gambol and play well the lawn-tennis of the sea. We are "rocked in the cradle of the deep," but the stern foot of old Boreas is on the rocker. . . .

The days and nights march on with many grave and earnest thoughts. The weight of eternity rests upon the ship. Less than eight days from New York, and only ten of travel from 3006 Pine Street, and lo! here is Fastnet Point with its light, then Queenstown and Liverpool. The desired haven is reached. Good-bye, old ocean. There is rest on thy mighty billows, and recu-

peration and wondrous uplift. "The sea is His and He made it." "We have seen His wonders on the deep." Our hearts are preaching sermons of faith and gratitude and love. We praise God, we bless the ship. Life is worth the living.

Proceeding directly to London, they spent there two Sabbaths, hearing Spurgeon and Dr. Parker, and witnessing the remarkable work of Mr. Moody, then laboring there.

Leaving London in the latter part of February, they proceeded by way of Paris to Nice. Tarrying here two weeks, they then moved leisurely from point to point on the Mediterranean coast, and through Italy to Naples, where they took steamer for Egypt and the Holy Land. His letters to the friends at home describe some of the scenes and incidents encountered by the way. He writes of Nice:

Especially lovely is Nice, a great gathering-place of aristocracy. The carnival held there for six days is said now to rival that at Rome. Music and dancing, feasting and masquerading, and all sorts of gaiety and junketing continue day and night. Then comes Ash-Wednesday, and their pleasures end in ashes. The people are so weary with excesses they find it a relief to draw down and be religious a while. But the best sights by far we saw at Nice were the faces of beloved friends.

The passage by steamer from Naples to Alexandria was a smooth and delightful one. They tarried in this once imperial city only a brief while, and then went on to the more attractive city of Cairo. One day of their sojourn there was given to an excursion to the Great Pyramid. Of this he gives the following interesting account:

Luncheon is packed, the carriage is ready, and now for a climb up the mountain of stone. . . . It is seven miles distant from Cairo, through an avenue of acacia-trees all the way, and the fragrance comes up from the green fields of the Nile, dewy and sweet.

Now we reach the bedlam of Arabs at the base, and the Pyramid stands up before us vast and mighty. "Forty centuries are looking down." Can we ever make the ascent? No, not alone. The layers of stone average three feet in thickness. The sheik assigns to one three stalwart Arabs. Abdallah takes the right hand, Sulieman the left, and Ibrahim lifts and pushes from behind. Some make the ascent with two, and some even with one. The Arabs are ready for the long pull; you go flying up one step, and then another, and then another, and stop and take breath. Abdallah says, "You good man, I good Arab; I, a No. 1 Arab." Sulieman says, "I satisfy you, you satisfy me." Ibrahim chimes in, "I do well, you give me good backsheesh." Still on we go; the view widens, and the greatness of the Pyramid grows upon you. On the one side is the emerald of the Nile valley, on the other the utter desolation of the desert. Where the river goes, there is life; where the sand reigns, there are waste and death.

The grandeur of the view is constantly increasing. These tremendous stones, no such are quarried now. There in the far distance across the Nile is the mountain where they were cut. One hundred thousand men were ten years in building the causeway, over which they were dragged by human hands, and raised inch by inch to their place. Be careful not to look directly down, lest you have a giddy head. Objects of interest up and down the valley come out into greater distinctness. Here at your feet near by are the other two Pyramids of Gizeh, and the solemn Sphinx and smaller tombs. Farther on, the Pyramids of Sakkara and the

ruins of great temples. Still beyond are the Pyramids of Dashur. There is the site of ancient Memphis, once the world's metropolis, and to the northward Heliopolis, with its single obelisk and memories of Moses and Joseph, and all the learning of ancient Egypt. Cairo lifts a thousand minarets into the clear air, its citadel crowned with the alabaster mosque of Mehemet Ali. You are looking into the granary of the old world. You see the seven years of plenty ; you see the twelve sons of Jacob coming to buy corn, and Joseph next to the king. The long Nile unwinds like a sheet of silver ; the centuries drop from out the past like falling stars ; the kingdoms of the old world and the glory thereof pass before you.

Sulieman says, "Look ! you sha'n't fall—me know my business—we hold you safe." And these dark-eyed children of the desert sat at one's feet on the topmost stone for a long time speechless, while the magnificence of the scene on every side was taken slowly and thoroughly in. A day at the Pyramids is one of a thousand. By and by it was time to make the descent, which is much more difficult than the ascent. Abdallah said, "You look in my eye ; isn't I true man ? I take you safe ; it is my business. Now come, we hold you sure," and they did ; they were faithful servants, and their reward was not wanting.

From Port Said they went by steamer to Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, where, with a large party of gentlemen and ladies, they began the tent-life and horseback travelling, by which they made the tour of Palestine. He thus writes of the excitement and mishaps attending the beginning of their long, romantic journey of four hundred miles :

It was a stirring time in old Jaffa, the afternoon our party made trial and selection of horses for the journey

through Palestine. Forty or more were brought on the course in front of the hotel. Soon the horse of one lady came running in with the rider pale and frightened. She declared she wanted a sheep and not an Arabian horse for her journey. There was a general strike among the ladies for moderate horses. One gentleman's horse ran, and brought up in a drove of camels. An aged clergyman's horse ran away, and he was finally thrown to the ground, and taken into the hotel unconscious and remained so for several hours. Most of the horses were spirited high-steppers, others were more quiet. The horsemanship was varied,—some was stylish and some had no style at all. In the prancing of the horses, frequently there was ample space between the rider and horse to see the sun, moon, and stars.

Finally the choices were made with reasonable satisfaction, nearly every one of the party, however, having the secret preference for a neighbor's horse instead of his own. But the horses were soon worked into line and became serviceable, a strong attachment in some cases growing up between horse and rider, though every day brought its incidents.

Of their company and tent-life he has left this graphic description :

Our camp consists of twenty-seven travellers, fifty-three Arabs, and eighty-seven horses. . . .

Our travelling party of twenty-seven is composed of twenty-one gentlemen and six ladies, two from Ireland, eight from Scotland, seven from America, and ten from England. The company is much after one's own heart, and we can never forget the days of pilgrimage in this Holy Land, or the nights of communion around the camp-fires when the day is done and the Oriental heavens come forth with their splendor.

We have thirteen tents, including the large dining and prayer-meeting tent. When we are resting in tent, it is a comely, attractive town, the twelve smaller tents circling about the larger one in the centre. When we mount and move, it is a cavalcade stretching on more than half a mile.

The tents have perpendicular walls eight feet high, and then run up to a point fifteen feet above the ground. Inside they are lined with blue, so as to protect the eye from excessive light, and the blue is finely decorated with designs in white and orange and scarlet cloth. On five of the tents the stars and stripes float, and on the others, the flag of England. The long dining-room tent is richly embroidered along the ridge outside with red cloth, and at the centre flies our American ensign with the British banner at each extremity. From this tent rises the voice of song and prayer every evening, and the Scripture is read pertaining to the scenes in Holy Land visited that day. At Jericho, for instance, we read the account in Joshua of the surrender of the city, and our Lord's visit there when the blind man was cured, and the sweetening of the waters by the great prophet, while we used the waters from the same refreshing spring. Our encampment is always on some memorable site, and hence, also, near some famous well, for Oriental life always centres about a well.

Our camp assistants are divided into two classes : the men who care for the tents and the men who manage the commissariat. We are awakened in the morning by the sound of the trumpet, loud and long and clear. The trumpeter marches quite round the circle filling the dawn with the ancient Hebrew melodies. In an hour comes the second call, which is breakfast. As we go, we leave all the luggage at our tent door. When breakfast is over, we see neither tents nor luggage. The men have gathered up all our "carriages," folded our beds

and tents and are off for the night's camping-place. The dining tent soon follows. Our lunch is spread at noon on a cloth in the shade of an oak or terebinth tree, near a spring of water.

When we reach our halting-place for the night, the tent-houses give their welcome. The flags are flying. Your tent door is open; you know it by the number. Your luggage is all there. Your bed, with iron bedstead, is neatly made. The toilet table, with white cloth and towels and water, is all complete. The central tent-pole has hooks for all your wraps and for the candles, and while you throw yourself on the lounge, weary from the engrossing work of the day, a cup of real tea, hot enough to suit any lover of that beverage, is served. The sugar and goat's milk come with it, and you are cheered and made ready for the ample dinner that in due time follows.

The Arabians were very faithful in their service, capable of strong attachment, and afforded us great amusement. Their work was very hard, but they never appeared to be weary. Their circles at night around the camp-fire, with story and laughter, seemed never to break up; it was the veritable "Arabian Nights' Entertainment." They were astir at the break of dawn, feeding and grooming the horses, and we could not find when they took their sleep. A little tempest among them was of constant occurrence; their anger burns up and dies down again like a fire of shavings; but while the heat is on, it is intense. Hot, forcible Arabic words exploded in their mouths like a mine of dynamite, and in an hour they would be like doves. Mahomet was the head of the tent-moving work, and had a voice like a bull of Bashan. When boxes, and tent-poles, and tables, and camp-stools were all in dire confusion, and each man pulling a separate way, I have seen him bow over and put his hands on his knees, and roar in classic

Arabic until all the men stopped, and profound silence reigned. Then he would give his orders. In a great storm of wind and rain, which came upon the camp, they were heroic and efficient. One held a tent-pole in place, so preserving the whole tent from destruction for a long time. Another was set to quiet the fear of a lady, and protect her, while occupying a tent alone. He said, "I watch, you sleep," and stood near watching to see if she did sleep. Soon she opened her eyes and he said, "Sleep, lady, sleep. I watch, you sleep." She feigned sleep and deceived him and he was soon on the floor of the tent himself, snoring like the seven sleepers.

Their journey was occasionally marked by amusing incidents like the following :

Lunching about three miles from the Dead Sea, one of our good men expressed great regret at not having bathed in it while there. Raphael, our Jehu, was dispatched back with him at a rapid gait. He duly bathed in the bitter waters, and hastening to overtake the party, his horse stepped into a deep hole and fell, and scattered the rider far and near, his black coat being a great sufferer. This was the last wild-Arab riding he did. A weighty member of the High Church was riding along, meditating, no doubt, upon the advantages of that over the Broad Church, when suddenly his horse went down on his knees, sending the rider full length forward in the dust, affording the rest of us an amusing illustration of the Low Church.

To stop a kicking horse or donkey, the Arabs jerk their heads up into the air. They can't have their heads and their heels up in the air at the same time. It is musical in the animal portion of the encampment at night. The horses frequently salute each other, and of the most vigorous exhortations of the donkeys there is

no end. The calm and placid countenance of the donkey at all other times gives no intimation of the deeply-agitated state of feeling that prevails within when he brays. His call seems to be an appeal to the nations and ages. Certainly Socrates heard it, as well as Balaam. The case of the dumb ass that spoke to Balaam is the only one of dumbness that has ever appeared in the East. In making selection of these animals, it is easy to find a singer. It is claimed that a stone tied to the tail of a donkey will stop his music, but this lacks proof.

The changes and "Signs of Promise" which he discerned in different parts of the Holy Land are thus spoken of:

A great change has come over this land in the last fifteen years. A carriage road has been made from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and is now extended to Bethlehem. A telegraph wire runs to these points, and to Nablous, the old city of Shechem where Jacob's well was, and where the blessings and cursings were read from Ebal and Gerizim, and thence on to Nazareth, Tiberias, and Damascus. In Nazareth is heard the puff of three steam engines; and the immemorial hand-mill where the women grind, has given way to making flour by steam.

The extension of the city of Jerusalem outside the old walls is a surprise to the visitor of to-day. In my first journey to that city only the hospice of the Russians was without the gates. Now a considerable town has been built up both to the north and west of the ancient city. A German colony has built a town out of the city toward the plain of Rephaim, which for thrift and business looks like a manufacturing village in Massachusetts. The London Missionary Society has an institution where they are training Jewish boys in the art of

farming and carpentry, and other trades. Hospitals and schools are founded, and religious institutions of various kinds looking toward the care of the sick and the poor and orphans. In convenience and neatness these are up with the work done in Chicago. In Bethlehem, a new life is stirring in even a more marked way. The stones are gathered out of the fields, stone fences are built, the fallow land broken up, and abundant harvests appear once more.

God is preparing good things for days to come. The Jew is coming back to Palestine. The signs are many of a new era in history in this respect. The Christian also is coming to Palestine, not as in the time of the Crusaders, to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the Moslem, not to worship at the sacred places, but to carry the Gospel, and to do the works of the Lord. Churches are formed in all the leading towns, by some of our various missionary societies, and pastors are stationed there. At Jaffa and Bethlehem, and Nablous and Nazareth, and Acre, and at other points as well as in Jerusalem, good houses of worship are built, a people gathered, and excellent and effective Christian work is done. On these churches Christian bells ring on the Sabbath, and the hills of the Holy Land echo with the sweet melody of their music. There is a chime in Jerusalem, and a fine peal of bells also.

Schools have been instituted at all these points and are doing a noble work. A lady of Philadelphia, spending a Sunday in Nazareth, found a school established by three English ladies. It was crippled and in want, and she has since supported it in an ample way, and a hundred pupils in it are the glorious reward of her benevolence. It was a goodly sight to see these scholars sitting together with their teacher on the Lord's day singing the songs of Zion.

Mr. Coates, of Paisley, Scotland, spent a Sunday in

Nablous, and found a converted Syrian, Mr. El Karey, preaching the Gospel to the people without aid or conveniences. He built a church for the congregation, and paid the preacher \$500 a year while he lived. We heard from Mr. El Karey in his own church of the great blessing on his work.

Miss Arnott's school at Jaffa is a most interesting work. She is daughter of Prof. Arnott, of Glasgow, Scotland, and has buried her life in this old city of Dorcas, for the benefit of that class for whom Dorcas sewed and toiled, and a beautiful school of over forty girls gladdens her devotion.

There is an orphanage for boys at Jerusalem founded by the Germans, which has in it 300 inmates, and a brighter or more beautiful set of children is seldom seen. There are several branch establishments of this kind in different places in the Bible Land, and a German Christian of age and character gives his whole time to this service. There is a girls' orphanage in Jerusalem which has ninety pupils, cared for, taught, and trained. The house is built over the square in front of the supposed house of Pontius Pilate. In excavating two stories below the surface, they came upon a stone pavement which had a game marked on it by the Roman soldiers, such as is still seen in the Forum at Rome, and in other places which Roman troops occupied.

The Christian hospitals are a great blessing to this land. A building is established for the care of the sick, and in connection with it is a lecture-room where, every morning, the sick may have free medical attendance. The ailing ones come in and are seated. The Bible is read, and a direct Gospel address given for the soul, and then care is given to the body. Hundreds have the Gospel preached to them in this way. There are ladies from England engaged in this work in the larger towns, whose record will be read to the joy of angels in the last day.

Of the pleasure to be derived from such a taste of the patriarchal mode of life, and of the special benefit it yields to the student of the Scriptures, he says :

Palestine is a land of tents and pilgrims. The patriarchs and prophets had no continuing city here, but lived a tent-life, and sought one to come. It is a great privilege to be dwelling in the brightness and beauty of spring, in moving tabernacles—pilgrims here as were all our fathers.

It is a great help to any student of the Bible to study it on the ground. The Land is the best commentary on the Book. Instruction and suggestion come in at every point—aid that can be secured from no other source. Besides, it is very helpful to go over this sacred historic ground in company with so many learned Christian men. You receive the combined thought of their minds, and one thought leads to another, till a flood of light is often thrown upon interesting points of Scripture. One great thing is that such travel increases love for the Bible and new interest in its study. Another is the deepening conviction of its thorough and entire genuineness. It also warms the love and faith of the soul for service, and draws it to Christ with a great inward longing.

“Bless the Lord, O my soul !” These words of David swell up within, till one’s heart breaks with desire to fly home to God from these hills so marked with the footprints and lighted with the glory of His wondrous Son.

Rev. I. E. Dwinell, D.D., his life-long friend, who with Mrs. Dwinell were of their company, has sent to us the following picture of Dr. Goodell, as he appeared throughout this interesting tour of the Holy Land :

Dr. Goodell, during this Palestinian trip, was full of abounding joy. His figure was a noticeable one. He wore a black cut-away coat, broad-brimmed cork hat, and he sat firm and erect on his dark bay Syrian horse. The rider and horse were a conspicuous sight in the long winding line of advance over the hills and through the valleys. And whenever any one of the company of sympathetic tastes was fortunate enough to get within the range of conversation with him, the tide of sentiment and feeling suggested by the sights, filling him to the brim, at once overflowed in rich, glad, sparkling streams. He abounded in Bible reminiscences connected with the places, and poured them forth with a freedom and freshness as if he had just been reading up for that special occasion and place. I remember especially one time when we were reclining after lunch near the Pool of Gideon, where the three hundred had lapped water like dogs—the goats came and nibbled the grass on a high crag above us overhanging the pool and fretted with drooping maiden-hair fern; and the black cattle came winding down the sides of the mountain to the spring which gushed out at the foot; he reproduced the scenes between Gideon and the Midianites, so vividly, we could almost see them.

When leaving the little city of Nain, he remarked upon the wonderful resurrection power which had marked that region as if there was something there that weakened the hold of death on the body; as that was the region where not only the son of the widow of Nain was raised, but where Samuel appeared to Saul, and the son of the Shunamite was raised to life by Elisha. In Nazareth, about the Sea of Galilee—everywhere where we planted our feet in the footsteps of our Lord, his heart, his mind, and his imagination were full. His remarks did not display mere sentiment, but tender pathos and poetry as well.

He took great interest in the signs of renewal and recovery of the people which he observed. Every missionary, teacher, church, Christian school or hospital, piece of modern road, engine-whistle, or steam-mill, was a glass through which he read the speedy coming regeneration of the land.

With all this, there was often a far-away look on his face. Mrs. Goodell had received an injury and had been obliged to leave him at Jerusalem and go round by water to Beirut, and thence by diligence to Damascus, to intercept the party. Then,

too, the loved church and work were far distant. Evidently his thoughts were much in the past and with the absent loved ones.

He was diligent in collecting mementoes and curiosities from the places he visited, to aid him in his work. Among these was a crown of thorns from Jerusalem, a shepherd's crook, some Palestinian wine for his first communion season at home, and a bottle of water from the river Jordan at the source, as the river gushes forth from the foot of Mt. Hermon in crystalline pureness, for baptismal purposes. His heart glowed with sacred interest in these things, and he secured them not from any superstitious feeling, but for the benefit of his own people and for the gratification of his own deep sentiment.

One day he told me he felt the trip was doing him great good, that it was filling up the fountains for future use.

At Damascus he had foreshadowings of the disease which afterward gave him so much trouble. Still he felt he must see Baalbec; and the symptoms yielding to treatment after a few days, he again mounted the saddle. He enjoyed the majestic ruins at this magnificent centre of heathen worship, but it was noticeable that he had no such enthusiasm as when amid the scenes endeared to him by sacred story.

The following valuable contribution to this chapter concerning Dr. Goodell's journey to the Holy Land has been received from Selah Merrill, D.D. LL.D., United States Consul at Jerusalem :

UNITED STATES CONSULATE, JERUSALEM, SYRIA,
March 10, 1886.

. . . . It was very evident that his former visit had only served to deepen his interest in all sacred places, and in fact in everything that pertained to Palestine.

We who reside here sometimes wonder why people in such numbers continue to come every year to this country, seeing there is so little to attract them hither. The wealth and power of the world are not here, nor are the stately ruins and buildings in which men take pride. Moreover, other countries have grander mountains and richer scenery than this. Other coun-

tries are alive while this is dead ; for although in Palestine nature makes an effort to be joyful, and in the spring for a few weeks the fields and hillsides are carpeted with green and dotted with flowers, yet soon "the grass withereth" and "the flower fadeth"; and for many long months a parched, dead earth looks up to a brazen sky. The old writer who spoke of this as "The land of sadness," expressed what was most true. In spite, however, of the desolation everywhere apparent, Dr. Goodell said that his interest in this country increased with every year of his life. He was interested in its archæology as throwing light on the Old and New Testaments. He was interested in it as the home of the Hebrew race, and as the scene of some of the most surprising events in history, but chiefly was he interested in it because it was the land where Jesus of Nazareth lived, labored, and died.

Dr. Goodell was no ordinary observer, but was continually on the alert to gather information which should make the connection between the Book and the Land more vivid and real.

Seldom have I met a traveller who entered into the spirit of the Holy Land so fully as did our friend who has now passed away. In this respect he reminded me of General Gordon, whom I knew quite intimately, and who in his tenderness toward Christ and sacred things was most remarkable. Here even in this land of ruins, poverty, and misery, Dr. Goodell seemed to feel that he was near the Master ; here he found and communed with Christ.

I do not say that because of this peculiarity he was better than other men, since this was partly due to his own character and temperament. For him to live was Christ, whether in America or Palestine, whether by the great Mississippi or on the banks of the Jordan. Having seen hundreds of Christian travellers in this country, I can say that he, to a greater degree than most others, was prepared to be benefited by what he saw and learned ; and in the light of what we now know we can say that by his visit here his spirit was being ripened for its heavenly life.

In his presence one could not fail to observe that sincerity, humility, and especially reverence characterized all his words and actions. At the same time he was everywhere and under all circumstances one of the most cheerful men that I ever met. He never complained of hardships. Travelling, particu-

larly in this country so barren of comforts, which abound in civilized lands, is a severe test of character. Very good people frequently get out of patience because the discomforts are so many. Dr. Goodell had counted the cost and knew what to expect. No sign of impatience on account of the unpleasant things incident to a journey in Palestine was ever visible in him. His presence was like sunshine to all who were connected with him in any way.

In another respect I have seldom seen his equal, and that was in his power to say just the right thing respecting sacred places. It is very easy to talk about Palestine and its interesting localities, but much that is said and written is commonplace. Dr. Goodell really said little, but his words were gems. Language could not be chosen that would be more appropriate, expressive, and beautiful than was his when he spoke of some scene or place made familiar and sacred by the presence of Christ. Could his words, which he dropped with ease and apparently from a full heart, have been written down exactly as they were uttered, they would form a unique and precious contribution to the literature of the Holy Land, and far more than that, they would be to his friends invaluable as an index of his rare mental gifts, and as an expression of his devout spirit so wonderfully enriched with Christian graces.

When I began to write I thought I would merely say that as a man the presence of Dr. Goodell in Palestine was like sunshine,—and as a Christian his presence was a blessing. Anything better than this I have not said, and nothing truer could I say were I to extend my letter to an indefinite length.

Little did we realize as we bade each other good-bye, little did any of his friends realize, that from treading the hills about Jerusalem he was so soon to walk the golden streets ; that from the burial-place of our Lord he was so soon to ascend and be with Him in glory.

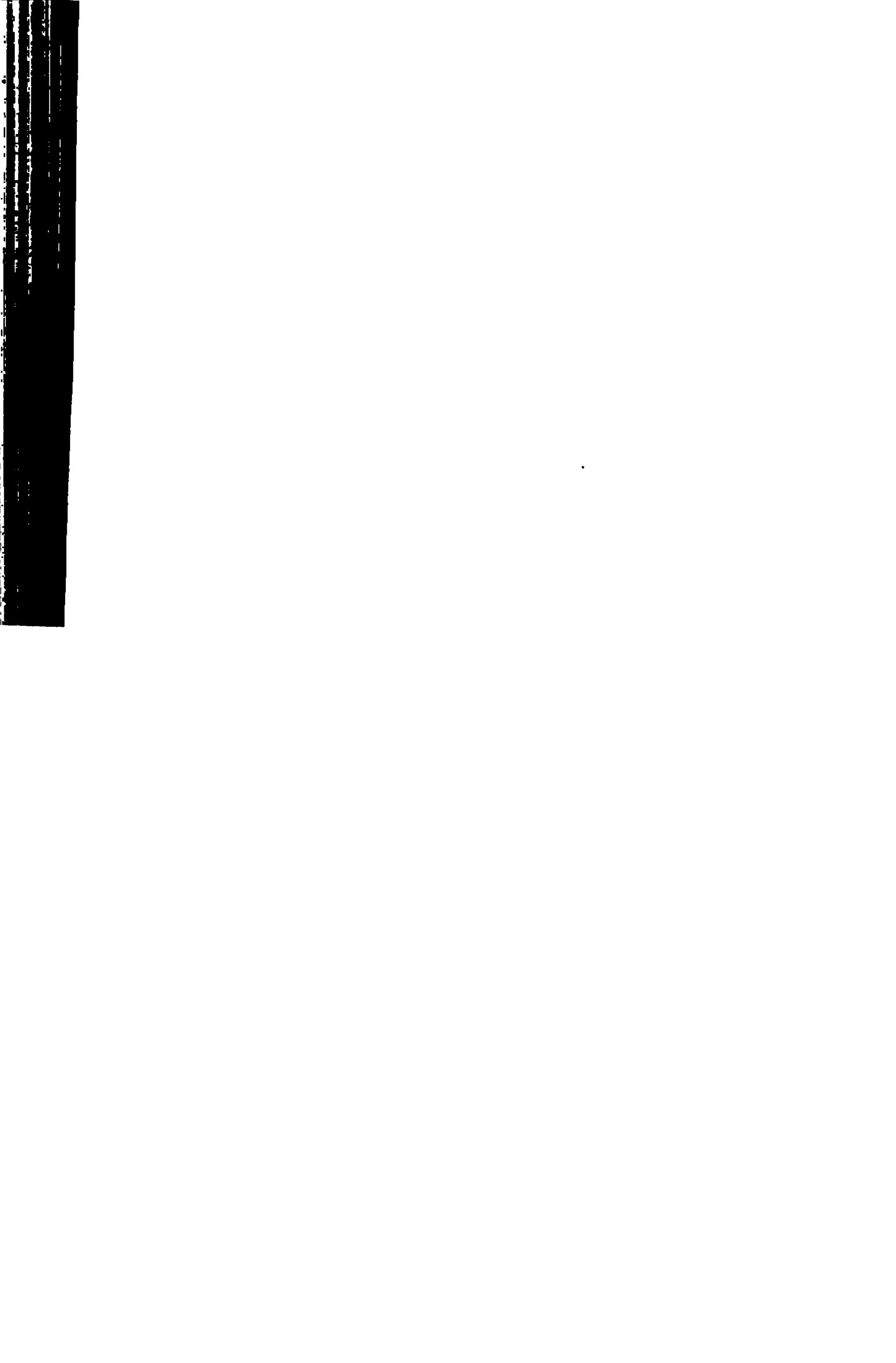
The sickness which so nearly terminated his life fell upon him the 19th of April, just as his tour through the Holy Land was ending. He says :

The last day I spent in the saddle in the Holy Land

I was conscious of being attacked by a subtle foe. The night before, my tent was pitched on the banks of a murmuring stream, and several times during the night I awoke in much confusion, thinking the noise of the brook was the down-pour of rain upon my tent-cloth. All day, as I rode down the graceful slopes of Mt. Lebanon among the fig and olive groves, with the Mediterranean before me as a mirror, there followed a shadow of coming illness. Dismounting from my horse at Beirut, I went to my room at the Hotel d'Orient, sick.

He thought at first that it was only a slight illness, from which he would soon recover. The physician he called encouraged him in that opinion. But this physician, and several others summoned successively to his aid, as he feebly moved from place to place on his homeward journey, were utterly baffled in their endeavors to stay the disease. With this sinking sickness upon him, as he slowly and painfully journeyed, he touched at Smyrna, where Dr. Constantine's work greatly interested him; at Athens, where he and Mrs. Goodell spent the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding-day on Mar's Hill; and at Constantinople, where he heard in his sick-room the echoes of the annual missionary meetings then being held there, though he could not attend them; and where he was the guest of his friend, Dr. Washburn, President of Robert College, who took him to his delightful home on the heights of the Bosphorus, overlooking the "heavenly waters of Asia," and brought to him the physician of the Grand Vizier, and sought by all the means that Christian friendship could think of to effect his recovery, but in vain. He grew steadily worse, until he reached Leamington, England, the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. Charles Fairbanks. There in the

last and finally victorious struggle with his disease, he was brought very nigh to death. "He seemed," he says, "as one borne in a peaceful way out and beyond all thought and care of earthly things into sight of the gates of gold—into the gleam of the eternal morning. But the time was not yet come. . . . It was not the call to rest, but it was preparation for service." His recovery, he thought, was in answer to prayer. When the danger was greatest, intimation of his condition was sent by ocean cable to his people in St. Louis. The message came Saturday. The next day, in the afternoon of the Sabbath, they assembled in the church parlors, and entreated of God that the life of their pastor might be spared to them; and in that very hour he began to amend. The next day, on Monday, the ocean cable said, "Better."



XXIV.

**LIVING FOR THE GLORY OF
CHRIST.**

1884—1885.

“The large, comforting, useful soul is always a soul that sweetly rests in the everlasting arms, while it works with restless energy to do the bidding of its Lord.”—C. M. LAMSON, D.D.

“The more willing we are to give Jesus the very best we have, the more nearly are we attaining to genuine holiness.”—T. L. CUYLER, D.D.

“Of the whole sum of human life, no small part is that which consists of a man’s relations to his country, and his feelings toward it.”—GLADSTONE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RETURN TO WORK—THE LAST YEAR.

AS soon as he had recovered sufficiently to endure the fatigues of travel, Dr. Goodell turned his face homeward. He embarked at Liverpool September 13, 1884, on the steamship *Alaska*, and reached New York, after a quick passage, September 21st. During the homeward voyage he wrote:

Coming home to the New World the heart leaps with strong desire to build more and better for Him who gave us this wondrous field and the unfailing seed. God never seemed so good and gracious before, nor life so sacred a trust for highest uses, nor the privilege so great of living in this harvest age of the world. The lives that God spares and prolongs will He bless and make useful, if they move to the music of His will and providence, as the anthem of redeeming love is sung down the ages.

From New York they proceeded to St. Johnsbury, Vt., where they remained a month for further recuperation. His people in St. Louis had engaged a supply for their pulpit until the close of the year, and they wrote to their pastor not to be too anxious, or in haste to return, before he had recovered his full strength. But his heart—kindled to an intenser affection for his people by the manifestation of love for him they had given through their prayers in his behalf during his late illness, and eager to resume the pastoral work once

more—would not suffer him to delay any longer than was necessary, and he returned to St. Louis, October 30th. On the following Sabbath, November 2d, he sat in the pulpit, though he did not preach—the pulpit was supplied by Rev. Edward Hawes, D.D., of New Haven, whose sermon, most appropriate to the occasion, was on the text: “Cast not away, therefore, your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward.” At the close, Dr. Goodell spoke a few words of greeting, and pronounced the benediction. The sound of his voice once more brought tears of gladness to many eyes.

On the following evening the congregation assembled in the church to give him and Mrs. Goodell their formal greeting, and the words of Dea. L. B. Ripley, their chosen speaker,—“The feeling uppermost in all our hearts is deep, sincere gratitude to our Heavenly Father for this reunion amid earthly scenes,”—expressed the sentiment of the whole company, suggesting at once their past fears and their present joy. Without any further delay he entered at once upon his pastoral work, returning to it with the “joy of a king going to his coronation.”

He had hardly settled down to his work when he received an urgent call from the First Congregational Church, Washington, D. C., to become their pastor. He declined the call, saying:

If I leave one field for another without some need of change in myself, or in my church, there is no gain to the cause I serve; still an important church is without a pastor as before. I have twelve years of service, which God has blessed, behind me here, which is a great help. I love my people for their works' sake, for their own sake, and for the image of Christ which I see in

them. They have stood by me like a rock. In my long and dangerous sickness, they made the hour of prayer a Pentecost, crying to God for the return of their pastor in health, till God gave them the answer in their souls. The providence of God, as I read it, does not open the door for my going out on the edge of my return to the country.

While his decision was pending he had received many letters from different persons in the valley of the Mississippi, entreating him not to leave the field. To Mr. Thomas Pope, Quincy, Ill., the writer of one of these, he wrote in reply:

I think the decision will be such as to please you. Your words concerning my work in the past were very gratifying. I do not deserve them, but in my soul I want this great valley of the Mississippi built up in righteousness and truth.

His choice to remain with them increased to a still higher degree the love of his people, and seemed to make more tender his own for them. This tender love found expression in a manner characteristic of him. Soon after the beginning of the new year, one Wednesday evening, the night of their prayer-meeting, as the people came into the chapel they found the communion-table standing before the pastor's desk, all spread for the celebration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He said to them, that since his sickness he had greatly desired such an hour—an hour in which he could draw very near to the Lord with his beloved family (his church). The Scripture read and commented upon was the 26th chapter of Matthew.

The occasion was most delightful—one of those memorable scenes in which their pastor's image is now enshrined.

This year of 1885, the last year of his life, he had the usual number of engagements outside of his parish work. Though he might, with good reason, have declined them all, in view of his recent long absence from home and his severe sickness, he accepted and fulfilled them with signal ability.

One of these engagements was to deliver a course of lectures upon "The Organization of the Church for Christian Work" to the students of Oberlin Theological Seminary. They were given in the first week of May, and were greatly enjoyed by all who heard them. Each lecture in the course had for its opening sentence, "The only thing worth living for is the glory of Christ"; words often upon his lips during the last years of his life, and of which it might be said, as of certain words often used by the saintly George Herbert, "the repetition of them seemed to perfume his mind and leave an Oriental fragrance in his very breath."

Dr. Goodell was present at the annual meeting of the American Home Missionary Society at Saratoga in the first week of June, and, as in former years, contributed no small share to the interest of the occasion. In the absence of the society's president, Dr. Woolsey, of Yale College, Dr. Goodell, one of the vice-presidents, presided, and by his good humor, his urbanity, his skill in the control of audiences, and his felicity in introducing speakers, added much to the success of the meeting. One who was present says, that if the sparkle and effervescence there displayed could have been bottled up, like the waters of Saratoga, and transported to different parts of the country, to be opened in the

churches, these would have been greatly refreshed and benefited.

Besides presiding, Dr. Goodell, by preappointment, gave one of the addresses of the occasion. Its subject was, in apostolic language, "A great door and effectual is opened,—and there are many adversaries." In the reports of the newspaper correspondents of the time, and of all who alluded to it, it was spoken of as a remarkable address, characterized by all the best qualities of his public efforts of this kind. It sparkled with epigrams, and was given with much fire and force. A few sentences will indicate its substance for thought:

The peoples of the world are before the door. The Gospel is the good Samaritan. It always wins hearts when opened by one who has seen Jesus. We have large resources, if only they were consecrated to the uses of God's kingdom. But there are adversaries within and without the church. The worst foes are within, in the languid faith, doubt, luxury, and self-indulgence that prevail there. Our adversaries from without are no obstacle, they convert the church hesitant into the church militant and triumphant. As the kite rises in the face of the winds, so the cross rises in the face of opposition. Even Boston has at last a slight hope of salvation. Let her municipal government continue to arrest ministers for preaching the Gospel on the Common, and the evangelical message will be surer of a hearing. The old beacon fires will flame again on the Tri-Mountain. If the devil will only go out of the angel-of-light business for a while, and heat up his ancient gridirons for the saints, the Church will rouse itself to meet him, and will prevail. We are in a cause that will triumph if we stand by the banners.

To Mrs. Goodell he writes:

SARATOGA, *June 7, 1885.*

MY DEAR WIFE:—I am resting and drinking the water. It is now Sunday, P.M., and I am on the piazza thinking of you. It is a bright day, and my love is warm and tender. I preached this morning to a crowded house, and God seemed to bless the service. “The Treasures of the Christian” was my subject. Many expressed personal profit and testified to their riches in Christ. It is a blessed thing.

I hope you had a good class, and that God’s blessing was on the people. I thank you for the Scripture selection so thoughtfully put in my Bible, and for all you have done for me. I am well and God is good.

Your devoted HUSBAND.

To his daughter he writes:

SARATOGA, *June 7, 1885.*

DEAR CHILD:—There is a great deal of dress and show here, parade and fashion, but very little religion. They seem to care more for gay clothes than for a good heart. But a true lady must have a good heart. She must love God, and help the world to be better. She must care more for what she has inside than outside—love and faith, and sweetness and truth. I have been away a great while, it seems to me. I want to see home and the loved ones there.

Mamma will tell me you have been a dear good child. . . .

Your loving father, C. L. GOODELL.

We will not undertake to speak in detail of the labors at home and elsewhere which crowded the busy months of the year up to the time of his annual vacation of 1885. The years of a pastor’s life are much alike. Those labors were strenuous, as usual, and fruitful.

He did not have a barren year in all his ministry in St. Louis. How this particular year of 1885 compared with others, the following note, sent to him by one of his people as he was about leaving for his summer vacation, will show. Such people usually have good pastors. They contribute not a little to make them good.

ST. LOUIS, *July 12, 1885.*

MY DEAR PASTOR:—I cannot let you go away for your summer vacation without expressing in some degree my appreciation of the efficiency and faithful ministry of the last year—like all the years of your ministry here in kind, but excelling in degree. It seems to me that in the power of preaching, in the power of the pen, and in the power of Christian living and daily walk, it has been the best and strongest year of your work in Pilgrim Church.

It is clear that God raised you up from sickness, and gave you back to us with increased spiritual power and intellectual vigor, for the achievement of a mighty work for His kingdom, and equally clear that you have an apprehension of this great mission. I want to thank you for the good you have done me, and to renew my pledge of allegiance and hearty support in the varied work you are called to perform, and to assure you of my fullest confidence in your wisdom and ability to do it. I trust you will have a restful vacation, and come back to us in the “fullness of blessing,” with all your watchful powers of mind and soul strung and attuned to still greater things to the praise of His name.

Faithfully yours.

He spent his vacation in New York, St. Johnsbury, Vt., and Boston. Mrs. Goodell, constrained by family duty, remained at home in St. Louis through the summer. His daughter, whom they had decided to place at school in the fall at the Female Seminary in Bradford, Mass., was his travelling companion.

From the Union Depot, St. Louis, he sent back to his wife the following affectionate note hastily written

and deposited in the letter-box of the station during the few moments they were waiting for the train to start:

St. Louis, *July 15, 1885.*

DEAR ONE:—We are at the station all right. God bless you. I have no words to express my admiration for your devotion to duty.

“Not once nor twice in Nation’s story
Has the path of duty been the path of glory.”

The breeze is refreshing. “Now unto Him who loved us,” etc.

Yours ever,

C. L. G.

His visit to St. Johnsbury, which he called “My kingdom among the green hills,” was greatly enjoyed by him. The “treasures of memory,” which the past associations of the place brought to mind, lent an additional charm to the beauty of its scenery, which he never grew weary of looking at and commenting upon. Only one thing was lacking to make his enjoyment of it complete—his wife was not there to enjoy it with him. Every spot he visited, every scene he looked upon, had some memory of her linked with it to enhance its attractiveness. Had he known that it was the last time he should see it on earth, he could not have gazed upon the familiar landscape of hills, valley, and town with fonder look or more tender speech. “These wooded slopes will always be dearer to us,” his sister-in-law, Mrs. Franklin Fairbanks, says, “because of that last summer’s precious memories.”

While there he visited with his daughter the beautiful cemetery where his dust now lies, and pointed out to her the spot where he wished to have his

grave. Did he have a presentiment that the end was near?

To Mrs. Goodell he wrote:

ST. JOHNSBURY, *August 4, 1885.*

MY DEAREST E.:—It is Monday morning, just after breakfast, cold and chilly. St. J. is looking very beautiful. It is fresh and green and cool. It rains nearly every day. I feel greatly restored and strengthened every way. Every one is so kind, and all ask after you and long to see you. I have been sitting on the veranda a long time, thinking over and thanking God. I was sick in England one year ago. I thank you for taking care of me then. I graduated in Burlington thirty years ago to-day. Old memories come up very delightfully. I remember my unworthiness, and God's great and many mercies—how great! how many! I take L. this P.M. to go over to Burlington to show her where I graduated. God is good and dear and precious. My heart seems full of Him. I read the revised version all last evening, and my cup ran over. He restoreth my soul. I wish you would fill my stylographic pen, dear E.; I cannot do anything without you. I have only one more Sunday here, then two in Boston, then home. The thought of seeing you soon is very precious.

Tell O. I thank him for his letter. All send love to you and him. Tell him to hold up the banner of Christ in summer's heat and winter's cold. He must not let it down if he wants the prize; somebody must set a glorious example; now is his time.

In Boston he preached two Sabbaths, at two of the leading churches, for which he had been previously engaged. Leaving his daughter in St. Johnsbury, he went alone to Boston, and writes to Franklin Fairbanks, St. Johnsbury, Vt.:

BOSTON, *August 27, 1885.*

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Your letter I enjoyed very much. I thank you for its kind expressions. I have thought over with great joy the bright, sweet days at Under-clyffe. It is blessed to walk toward the King's gates with friends we love, and receive and give help all the journey through. I thank you and yours for all your kindness, and the comfort and good-will you gave me. I had a hot ride down, but a cool room at the Brunswick and a very pleasant Sabbath. I preached only once, there being but one service, but a large congregation. I am at work this week in book-stores, and among the ins and outs of this old city. I am having a very restful time. I hope the good angels visit you and M. in your loneliness. I hear well from St. Louis.

During his stay in Boston he was the guest of his intimate friend, Dr. A. E. Dunning, at Boston Highlands. Dr. Dunning says:

He spent several days in my house, which was unoccupied except by him and myself. I have never had a friend whose companionship so constantly and joyfully kept in my mind the presence and love of God. His first exclamation each morning, as he looked over the great city, the low line of hills, and the open sea beyond, was one of gratitude and praise. He loved to recite the poem which he had taught the children of his congregation to repeat as a morning prayer :

“ The morning bright,
With rosy light,” etc.

He would analyze the poem and show how comprehensive a prayer it is, and how it fitted his feelings. Then he would exclaim, “What a beautiful world this is.” So the day began with him. He went through those days like a prince—the son of the King of kings.

He was fond of telling a good story, and was a most apprecia-

tive listener when one was told to him. I recall his hearty laugh, his keen sense of humor, and the happy way in which he would sometimes attune a distinct thought of his Saviour with the pleasantries of common experience. In all moods he seemed to be reverently conscious of God. . . . I am glad and grateful that I knew him so well. I am glad that my boys knew him. He always sent some loving message to them. It was easy for him to win the love of others, because he lived so near to Christ.

Returning from Boston to St. Johnsbury to take his daughter to school, he wrote to his son in St. Louis, just entering upon a business life:

St. JOHNSBURY, *September 5, 1885.*

MY DEAR SON :—Your letters have been a pleasure to me, and your mother reports very pleasant times together with you. You have an opportunity to get acquainted with her, and to find what a splendid mother she is. And she also is finding out to her joy, what an affectionate and good son you can be. The school here has commenced,—and how it carries me back to the time when you began here! As I think of it, I see you going to your room in the Hall, and busy at your base-ball, which is the only true study of a young man.

Do not think of going away from your mother; she couldn't keep the burglars off without you.

I hear business is looking up some. I am very glad. I hope it will do so everywhere now, and that you will take a firm, steady hold, and share in the common good. I look to see you stick and do well. Ever so many tell me that they are sure you will be patient and faithful, and make a good business man.

Love to mamma.

Your affectionate

FATHER.

He wrote to Mrs. Goodell :

"ON THE TRAIN," *September 10, 1885.*

MY DEAR ONE:—I have been prospered on the journey thus far. I am nearing home every hour, and it is so good. It is a joy to think I shall soon see you. Mrs. F. gave a good account of Laura. All is right and well. She has made a good start in her school at Bradford, and there is good hope.

Tell the people Sunday that I will be with them at the prayer-meeting Wednesday night, and will bring them a cluster of grapes from Eshcol.

Ever yours,

C.

Arriving home in St. Louis at the time appointed, about the middle of September, he entered upon his work with his customary earnestness. His more intimate friends, looking back afterward to this time, thought that his manner and words were marked by a deeper tenderness, greater seriousness, and increasing spirituality. One of his ministerial brethren says: "He seemed to be living on that border-land that so thinly divides God's upper kingdom from the lower." He labored with the diligence of one who says to himself: "Work while it is day; the night cometh." He formed extensive plans of work for the winter, and entered upon their execution with great energy.

A few days after his return, on the 25th of September, he had the satisfaction of seeing the "Fair-Ground Mission" raised to the dignity of a church under the name of the Church of the Redeemer, through the action of an Ecclesiastical Council. At the same time Rev. Silas L. Smith was installed pastor of the church; Dr. Goodell giving the charge to the pastor.

At the semi-annual meeting of the St. Louis Dis

trict Association, which met October 1st with the Olive Branch Church, the Church of the Redeemer, the Union Evangelical Church, the Swedish Church, and the German Church, were added to the Association,—an event which gave great joy to Dr. Goodell, whose efforts in their behalf were thus crowned with success.

In the following letter to his daughter at school we have a glimpse of his fatherly affection, and his paramount concern for her spiritual welfare:

St. Louis, *October 27, 1885.*

MY WELL-BELOVED DAUGHTER:—We often think of you, and miss you much. It is a great thing to give up for a year so dear a child as you are. I hope you are making solid progress in French and music and study of the Bible. I knew you would like Miss J.; she is a noble Christian woman. I was sure also you would think Bradford a good school. We pray every day that your soul may be kept sweet and pure and clean, free from all selfishness and pride and vanity and egotism, and filled with the precious love of Christ, who died for our sins.

Your letter to me was right good.

Your affectionate

FATHER.

He was present at the “Interdenominational Congress” held in Cincinnati, the first week in December, to consider the problems of city evangelization. To Dr. Josiah Strong’s address of welcome Dr. Goodell was appointed to respond. The response, says Dr. Washington Gladden, “was hopeful and soulful, like the man.” Its tone of hope was the inspiration of the whole meeting. One evening session of the Congress was given to the subject of “Christian Work for the

Population of Foreign Parentage." The paper opening the topic was by Rev. Henry A. Schauffler, of Cleveland, and "Dr. Goodell followed," Dr. Gladden says, "with one of his stirring addresses. The parable of the Great Supper gave him a text, and he made it luminous. Spread the right kind of a feast, he said, and the foreign population will come. Divine wisdom is wanted, and resolute faith, and with them these multitudes will be reached and the cities will be saved."

By invitation of the Congregational Club of Chicago, which met, according to its custom, on the evening of Forefathers' Day, December 21, at the Palmer House, in commemoration of the Pilgrims, Dr. Goodell was present as a guest, and made the principal address of the evening. It was the last in the series of those brilliant addresses made by him in the latter years of his life before notable assemblies of our Congregational denomination. As it was the last, so it was, perhaps, the most stirring and impressive of all,—the song of a dying swan.

The occasion was impressive both for what it commemorated, and for the brilliancy and character of the company assembled. In that large company, numbering three hundred and fifty gentlemen and ladies, were found the most distinguished people of the Congregational body in the West. But the speaker was equal to the occasion. The address abounded in stirring passages of eloquence and pithy sayings. We believe it will be as profitable and interesting for us to read ten or twenty years hence, as when it was spoken. For this reason we give a large part of it.

Dr. Goodell said :

The *Mayflower* is sailing yet, but she is entering new

and strange seas, sometimes bright, and sometimes high and sounding as for storms. Old problems are passing away, yet many are at work at them still with their faces toward the past. We are often doing our work back where it is needed least, blind to the approaching danger, when we should be alert ; blind also to the approaching light, when we should see and trust. We are like the dog Noble, barking into the old hole when the coon had gone ; but sometimes he is there.

New problems are pressing on—we must not neglect them. We must see in time the drift and tendencies of our civil and religious life. Our American humanity is a vast ship freighted with transcendent interests. God's living children are in charge, and on them, and not on past generations, rests the great work and responsibility of direction. We must "sail by the stars." We started poor, we have come to be the richest nation of the globe —forty-three billions of dollars. We started with a population that was homogeneous in blood and spirit, we have come to be one spotted and many-colored as Joseph's coat. We started as farm laborers largely, we are now a nation of manufacturers and merchant princes and inventors, of miners and craftsmen, and of the most multifarious commerce. We started with schools, teaching every child to read God's Word and to cast a clean, honest vote in God's sight. We have cast out the Bible and cast down the ballot into cess-pools of corruption, and have a vast army of President-makers that cannot read their vote nor write their names. Good has come in with an amazing growth, and evil has flooded upon us with a rapidity quite as amazing.

The *Mayflower* has sailed out into unknown waters far away from plain Plymouth Rock ; we see it as a speck on the distant horizon. It is like the putting forth of a steamer from the quiet and sunny harbor to the vastness and terrors of the deep. At first, going

out from the shore, it is calm and restful, and we say, "Bless me, this is delightful crossing the ocean!" By and by the mighty forces of the sea reach in and toss your ship as a straw upon the waves, and hold and handle you in their gigantic power as a helpless infant. You tremble at the thunder of the storm and bow before the tumultuous and awful roll of the sea; are far from the starting-point, and new and large questions loom up and crowd on the State. Great urgencies are on us to apply Christianity to these necessities, and to carry out its principles in new and far extending applications. Christian statesmanship can do this, and nothing else can. The times swarm with theorists and remedies; but "other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ." This is a Christian Republic, and, except it maintain the cleansing, renewing, and upbuilding power of Christ, it will go where other great nations have gone. Our Christianity is our salvation; hence the tremendous stress in this, our day, to apply Christianity to every evil that menaces the State. This work is often very unpleasant and distasteful, but there is no appeal. The Christian must be a true politician. He must see clear and vote straight. He must enter with his might into the thick of the conflict between right and wrong. He must strike the bright lance of his moral convictions right through the bosses of wickedness that control elections in our city pandemoniums. You would rather go to a prayer-meeting and sit and sing, it may be, and sit and sing,—yes. Well, I tell you to go to the polls and plan to put in the right men, or your church may burn. The church is becoming the object of bitter hate. These "ballot-box stuffers," many of them say, they have got done with God, and churches, and Christians. Christianity must mediate faithfully between capital and labor. It is a question our Pilgrim fathers knew noth-

ing of. Christianity must work reform in the drink habit—another breaker before the *Mayflower*. Christianity must maintain the Sabbath day for civil as well as religious good. The Pilgrims rested and worshipped on Clark's Island on the cold December Sabbath. The Sabbath is the trunk of home-joy, and purity, and public peace, and virtue and order. You cannot cut that down and still have Sabbath blessings. Business corporations and great railway companies keep thousands of men employed on the Sabbath, while Christian stockholders living on their Sunday toil sit devoutly in church in song and prayer. "Out on your church and canting piety!" say the weary men who are robbed of their Sunday. What shall we say of the Christian families that keep the tradesmen busy Sundays, and take no pains to open the Sabbath gates for them? Our fathers did not do this. They loved their God and His Sabbaths as they did their wives and their children.

Christianity must rescue and honor the home. The deterioration of home-life among the American people is an alarming danger. This breaker, more than any other, threatens and tests the strength of the mighty ship that kissed the rock. It was filled with Christian families; its great power was in its godly homes. Its groups of God-fearing parents and children were its seed-corn for the new world. The praying household, not the worldly adventurer, is the unit by which God builds.

The value of the home is above price. It is older than the church, and stronger for good. It has the children six days, the church one. In the home we are born and die. There God abides and the angels minister. It is the armor of the righteous and defense for the nation. The corner-stone of the Republic is the hearthstone. The light of the church is the fireside. No calamity so great to the nation as the loss or weakening of its homes.

Vice and crime foster and multiply without a home. It is time for us to rouse up to this fact. We need more homes. Young people need to work toward a home as soon as married. Flats are only a half-home—flat enough—and boarding-houses are a kind of tramp business. A childless home is like a flower-vase with the plant gone. All this lowering of the Puritan home helps on divorce and lax divorce laws. It weakens the moral sense ; it ignores the law of God, which is quick and powerful in its relation ; it makes matrimony a business partnership ; it degrades the holy sanctity of wedlock, and makes the home a camp ; it takes away the dewy bloom of the rose-tree and leaves the thorns. We in the interior need to take up these duties and guard against these dangers. They enslave their children who make compromise with sin. These duties that seem small and commonplace are the duties that are great.

Our republican government is based on these things—the Christian home, the Christian Sabbath, Christian civilization diffused among all the people, foreign as well as home born ; temperance, and the harmonious working of capital and labor. Our national life finds support here and nowhere else. The *Mayflower* was made to sail this way ;—reversing these sails we should drift stern foremost back to barbarism. Not only our prosperity, but our existence depends upon these principles of Christianity actively penetrating and permeating our entire national being.

Our Congregationalism must be like our Republicanism—adapted to the whole nation. Our fathers did not bring to this new continent a principle that was adapted to the State, and not equally well to the Church. It is suited grandly to both. It is a long step forward into the adaptation of the living truth of God to the needs of advancing times. We must cherish and guard it. They

have rights who dare maintain them. Congregationalism should not be regarded any longer as local, but universal. As republicanism, which came in the compact of the *Mayflower*, went across the continent, and spans a free people from sea to sea, so must the polity of the Church do that sailed in the same ship. It is the same principle applied to Church and State. It has the same adaptations and fitnesses, and the same wonderful flexibility and strength. It has power to cast off internal weakness and evil, and to take on good. We have been too slow in grasping this fact, and rising to the greatness of our responsibility and duty. We have crept timidly when we should have marched forward in faith and courage, strong in the principle with which God armed us.

We do most for Plymouth Rock when we turn our backs on it, and carry the salvation of the Lord everywhere to the front. There has been a blind unbelief in the ability of Congregationalism to meet the wants of all men. "There is no material here for Congregationalism," has been the cry of many good men. I declare to you, wherever there is a soul to save there is material for Congregational work. God wants such service now, and every day of the world's future. Call it denominational zeal, if you will. I call it devotion to the great truths on which we are founded. None of the great benevolent societies that take money from our order can afford to be indifferent to its welfare and growth. Where will their constituencies soon be in their growing needs if they do not zealously assist in enlarging and cultivating a noble church for the future, and gain for it the place it ought to have?

We need to maintain the full and complete power of the faith as God gave it, that we may be able to face and conquer the gigantic sins of our times. No emasculated faith will answer our tremendous needs. We

don't want a tin soldier of the Cross, where our battles require the Ironsides of Cromwell. A two-cent benevolence will never do where thousands are needed. Our departures must not be toward Little Faith, but toward Steadfast. We do not want leaders who cut our Gospel down to weakness and imbecility; but those that put on the full armor and give us nothing less than the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, which has conquered on all the world's great battlefields. For the conflict before us we must have all the truths of Revelation for our girding, and meet mighty errors by a mighty faith in God and His Word. What a poor show for victory to see some of the sons of Puritans dismantling the fortresses of Truth on the eve of battle, and building a Doubting Castle beside Plymouth Rock. Build no Doubting Castle beside Plymouth Rock! Shall we be planning hospitals for Christian soldiers wounded by unbelief, instead of enlisting mighty men of valor for the great service pressing?

“Was the *Mayflower* launched by cowards,
Steered by men behind their time?
Turn those tracks toward past or future,
That make Plymouth Rock sublime?

“New occasions teach new duties,
We ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our *Mayflower* and steer boldly,
Through the desperate winter sea.”

PRAYERS FROM HIS NOTE-BOOK.

When we look at the stars we bring the skies near to us; so when we pray to Thee, Heaven is brought to earth.

Let Thy truth be spread abroad; its presence makes the day, and its absence the night of the nations.

May religion be the element in which we live, and not the sanctuary to which we retire.

Appoint my lot in Thine own good time and in Thine own best way.

If we would have Thy light shine upon our faces, we must turn ourselves toward Thee.

May we not veil Thy face with unbelief.

Help us to make Thy service a study as we do our business.

We thank Thee for the torch the fathers lighted and set on the shores of the new continent. May our altars be kindled by the same holy fire, and may we pass it from father to son along the centuries.

Bless the old homes among the hills and valleys of the East, and by the rim of the blue ocean. From ocean to river, and from river to the Golden Gate, may Christ dwell in every home and heart.

We bless Thee that our lives have fallen in this bountiful country, with just rulers, good teachers, wholesome laws, and a condition of things wherein we have no longer to strive against the old barbarisms.

I know not the way I am going, yet well do I know the Guide, and I know the end.

O God ! Thou dost come to us in flowers and harvests, in friends and Sabbath days.

We come into the light of the King's countenance.

May we go bearing the Cross with our eye fixed on the Crown.

Bless those who are losing money, and upon whom the pressure of business falls.

Help us in fighting our daily unseen battles.

May we help now, and not use the kindness that comes too late.

Bless the hearts that bleed, while the eyes are dry.

We thank Thee for the much Thou hast been to us. We mourn for the little we have been to Thee.

XXV.

THROUGH THE GATES.

1886.

“ If the life that has gone out has been like music, full of concords, full of sweetness, richness, delicacy, truth, then there are two right ways to look at it. One is to say, ‘I have not lost it.’ Another is to say, ‘Blessed be God that I have had it so long.’ ”—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

“ We leave thee with a trust serene
Which Time, nor Change, nor Death can move ;
While with thy childlike faith we lean
On Him whose dearest name is Love.”

—J. G. WHITTIER.

“ Let the lifeless body rest !
He is gone, who was its guest ;
Gone, as travellers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve.”

—LONGFELLOW.

CHAPTER XXV.

**LAST MONTH OF HIS LIFE—COMMUNION ADDRESS—
LETTERS—LAST PRAYER-MEETING—LAST FARE-
WELL—THE END—FUNERAL—INTERMENT AT ST.
JOHNSBURY, VT.**

THE last month of his life! How the interest deepens as the end draws near. How carefully and fondly have his people gathered up and dwelt upon its various incidents and events. How precious every memento.

In the first prayer-meeting of the new year he gave to them for a watchword for the year, "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong" (1 Cor. xvi. 13). And he made all present repeat them over and over after him until they could say them in concert.

The communion service on the first Sabbath of the year was especially solemn and quickening to his people. His prayers, the reception of new members, the rite of baptism, the address previous to the administration of the sacrament, all were unusually tender and impressive.

The address was as follows:

An artist must stand back from his work at times, to see how it is shaping up; so need we, at the beginning of the new year, to look upon our lives, and test them by divine standards.

1. Set up the family altar; if down, rebuild it.
2. Plan to give a definite portion of your income to the Lord.

3. Take a good religious family newspaper ; provide good reading for the household.

4. See that your children are in the Bible-school and doing well.

5. Let your strength overflow to the weak.

6. As you take down the old calendars and hang up the new, settle all old accounts with God and man, and begin duty afresh, "steps up to Heaven."

7. Start life over with the week of prayer Draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh to you.

8. Reserve prayer-meeting night from all other engagements through the year.

9. See that the Sabbath is honored by you and in your home.

10. Have a care for the temperance question.

11. Cherish no evil ; carry no ill-will against any.

12. Open God's Word and take it into your life. The continuous study of the Bible must make the soul and the future massive and great.

13. Take the high, bright side, trust God fully, follow Him wholly, and rest your life in His glorious light.

14. We are soon to leave this world, never to come back. Put your mark on it for good this year. A monk saw a vision of spiritual beauty, but turned from it at the call of duty ; when he returned it was still there. God kept it for him. We gain whatever we leave for God and duty.

Coming up out of the valley of the Jordan, we suddenly caught sight of our camp in the distance. It was a gleam of white and gold, its cords stretched and its banners flying, all lighted up by the setting sun. We said, there is rest and refreshment ; our hot and dusty march is over. But we found it a weary and hard way as we descended into the valley that intervened ; rock and river, and ravine and morass, and thorn and precipice before the goal was won. So on this bright New-

Year's morning, our fair mansions in the skies seem near,
but if God has yet a weary way before us ere we attain,
let us go in a patient and strong faith.

The last sentence of the communion address seems to hint of a premonition that the life of heaven was near. There were other tokens of this. After his death, Dr. W. W. Boyd, his friend and confidant, said at his funeral: "During these last few months his religious experience has been a preparation for this event. However suddenly it came to us, it did not come unexpectedly to him. He said the other day, 'I have had such a refreshing view of Christ, it was almost overpowering. It seemed as if the Saviour himself were standing close beside me.'" Two Sabbaths before the last his people were filled with awe to hear him pray for his successor, as if he were conscious that he himself was soon to depart.

But no presentiment of death led him to relax his labors. It seems as if he undertook fresh ones the nearer he approached the time when toil was to cease.

Among other work he had planned for this winter was a series of Sunday-night discourses illustrating the Bible. While in Palestine he had collected, at considerable expense, a large number of curiosities for this purpose, and arranged with Dr. Selah Merrill to collect additional ones and invoice them to him. Having duly advertised by means of attractive cards extensively circulated, the whole course of ten lectures, printing the list of topics in full, with the dates of their delivery, he commenced the series on the third Sabbath in January, intending to give them on successive Sabbath evenings to the third Sabbath of March. His aim was to shed "Light from Bible Lands" upon the truth of God's Word, and in such a way as would attract people in

larger numbers to the Sunday-evening service. The crowded congregations which filled the church to hear those lectures that were given proved his plan a good one. The lectures were a great success.

The following note to his brother-in-law, C. M. Stone, Esq., of St. Johnsbury, Vt., with whose family his daughter had spent the recent Christmas holidays, indicates the pressure of work then upon his brain, and the joy of heart with which he did it:

St. Louis, Jan. 14, 1886.

DEAR MR. STONE:—The time flies fast, and the work presses hard, and my head is heavy and sore; but my heart is light and glad, and Christ is so good, and all toil for Him is precious.

I thank you and your household for all your great kindness to Laura. You made the child very happy. We send our good wishes to you, and our thoughts and prayers for you to God.

Sincerely yours,

C. L. GOODELL.

To Franklin Fairbanks, Esq., who had a short time before celebrated the completion of twenty-five years' service as superintendent of the Sunday-school, he writes:

January 19, 1886.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I rejoice with you that you have been able to put in twenty-five years of worthy and fruitful service into the Sunday-school. Though my congratulations are somewhat tardy, they are none the less hearty. I trust you have daily tokens of good from God that strengthen and comfort your soul. Outward things can never go all right in this world; but God can give us His daily presence, so sweet and blessed that there shall be rest and peace within.

“ When by earth’s cross-lights perplexed
We ask the thing that may not be,
God, reading right our erring text,
Gives what we’d ask, if we could see.”

I am glad for you, in having a pastor after God’s own heart. You had a good accession at the last communion. I thank you for all your kindness at Underclyffe to L. She was made very happy. E. unites in love to each.

Yours truly,

C. L. G.

His last Wednesday-night prayer-meeting is remembered as one of special interest, in which he spoke to his people with unusual power and tenderness of spirit. The Scripture-lesson read was the first part of the 15th chapter of John. In connection with this passage he first spoke of the work of the previous year. “ We remember,” says one of his people, “ how joyously and thankfully he went over and summed up that work, commending the liberality and success of the church in it; and how his countenance beamed, as turning to the future he spoke of the bright opening of the new year, and his hopes of larger labors, increased influence, and greater results for the months to come. Then he took up these words from the verses read, ‘ Every branch that beareth fruit He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit,’ and tenderly commented upon them. As if prophetically inspired, in view of what was nigh at hand, he lingered upon the thought in them as if loth to let it go; he appealed to us never to rebel, but to always submit patiently and even joyously, because, said he, behind the knife stands Christ—the hand that holds the knife is Christ’s hand.”

At that time Mrs. Goodell was prostrated by a severe

illness, which caused him much anxiety. For several days he was in doubt how her sickness would end, and the apprehension of parting with her, and of being left behind, weighed upon his heart. Her improvement, near the last of the week, gave him great relief. Mr. Richards, the clerk of the church, called to see him, to confer with him about the Annual Directory then being printed. "She will get well," was his joyful reply to an inquiry after Mrs. Goodell. The question was then asked, in relation to the Directory, "Whether the border around the list of those who had died during the previous year should be as heavy as usual." He thought it looked dark and gloomy, saying: "You know it is not so bad to go; yet those who remain are lonesome."

To his daughter he writes:

January 29, 1886.

DEAREST LAURA:—Your good letters have been a comfort to your mother and me. She sends her dearest love to you. She is better, but doesn't sit up any yet. Friends are very kind. I am sleeping in your room. I like your birds; we have good times. It pleases me to see yellow Dick wake up and stretch out his leg and wing, and then jump down and begin his breakfast without a blessing; but soon he jumps up, and has singing and prayers. He inquires for you sometimes, and looks very sober. Dear L., I love you. My heart breaks to go so long without seeing you.

Your affectionate

FATHER.

The last letter he ever wrote was to the same, dated

SATURDAY NIGHT, January 30, 1886.

DEAREST DEAR L.:—Mamma is better. Help me thank God I send you a love token.

Your affectionate

FATHER.

His pulpit was occupied Sunday morning, January 31st, by Rev. Mr. Newell, of the McAll Mission, Paris, to whose address, in relation to that remarkable work of evangelization among the French people, he listened with deep interest.

In the evening, Dr. Goodell gave the third in the series of "Sunday-Night Discourses," that have been spoken of. The subject was, "The Routine of Family Life in the Holy Land." He appeared at his best. He preached with unusual eloquence and animation to a crowded house. After the service he walked home in company with two of his church officers and their wives, pleasantly parting with them at his own gate. On going into his house he went up to the chamber of his wife, and sitting down by her bedside gave her an account of the evening service. He was in good spirits. Soon he spoke of going to bed in the room adjoining. Before he rose to go, his wife gave him for his "pillow" a verse she had found in her reading of the Bible during the day, reciting it to him: "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city" (Rev. xxii. 14). "Yes," said he, kindling at the words, and repeating them after her, "through the gates into the city," and then kissing her a good-night he passed out of the room. Without knowing it, they had spoken to each other their last "Farewell!" In a few moments a groan was heard, at which Mrs. Goodell's nurse hastened to his room. She found him half reclining on the sofa, with his hand to his head. "My head," he said; and then he sank down in unconsciousness, in which he lingered until morning, expiring with the dawn of February 1st. It was a stroke of apoplexy.

So he departed this life in the midst of his **earnest** labors, thus suddenly interrupted.

“Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.

“But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge’s arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.

“Alike are life and death,
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.”

—LONGFELLOW.

THE FUNERAL.

Mrs. Goodell, on account of her illness, was unable to leave the house; so a brief service of prayer, by Professor Currier, of Oberlin, was held at their home, 3006 Pine Street, for the family and their most intimate friends. This was in the study where the casket stood;

“Dead he lay among his books,
The peace of God was in his looks.”

The body was then borne, through crowded streets, to the church for the public funeral exercises. The procession to the church was a large and unusual one. In it walked the trustees of Drury and Illinois Colleges, with whom Dr. Goodell had been associated, the clergymen of the city of all denominations, and a multitude of distinguished strangers from abroad and eminent citizens of St. Louis.

Before they left the house, Mrs. Goodell said: "Let not the service be a mournful one"; and at her request, as the body was carried up the aisle of the thronged church to its place before the pulpit, the choir sang Bernard's beautiful hymn,

"For thee, O dear, dear country," etc.,

which had closed his last service in the church the previous Sunday night.

The funeral exercises at the church were conducted by Rev. W. W. Boyd, D.D., of the Second Baptist Church, who had lived in close fraternal intimacy with him. Besides the devotional part of the service, interesting addresses were made by Dr. Boyd, Rev. G. C. Adams, and Rev. F. A. Noble, D.D., of Chicago. From the address of Dr. Boyd, who spoke on the relation of Dr. Goodell to the Church at large and the city, we quote two brief golden sentences: "He was one of the few men in whom those who knew him best saw little to change. For nine years we have seen each other almost every day, . . . but I never heard from these lips, now silent in death, one unkind or ungracious word about a living creature."

Rev. George C. Adams spoke of his work within the denomination in the city and State. From this address we have already made copious citations.

Dr. Noble, of Chicago, spoke on Dr. Goodell's relation to the denomination throughout the country, and the personal qualities that made him great. Its characterization of Dr. Goodell was so just and admirable that we give a considerable portion of this address. Let it serve as a *résumé* of what we have attempted in this book:

To Dr. Goodell there belonged the power which always resides in a unique personality. Run through the schedule of all his qualities, and say at the end, as you probably might, that he possessed no elements of mind and character not easily matched by others; and yet when you came back to the man himself, . . . you would be forced to admit the presence of a certain something very hard to be defined which imparted the fragrance and the power of a marked individuality. There is but one Dr. Storrs, there is but one Joseph Cook, there is but one Dwight L. Moody. So in all the land there was but one Dr. Goodell. . . . It was because he was just himself. . . . Speaking through his own individuality, and in a tone and manner which always partook of his own large-heartedness, his words, whether uttered in private conversation, or from the pulpit, or on the platform, or through the press, never failed to take hold, and demonstrate a peculiar power in the man.

To Dr. Goodell belonged the power, also, and the influence which accompanies deep convictions of the truth and fidelity to them. . . . His simple strong faith was one of the first things about him to make an impression. His faith was much more to him than the system of doctrines to which he adhered. It was not enough for him to say, I believe this and that. He believed God; not in God simply, but God. He believed Jesus Christ. He believed the Word; and his was a faith that never wavered, serene, stout, confident. . . . Such a man brings God and all good things near to other men. They feel a strange uplift, not only in his words, but in his presence. . . . It was not what he said merely, it was a somewhat which came from his own being as a man. . . .

Dr. Goodell stood fast by the truth as it lies clear and fresh on the pages of the open Bible. The credit due him for maintaining this front in the face of all the adverse influences of the times is not small. . . . All have felt these influences. He felt them. But he was not taken off his feet and misled by them. He recognized them; he measured them, yet he did not yield to them. He preferred to abide by the simple truth as he found it in the Scriptures rather than to give his mind up to the fancies and speculations of men who seem to think they are warranted in telling the world that the Son of God could not possibly have meant what He said. . . . This man stood

square upon the truth as it is in Jesus. He did not outrun the truth; he did not linger behind it; he kept company with it. He was not afraid of light. He said: "If you can bring any new illumination to bear on the Scriptures, bring it, and I will cheerfully accept it. If you can bring any new and more effective energy into the world for the regeneration of humanity, do so, and it shall have my hearty welcome. If you can put any doctrine taught in the Bible or held by the Church into a better statement; if you can hit upon any method of making heaven seem nearer and more desirable to men; if you can strike out any way or plan by which sinful, alienated men can be more readily induced to turn to God, you may be sure of my approbation; but do not ask me to accept your guesses; do not ask me to substitute conjectures, however plausible, for the old and precious verities of the everlasting Gospel."

That was a brave word he spoke before the Congregational Club on Forefathers' Night in Chicago. I wish it might be written on the door-posts of every Theological Seminary in America. "Build no Doubting Castle beside Plymouth Rock!" Set it to music and sing it. Print it as a motto and teach it to the children. Weave it into sermons and speak and say it over and over again. "No Doubting Castles beside Plymouth Rock!"

Plymouth Rock meant to him faith in God, reverence for the institutions of God, loyalty to Jesus Christ, fidelity to duty, heroism of the finest and loftiest, and an unstinted devotion of one's best energies and thoughts to the saving of men and the upbuilding of God's kingdom.

He was an embodiment of the words, "Always abounding in the work of the Lord." He was always working, always forming and carrying out some new plan for winning men to Christ, and for enlarging the boundaries of our Lord's sway over the multitudes. He was a wise and earnest helper of schools, and colleges, and churches, and of all sorts of movements far and near which had for their object scattering light and bringing men to God. How many will say: "Who shall rise up and take the place of this man who had our work so much at heart?" There was no man in all our fellowship who seemed to be more necessary to us for the next ten years than he.

Yet I do not lose heart nor hope. From his sealed lips there seems to come this message to-day: "Do not lose your faith, do not drop down from your fidelity to the work of the Church, now that I am gone; but be stout-hearted, earnest, loyal, true to every truth, and alive to every responsibility." Being dead he yet speaketh. . . . But we mourn him! And we shall, till we, too, pass "through the gates into the city." . . . There will be hours in my work when my heart will cry out for him, and the wish will leap into utterance: "Oh! that I could have just one more word from him, such a word as used to come to me, and bring me new faith in God, and make me braver and stronger for all my burden-bearing."

After the services at the church the body was carried for temporary entombment to Bellefontaine Cemetery, St. Louis. At the tomb the last act of love—a touching and significant token of the affection and regard this large-hearted man inspired in all classes—was performed by a Chinaman, who having hired a carriage and followed the procession with two of his countrymen to the cemetery, there stepped forth with his companions, and uncovering a beautiful bouquet of pure white flowers, laid it as their tribute of respect for the dead upon the casket, before it was placed in the vault.

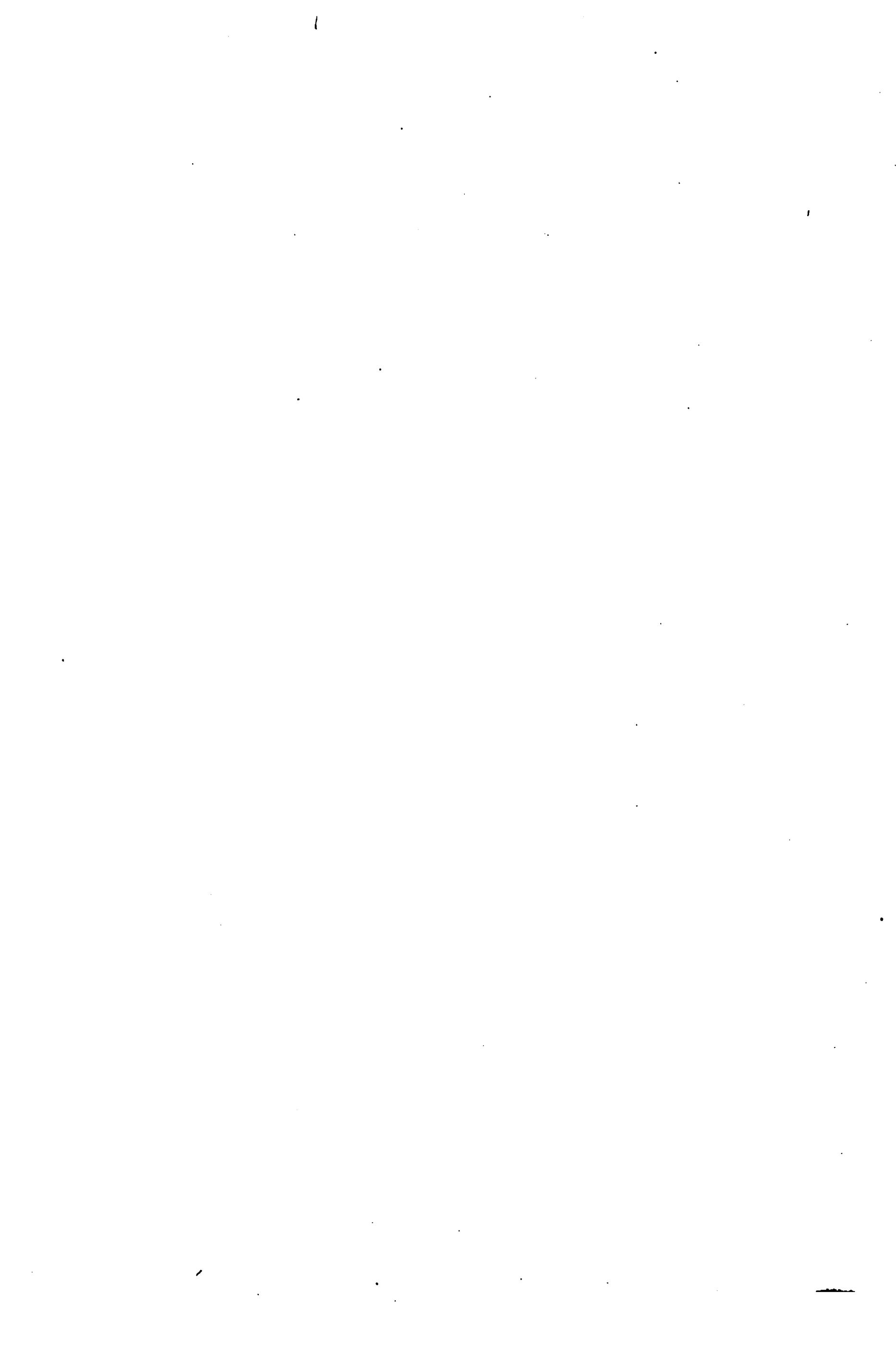
A few months later the body was taken to St. Johnsbury, Vermont, and interred in the beautiful cemetery of that town, in the spot Mrs. Goodell and himself had chosen for their family burial-place. There in hope of the resurrection it reposes.

"Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace!
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul!
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll."

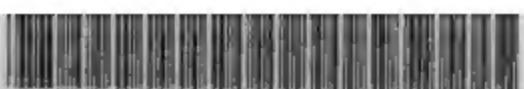












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